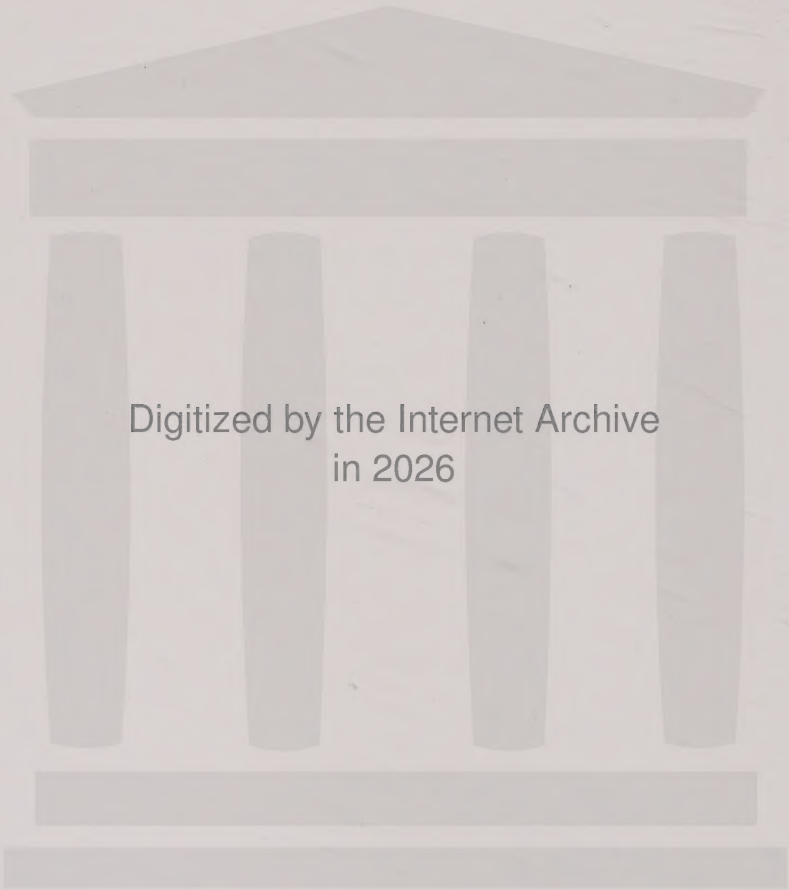
DUELING FOR EMPIRE

THE AGE OF RIVALRY

1680-1700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WILLIAM PENN'S TREATY OF PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH THE INDIANS *(After an original painting by Benjamin West)*

The Real America in Romance

DUELING FOR EMPIRE

THE AGE OF RIVALRY

1680-1700

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VOLUME VII

Art Edition

NEW YORK CHICAGO

WILLIAM H. WISE & COMPANY

MCMXII

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New York

DUELING FOR EMPIRE

THE AGE OF RIVALRY

ENGLAND and France, engaged in a duel too momentous to be finished within the limits of a single volume, are herein shown struggling for the rich prize of temperate North America. When France lost her foothold in Florida, religious liberty failed in its first attempt to establish itself in what is now the United States. The attempt was not renewed until the death of Philip II relieved Europe of the terror he had inspired; yet even then France set her new colony in the bleaker North, far removed from the territories of Spain.

Quebec was planted at almost the same instant as Jamestown, the chief idea being not so much the settlement of the land as the exploitation of its resources.

Both France and England rooted themselves deeply, but with a difference: New France remained subject to the whims of a tyrant and his tools, while Virginia began almost immediately the contest for self-government, and the Plymouth colony framed its own constitution while still on board the *Mayflower*.

Both England and France saw their colonies grow, even beyond their own earlier ambitions. With every inch added to their stature, the prize to be fought for grew greater, the necessity for the duel inevitable.

We live through thought movements, and our lives, individual and national, are the outward expression of them. In the previous volumes the undercurrents may be traced which in this book come to the surface. Dreams of empire — of great empire — began to flit through the minds of

European statesmen. Every addition to geographical knowledge increased the area of the dominion overseas; every advancing year, if it diminished the thought of rich mines of precious metal, enlarged the European conception of the true resources of the country. But on this side of the seas we see working out in history the thoughts of three generations before: The English of New England were seeking freedom for the practice of their religion; the French of New France, while exploiting the enormously valuable trade in furs, would have perpetuated the tyrannies of Europe.

The stake increased in worth and size; the duel was on. France fought England for empire, with the idea of greed and self-aggrandizement large in the minds of the statesmen of both nations; but the Americans were fighting for their altars and their homes. So far as this volume is concerned, the result was a drawn battle, with the contestants wearied and resting on their arms; the advantage, so far as there was an advantage, rested with the lilies of the Bourbon despot.

But if the strongly centralized power of Louis enabled him to outgeneral the divided and struggling colonies of his rival, to surround them north and west with a line of outposts when to deny them unlimited growth was to deny them existence, the very terms of French superiority served to weld the English into a more compact and homogeneous body, to give them concert of action, and crown the thoughts of long ago with the new thought of unison and unity. The colonials grew less English and more American; they were fighting for their homes.

And so we leave them, American Englishmen growing to be English Americans, wearied for the time of the resort to arms, but, as Americans, confident of the triumph soon to come.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Music for Their Dancing	19
II	Such as Shield Traitors	35
III	The Soul of Chivalry	51
IV	He Taunts Best Who Taunts Not	66
V	The Impending Yoke	86
VI	The Brother's Tale	99
VII	The Devil's Book	116
VIII	The Pariah	130
IX	A Snuffer of Candles	143
X	Slaves and a Slave	155
XI	The Father's Revenge	173
XII	The Escape	190
XIII	Brotherly Love	204
XIV	The Pariah Meets Many Strangers	226
XV	The Tyrant's Fall	244
XVI	The French Give a Party	256
XVII	The Blow in the Night	270
XVIII	The Self-Made Man	286
XIX	Sieur de la Salle	302
XX	A Race with Death	317
XXI	The Witch-Mother	329
XXII	Out of Salem Jail	341
XXIII	By Virtue of Villainy	351
XXIV	The Missing Ship	366
XXV	A New Year's Surprise	377

XXVI	The Slave Ship	392
XXVII	The Missing Ship Makes Port	402
XXVIII	Atonement	411
XXIX	Reunited	423
XXX	The Port of Perfect Peace	435
	Index	441

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

William Penn's Treaty of Peace and Friendship with the Indians . 4
(*After an original painting by Benjamin West*) . . *Frontispiece*

William Penn 19

General View of the Battlefield of Sedgemoor 21

Church of Chedzoy 21

Bridgewater, England 23

James, Duke of Monmouth 24

Lucy Waters 25

On the Battfield of Sedgemoor . . . . . *Full Page* 27

The Earl of Feversham 30

An English Inn 32

James II 35

Typical English Cottage . . . . . *Full Page* 37

A Crooked Village Lane 41

Doorway of English Cottage 44

Saint Peter's Church, Tower of London . . . . *Full Page* 45

An English Village Street 49

Judge Jeffreys 51

The Market and Parade, Taunton, England 53

Taunton Castle 54

Lord Jeffreys's London House 57

The River Tone, near Taunton, England . . . *Full Page* 59

George Lord Jeffreys 63
(*From the portrait in the National Gallery, London*)

George Fox 66

Strathmore Hall, Residence of George Fox 68

William Penn at Twenty-two 71
(*From the painting of the Pennsylvania Historical Society*)

Admiral Sir William Penn 72

Admiral Penn Driving his Son from Home . . . *Full Page* 73
(*From the Mural Decorations by Violet Oakley in the Harrisburg Capitol*)

The Arrest of William Penn 76
(*From the Mural Decorations by Violet Oakley in the Harrisburg Capitol*)

The Old Manor House, Stoke Pogis, the Home of Admiral Sir William Penn 78

Penn before His Accusers . . . . . *Full Page* 79
(*From the Mural Decorations by Violet Oakley in the Harrisburg Capitol*)

William Penn Writing in Prison 82
(*From the Mural Decorations by Violet Oakley in the Harrisburg Capitol*)

Newcate Prison 84

Joseph Dudley 86
The Black Horse Tavern, Salem 89
The Last Town Pump, Salem . . . . . *Full Page* 91
Governor Simon Bradstreet 94
The Governor Simon Bradstreet House, Salem, Massachusetts . 95
(*From a painting in the Essex Institute, Salem*)
James II 97
Old Bake-Shop, Salem 98
Salem 99
(*From an old print*)
Marquette 102
(*From the statue in the Capitol at Washington*)
Frontenac 104
The Departure of Marquette and Joliet from Saint Ignace / Meeting with the Illinois . . . . . *Full Page* 105
The Mouth of the Des Moines River 107
Death of Marquette 109
The Burial of Marquette at Saint Ignace 109
Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle . . . . *Full Page* 111
The Bluffs Along the Mississippi 113
Tonty. 114
An Illinois Chief 116
The Fox River, in Wisconsin . . . . . *Full Page* 119
Custom House, Salem 122
Charter Street Burying Ground, Salem 123
The Old Witch Jail, Salem 125
On the Common, Danvers, Massachusetts 126
Cotton Mather 130
William Stoughton 133
Old South Church 134
The Meeting-House at Ipswich . . . . . *Full Page* 137
Sir Edmund Andros 141
The Charter Oak 144
Hartford 147
(*From an old print*)
Hartford, from Dome of State House . . . . *Full Page* 149
Spot Where the Charter Oak Stood, Hartford 152
Lord Culpeper 155
Lord Howard of Effingham 156
(*From the portrait in the Virginia State Library*)
Battery Front, Charleston, where the Ashley and Cooper Rivers Meet 158
Louis XIV 159
The Oaks, an Old Farm near Charleston 160
Goosecreek Church, near Charleston, Built in 1711 161

WASHINGTON SQUARE, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA . . *Full Page* 163
TYPICAL CHARLESTON RESIDENCE 166
CHARLESTON 169
(*From an old print*)
THE ORIGINAL PLANK CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA 173
ON THE DELAWARE, OPPOSITE PHILADELPHIA 174
(*From an early print*)
THE SCHUYLKILL 176
(*From an old print*)
PENN SEEKING FREEDOM FOR IMPRISONED FRIENDS . . *Full Page* 177
(*From the Mural Decorations by Violet Oakley in the Harrisburg Capitol*)
THE SCHUYLKILL IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA 180
DOORWAY OF A COLONIAL MANSION, PHILADELPHIA . . *Full Page* 183
FRIENDS' ALMSHOUSE, PHILADELPHIA 186
PENN MEETING-HOUSE 188
(*From a rare print*)
THE QUAKER'S FIRST MEETING-HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA . . . 190
(*From an old engraving*)
CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA 192
INTERIOR OF CARPENTERS' HALL 195
WISSAHICKON CREEK . . . . . *Full Page* 197
INTERIOR OF PENN'S MEETING-HOUSE 201
PENN'S VISION 202
(*From the Mural Decorations by Violet Oakley in the Harrisburg Capitol*)
THE TREATY ELM 204
PENN'S VOYAGE UP THE DELAWARE 206
(*From the Mural Decorations by Violet Oakley in the Harrisburg Capitol*)
PENN'S HOUSE AT CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA . . . . *Full Page* 209
(*From a recent photograph*)
THE ORIGINAL BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN, PHILADELPHIA, BUILT WHERE PENN LANDED 211
(*From a rare print*)
PRESENT SITE OF THE ORIGINAL BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN . . . 212
OLD SWEDISH HOUSES, PHILADELPHIA 214
PENN'S LETITIA HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, NOW STANDING IN FAIRMOUNT PARK 215
PENN'S TREATY MONUMENT, PHILADELPHIA . . . . *Full Page* 217
THE OLD TREATY ELM 220
(*From an early engraving*)
PENN'S SLATE-ROOF HOUSE 223
(*From a print*)
GOVERNOR THOMAS DONGAN 227
THE OLD STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA . . . . *Full Page* 229
GOVERNOR DONGAN'S HOUSE 231
LEISLER'S HOUSE, NEW YORK 232
JAMES II RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE LANDING OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE 235
(*From the painting by E. M. Ward*)

William III, Prince of Orange . . . . . *Full Page* 237
(*Photograph of the original painting in Kensington Palace*)
Fulfilment of Penn's Desire 241
(*From the Mural Decorations by Violet Oakley in the Harrisburg Capitol*)
Peter Schuyler 242
(*From the family portrait*)
Albany, New York 245
(*From an old engraving*)
Fort William Henry, Pemaquid, Maine 246
The Train-Bands Signing Leisler's Declaration 249
Charlestown, Massachusetts, 1743 252
(*From an old print*)
New York Ferry House in 1746 254
(*From an old wood engraving*)
Bienville 256
Schuyler and the Scouts 257
The Glen-Sanders House, Schenectady . . . . *Full Page* 259
William III, Prince of Orange 262
Statue of Frontenac 265
The Attack on Schenectady 268
(*From a drawing*)
The Indian Monument, Schenectady 271
On the Mohawk River 272
Indian Trail Between Albany and Schenectady 275
The Mabie House, the Oldest in the Mohawk Valley 276
Pemaquid Harbor, and Ancient Settlement . . . *Full Page* 279
Historic House in Schenectady 283
Sir William Phips 287
(*From Windsor's "America"*)
Lower Town, Quebec . . . . . *Full Page* 289
(*From an old print*)
Phips's Neck: the Site of Sir William Phips's Birthplace . . 292
Montreal 295
(*From a drawing*)
Site of Old Fort Oswego 297
Church of Our Lady of Victory 300
Jean Baptiste Colbert 302
Fort Frontenac 303
La Salle's House on the Lower Lachine Road . . *Full Page* 305
(*From a recent photograph*)
Old Block-House at Mackinac 308
The Mississippi River near Saint Anthony's Falls. 311
Louis Joliet 312
Starved Rock, on the Illinois River 314
The Father of Waters 319
Governor Sloughter Signing Leisler's Death Warrant . . 320

THE RE-BURIAL OF LEISLER . . . . . *Full Page* 323
MAJOR INGOLDSBY'S ATTACK ON THE FORT 327
THE SARAH OSBURNE HOUSE 329
THE ANNE PUTNAM HOUSE 330
HOUSE OF GEORGE JACOBS, WHO WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER WAS IMPRISONED FOR WITCHCRAFT; HE WAS HANGED 333
TRIAL OF GEORGE JACOBS FOR WITCHCRAFT 336
(*From a painting in the Essex Institute, Salem*)
THE OLD WITCH HOUSE, SALEM 338
GALLOWS HILL, SALEM 339
THE MATHER TOMB, COPP'S HILL BURYING GROUND, BOSTON . . 342
A PICTURESQUE OLD NEW ENGLAND MILL . . . . *Full Page* 345
BIRTHPLACE OF ISRAEL PUTNAM, DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS, BUILT 1648 348
MATHER-ELIOT HOUSE, BOSTON, BUILT 1677 349
READING GOVERNOR FLETCHER'S PROCLAMATION 351
OLD TIDE MILL, PORTLAND, MAINE 353
OLD CHAISE OF 1701 354
A BIT OF OLD BOSTON 355
FIRST KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON 357
(*From an old print*)
THE PRESENT KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON . . . . *Full Page* 359
OLD NORTH CHURCH 362
COTTON MATHER'S HOUSE, BOSTON 364
INTERIOR OF OLD NEW ENGLAND HOUSE 365
OLD GARRISON HOUSE, YORK, MAINE 367
THE VILLAGE OF YORK, MAINE . . . . . *Full Page* 369
OLD JAIL, YORK, MAINE 374
DOCTOR JAMES BLAIR 378
(*From a portrait at William and Mary College*)
WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA . *Full Page* 381
THE GRAVE OF GEORGE FOX 384
THE GRAVES OF THE PENN FAMILY IN THE BURYING GROUND OF JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE, CHALFONT SAINT GILES, ENGLAND . . . 385
JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE, CHALFONT SAINT GILES, ENGLAND *Full Page* 387
BURYING GROUND AT THE JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE 390
THOMAS PENN, LAST PROPRIETARY GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA . 392
ON THE DELAWARE RIVER } . . . . . *Full Page* 395
PHILADELPHIA SKYSCRAPERS }
THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF WILLIAM PENN AT PHILADELPHIA . . 398
NEW CITY HALL, PHILADELPHIA 400
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON 403
OLD HUGUENOT CHURCH, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA . *Full Page* 405
CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA 408
SAINT PHILIP'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT CHARLESTON, ITS STEEPLE CONTAINING A GOVERNMENT LIGHTHOUSE 409

The Old Debtor's Prison, Williamsburg, Virginia 411
Old Powder Horn, Williamsburg 412
A Scene at the Colonial Capitol of Williamsburg . *Full Page* 413
(*From a painting*)
President's House, William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia 417
The Shore of the James River 419
Sunset on the James River 421
The Hannah Duston Monument 423
Memorial Boulder, Site of Duston Home 425
In the Environs of Haverhill, Whittier's Birthplace . *Full Page* 427
Abraham de Peyster. 430
The Old Garrison House, Haverhill, Massachusetts . . . 434
Residence of Captain Kidd, New York . . . . *Full Page* 437
The Arrest of Captain Kidd 439

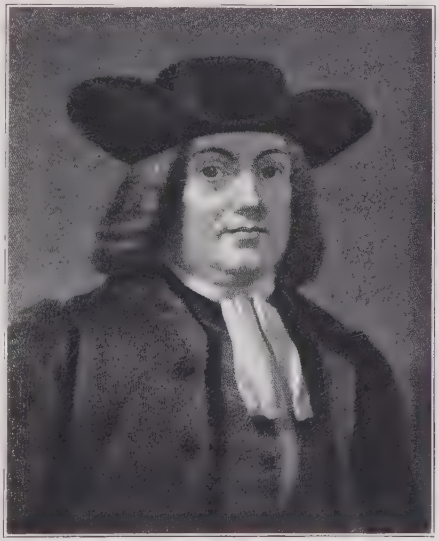
DUELING FOR EMPIRE

DUELING FOR EMPIRE

CHAPTER I

MUSIC FOR THEIR DANCING

HIGH noon of July 6, 1685! The distant muffled muttering of gun-fire that had been coming to the ears of the anxious citizens of Bridgewater for three hours from the field of Sedgemoor, nine miles to the southeast, had died down into fitful gusts of clatter, barely audible. The battle had been won or lost. James, duke of Monmouth, was now either an outlawed traitor, hunted by the soldiers of James II, or a triumphant pretender to the throne of England.



WILLIAM PENN

Fearfully, anxiously, they of Bridgewater waited to learn which it might be. With deepest solicitude, with bitterest misgivings, they eagerly and impatiently waited in expectation of the news, loitering in the streets in silent groups, thrusting their heads from windows, climbing to the roofs of houses to catch the first glimpse of the bearer of news good or bad. With fond hearts they hoped for the success

of their Protestant duke, their elegant and gracious lord, their soldier, their hero.

For James, duke of Monmouth, was close to the heart of the people. Son of the merry prince, Charles II, and Mistress Lucy Waters, he had been brought up in the glory of the court, and had grown into beauty of person and manners. Great wars had he led in Scotland and Holland for his father and England; but more than all, he was the champion of their religion.

For four months England had had a Catholic King, James II, who, as duke of York, brother to Charles II, was known as an ardent devotee of the Church. Charles II had been a Protestant, and the nation was so strongly Protestant that there was a law debarring Catholics from all office and privilege under government. Englishmen dreaded a change of religion, and feared their new monarch, although he had not yet interfered with existing affairs.

Monmouth, banished years before from the court by factions influenced by the duke of York, had once before returned to England, at a time when his father was thought to be dying. He sought to establish his legitimacy and come to the throne in place of York. Even after the King's recovery, he had continued plotting, making use of disaffection in certain parts of the country to help his cause. But the project failed, and he had wandered through Holland and Belgium, banished from his royal father's court.

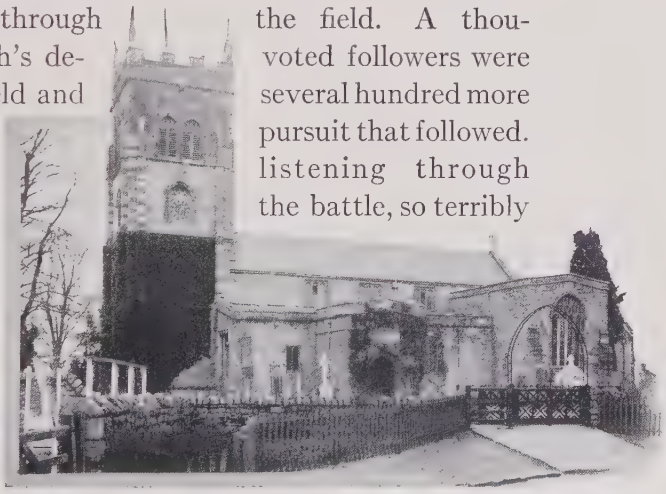
On the death of Charles, however, he renewed his efforts to secure the throne. Spurred on by a following that saw its own advancement through his success, and deluded by a show of enthusiasm in certain parts of England, he had landed in the west country early in the year, and gathered about him an army of undisciplined peasants and miners who loved him well.

His fortunes had been fair in the beginning. At Taunton

General View of the Battlefield of Sedgemoor

he was received with acclaim. In the north the earl of Argyle was in revolt; and men were flocking to Monmouth's standard. In July he had 6000 followers, and was awaiting still further increase, when he learned that Argyle had fallen. Impatient of delay, on July 6 he attacked the royal troops under Feversham at Sedgemoor. His undisciplined army outnumbered the soldiers of James II two to one. At the outset, he drove the enemy before him, and victory would have rested on his banner had not his soldiers become clogged in the ditch that ran through the field. A thousand of Monmouth's devoted followers were left on the battlefield and several hundred more were slain in the pursuit that followed.

Now, after listening through heavy hours to the battle, so terribly full of fate to them and theirs, the inhabitants of the town which had given so many soldiers to the cause



Church of Chedzoy, where the Royal Troops were Quartered

paused to learn the outcome. Women whose husbands and brothers and sweethearts had gone forth with the rebel duke to help him to his crown gathered in knots, speechless, with clasped hands and bated breath. Old men and boys who could not lend their feeble aid paced up and down the main street, with searching eyes turned in the direction of the field of battle, nine miles away. Little children, oppressed by the suspense, ceased from their frolic and prattling, awaiting they knew not what.

The scattered noise of firing drew closer. Now and then the swelling sound of distant shouting came to the ears of the loiterers. There was a commotion at the outskirt of the town. A disheveled fugitive, a miner who had laid down his tools for the rebel cause, staggered down the street surrounded by a mob that clamored in hushed voices for the news. A gash across his brow blinded one eye. Blood streamed from a wound in the shoulder. He bore up his injured arm by the other, supporting the elbow in his hand.

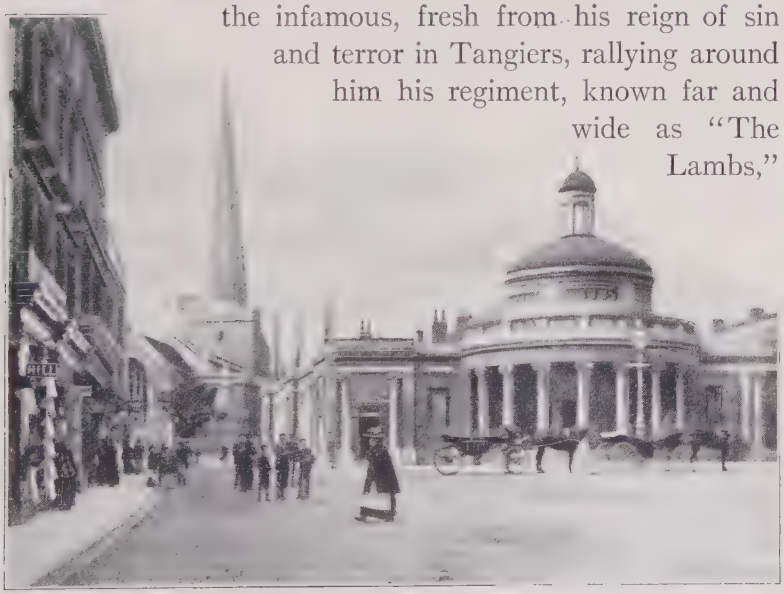
"All is lost!" he moaned, sinking at last upon the sward. "Monmouth flees. Our ranks are broken. The King's soldiers are cutting us down like sheep. Jesu! that such a day should have fallen upon us!"

Silently, with stifled groans and wails that sank inward, the people of Bridgewater hurried to and fro, now going down the road to meet their own flesh and blood, if so be it that it should come back to them whole, now rushing to hide themselves in the far corners of their poor dwellings. Other fugitives came, despairing, hopeless. The few grew to many, and the many to a rabble: peasants who had thrown down their spades and hoes in the field and gone to war, dressed as they were in leather jerkins and caps; men from the mines of Cornwall; householders, tradesmen, mendicants, adventurers, a motley crew; brave as the English-

man always is brave in going to the fight; cast down as the lowly are always cast down in an evil tide of fortune.

The sound of firing advanced until it rang through the outskirts of the town, and tore clattering down the main street. The sound of shouting, the cries of the merciless victors, approached until it swelled loud and appalling in the ears of the distracted populace. Now the horde of routed rebels was intermingled with the brutal soldiers of the King, fighting for the sake of the fight, and for the integrity of the right of the powers that were. Striking down those whom they overtook, they poured into the streets and fields with hoarse, maddened yells, and overflowed into the cottages, doing that which cannot be told.

A loud huzza at the end of the town! A swarm of soldiers rushing in with disciplined disorder! A troop of officers on their steeds, their faces alight with the lust of blood and the enthusiasm of victory! At their head, Kirke, the dreaded, the infamous, fresh from his reign of sin and terror in Tangiers, rallying around him his regiment, known far and wide as "The Lambs,"



BRIDGEWATER, ENGLAND

because of insignia they bore on their banners, spoken in irony for the things that they did.

Up the street, with mocking mirth and wild laughter, came the officers, to halt at last at the inn.

"Now, then!" cried Kirke, with an oath, throwing himself from his horse before the tavern door. "Let the blood of the rebels run as it will! We cannot drink it; but I have the thirst of a heretic about me, and I would quench it."

James, Duke of Monmouth

"Bravo!" exclaimed one who rode closest at his side, —Captain Richard Dorset, "Daredevil Dick Dorset," he was called,—"Gadzooks! An I had not come quickly upon the blood of the grape I should soon have wet my whistle with this other red stuff that runs so free; for, marry, but I too have a thirst that cloys the joy of day and might bring on the night in sorrow!"

"Bring the rebels hither!" shouted Kirke, passing into the inn. "Let them not die too easily. Come, lads, we will make merry!"

Rioting, clamoring coarsely, cursing, roughing one another in their wild way, the company of officers roared into the tap-room, disposing themselves about the table and calling vociferously for wine.

"Long live King James! A death to all rebels!" cried Captain Dorset, clanging his sword into its sheath and raising his cup on high.

"Long live the King, and down with rebels!" cried they all, rising to their feet.

The shouting of the soldiers, the screams of women, the howls of stricken men, came to them through the open window as they drank. In the midst of the tumult, a sergeant entered, saluting his commander.

"An 't please you, sir, what shall we do with our prisoners?" he asked.

"Hang them one by one to the highest tree," replied Kirke, filling a fresh bumper from the flagon at his elbow.

"And mark you, fellow!" exclaimed Dorset, as the man was withdrawing, "Hang them to yonder tree that we may see that 't is well done. Nay, there! — that one close by the window here."

Lucy Waters

"Well said, Dick!" roared Kirke. "Bold Dick! Bad Dick! By the Blood, thou wert ever a fellow to mine own liking."

"What! shall we not make mirth of it, for all the sweating we have done this day?" returned Dorset. "Let them howl, an they wilt. 'T will but be a tune for the toasts we shall give them. As for me, I like nothing better to stir my wine withal than the kicking heels of an infamous rebel."

"Marry, they have used their heels well to-day, as it is," said one.

"Thou liest in thy throat, braggart!" returned Kirke, with fierce playfulness. "Marry, for a rout of yokels, they fought like the devil with his dam."

"Ay, that they did," rejoined a second. "I have that about me that shows how well they fought, an 't please God! Look you here!" He threw open his shirt, clotted with blood, and showed a gash across his chest. "The fellow that gave me this was like to have mowed me down with a scythe ere I could split his sconce and let out his feeble brains."

"Tush, Sellman; an he hurt not thy tongue, 't is still well enough with thee!" cried Dorset, whereat they all roared with laughter, for the bragging of Sellman was a thing well known among them.

"Thou 'lt pay for that, Dick!" muttered he who had been made the butt of the jest.

"Cast up the reckoning when thou wilt, then," returned Dorset.

"Ay, and I will cast it in thy teeth!"

"I shall swallow thee whole when thou dost," retorted the captain.

"Cease!" roared Kirke. "Have we not enough of fighting to-day, that we must broil among ourselves?"

"Look ye, they hang the first now," shouted one, gazing through the window.

"Shrive him, Daredevil Dick, an thou art a man!" said Kirke.

"Mock me not as a monk, master colonel," Dorset made answer. "But come. A toast. Fill high for a toast. "I give you the rebel; long may he live "— a muttering tumult arose in their midst —" in hell!" concluded Dorset, when he could make himself heard; "and may the devil himself speed thither with his soul."

"An he did, we should miss your company," exclaimed Kirke, roaring with laughter.

On the Battlefield of Sedgemoor, where the Last Battle on English Soil was Fought

"God's blood, see how he kicks," roared one of them, looking through the window. "The devil already hath his soul, I make it."

"These western fellows were ever noted for their jigs," observed Dorset, setting down his empty cup.

"Bid them beat the drums without, there!" shouted Kirke, grasping at the fancy. "Let there be music to their dancing."

Higher and higher rose the mad mirth of the officers of the Lambs, as one after another of those who had espoused the cause of Monmouth was sent to his last reckoning. Bumper on bumper was quaffed by the wild crew as the work went on; Dorset ever taking the lead in the merriment and setting them all roaring with his quips and the grotesque toasts he gave them.

The roistering was at its height, when a petty officer came to the door to seek a word with Kirke. He was bidden to enter, and did so, followed by a slight, slinking creature, who seemed to glide rather than walk. His small head came to a ridge along the top. His coarse, thick, black hair grew in a tuft far down on his forehead. He had an upturned nose, which was rendered sinister and horrible through having been caved in and twisted awry at some time early in life. His wide, heavy lips stood apart, revealing shaggy yellow fangs scattered along his gums. His face was dark and lowering, and he held his head well down between his shoulders, which cringed forward. But it was the eyes of the fellow that rendered his appearance entirely repugnant and villainous. One of them was higher in the cheek than its mate, and was at the same time larger and more active in motion and expression. When he cast up his gaze at the circle of officers for an instant on entering, scarce anything of this eye was visible but a strip of ball, which in him was yellow rather than white.

"What, another whom you seek leave to hang?" asked Dorset, who sat nearest the two as they entered. "To my mind, you need not have far to look to find permission to hang such a knave. In sooth, his very looks were enough."

Kirke, diverted by the scene without, left the affair to the devices of Dorset, who stood close to him in command, and closer still in confidence and indulgence.

The Duke of Feversham

The misshapen wretch, casting another quickly furtive look about the company, shuffled closer to the speaker, turning his cap round and round in his hand. There was a subtle element in his demeanor that did not impress Dorset as complementing the apparent humility of his gestures. It did not seem to be self-abasement or fear that moved the man, so much as slyness.

He stood in front of Dorset silent, his gaze lurking about the room, in the corners, beneath the table, waiting for some cue that would show him his best beginning.

"Well, wryface," said Dorset at last, with a hearty prepossession against the man. "Hast thou a tongue within that carcass of lean flesh? Speak if you have ought to say."

The man squirmed closer, and piped up in a shrill, quavering voice.

"Begging you worship's pardon that one so mean should speak to one so high," he said, "but I thought as how I might have that to tell which might find me some favor in your eyes."

"Egad, it will need to be much, then."

"Craving your worship's kindness, I am a poor, misguided rebel — "

"And a worthy one thou art, wretch. Wilt ask me to hang thee? An thou dost, I shall grant thee gladly."

"Na, na, not that. If it pleases you, I would have you spare me."

"In very truth, it pleases me not. And why should you have me spare thee? Hast thou other engagements with the hangman?"

"Na, na. I am but a harmless, guileless soul, and have been led sorely astray, for which I repent me of it much. In penance, I would tell you where you may find a bitter rebel of importance, one of the duke's own body, it would seem, if not the duke himself."

"Ha? Say you the duke himself?"

"I do not say it. Though haply it may be, for ought I know."

"Speak! Out with it!"

"He stays not far from here, bleeding with a hurt. His daughter shelters him; a beautiful miss if ever there one breathed," he added, with a sly look at Dorset.

"How know you?"

"I am from thence but now."

"How came you there?"

"I fled there from the battle."

"Ay, marry, that I can believe. Is she of thy kin?"

"If it find pleasure with you, I never saw her before. I but sought to hide there; but the thought of what I had done overcame me, and I hastened to tell you."

"To save thine own vile neck from the rope, thou fiend? Out upon you, thou utterly debauched and villainous rogue! Say you the maiden is fair?"

"Most beauteous, if it please you."

"It pleases me well. And what do they call thee, turvy-eye?"

"Slurk, if you please. Roger Slurk."

"It is a fit villainous name, Rogue Slurk."

"What ho, most worthy commander!" cried Dorset to Kirke, turning about to him. "Here is a damnable screw-nosed wretch who tells me of a wonderful maiden of surpassing points that keeps a traitor safe from our revenge! What say you, shall we have them prisoners? There is much to be said in favor of such a course, the maiden being of a loveliness."

An English Inn

"Ay, marry, that we will," replied Kirke. "Yours shall be the traitor and mine the maid."

"Nay, by your life, I dispute you that," returned Dorset. "Is there no reward for the valiant subjects of the King that find traitors who harbor traitors? I bide by the words of these lusty knights here, whose the maiden should be."

"Thou art a jovial madcap, Dick, and I ever loved thee. I 'll tell thee what I will do. I will cast the dice with thee for her. What ho, landlord! Fetch the dice, there, an thou wouldst save thy fat neck."

With boisterous mirth the officers gathered about the table. The drum beat out the roll as another traitor was sent dangling from the tree. Slurk took advantage of the diversion to raise his evil face and look fully about him. Kirke pushed the dice-box toward Dorset.

"For thy sins, thou shalt go first, Daredevil Dick; and may the devil go with thee, for I am most prodigious in luck these days."

"Come, comrades all, drink a bumper to my fortunes!" cried Dorset, taking up the box in one hand, and tossing off a brimmer.

With many a brutal oath and much rough banter they drank to his success. He rattled the ivory cubes briefly, flourished his arm through the air, and sent the dice jostling across the deal boards, crying out a heathen prayer that he had learned at Tangiers.

A great shout of mocking laughter went up from the throats of those who stood about the spot where the dice rested at last.

"Now, Dick, thou art a ruined man," cried Sellman, whom drink had rendered amiable again. "Here is a four and an ace. What is that for a man of thy mettle?"

"Nay, marry, I am not wont to win the smiles of the fair with the dice-box," said Dorset, laughing with them.

Great mirth arose among them as Kirke took up the box.

"To your luck, then," they bellowed, tossing off each a cup of the sack.

"An you need not the wine, guzzlers, I need not your luck," quoth Kirke, sending the dice rattling along the course they had already been.

Sellman looked at them with a blank face.

"How now, bold-heart?" demanded Dorset. "Why lookest thou so dumb?"

"Marry, one may well look dumb when friend Kirke casteth nothing better than this; for here we have the deuce, and another deuce not one whit the better of it in any part."

"The deuce, and the devil to pay," cried Dorset, then. "Come, another cup to the vanquished, and another then to good speed me on my journey. What say you, Kirke?"

"I say, that lest thou hast evil fortunes and come back sad, we will wait further hanging until thy return, having now sent on a score of traitors before their good time, lacking one."

"I doubt not that I shall hang so long about my business that there shall be no more hanging this day," returned Dorset. "Come, snivvle-fangs, prick me out the way," he continued, turning himself to Slurk, whom he drove before him to the door on the point of his sword, to the great merriment of the others. "An I find thou hast lied, thou shalt make the twentieth, by my faith."

CHAPTER II

SUCH AS SHIELD TRAITORS

A WOUNDED man lay on a pallet in the dark corner of a little English cottage. About his head was a heavy bandage of linen, once clean, but now stained with blood from a wound in his temple. By his side knelt a young woman. Her dark hair, gathered at the nape of her neck, passed in waves across her brow, and hung softly over her soft cheeks. Out of her brown eyes shone a wealth of love and tenderness for the wounded man, as she stroked his forehead and fondled his strong hands, lying limp and listless on the light coverlet which she had thrown over him.

JAMES II

His hair was streaked with grey, and his short, thick beard filled with threads of white. At times there came into his eyes, turned fondly upon the young woman, a look of pain, — pain that left him dazed for a moment as it passed. His face bore the marks that long mental suffering leaves on one of fortitude. Beneath the lines now shone a light of ineffable joy and peace.

The room in which they were served as kitchen, living-

room, and sleeping apartment. At one end was a large fireplace, with the kitchen furniture: pots, basins, skillets, and a hanging crane. A rough table, a number of plain, straight chairs, some benches, and the pallet on which the man lay comprised the rest of the furnishings in the poor quarters. A feeble light, filtering through the elm trees that grew close beside the wall without, passed in at the small, high, leaded windows, making little grey patches on the floor, but leaving the corners of the room obscure and dim. At one side was a door that opened directly into a little lane that wound down hill to the main street of Bridgewater.

The sounds of riot and bloodshed that had come to them from that direction for the past hour now began to diminish. It seemed to them that the tide of violence had turned at last, and that they would be unmolested. The girl had ceased to turn apprehensively toward the door at the sound of every new shout, and was thinking only of the man and of the love she bore him.

"Ah, father, father!" she sighed, "almost, the grief of seeing you wounded and hurt is swept away by the joy of seeing you at all."

"Ay, daughter," replied the other, in a voice that was strong and full, and which told that he was not sorely hurt. "God has seen fit to bring us together again through this miracle, and the price is not high to pay. What tribulations, what dangers, has He not brought us through! The tale that you tell me passes all belief! Now, in His good time, we are joined once more; and when I am healed we shall go far off, where none can find us, and live at peace, with the memory of thy blessed mother and sweet sister."

"But, father, think you they will not find you out and take you away from me? You have borne arms against the King." The girl shuddered at the thought of the possibilities.

Typical English Cottage

"Nay; surely they will not seek a soldier here in the home of the vicar. It will only be until to-night. To-night will we go to Bristol, whither your friends have already gone, and thence we can find a vessel for Holland or for America."

The look of pain came across his features again, and he drew a sharp breath. The girl half rose, and watched his face, an agony of apprehension in her own. At last he passed through the pang, and the period of bewilderment that followed, and settled back on the pillow, sighing with relief.

"Is there no chance, then, think you, daughter?" he asked, at last. "Is there no hope that they still live?"

"There is always hope, father, there is always hope." she replied. "I only know that I saw my mother and sister on the deck at the back of the boat as we pushed off. The waves were overwhelming their ship, and God alone could have kept it afloat. Until now I have bitterly upbraided myself for being parted from them, though it was not a thing I could have avoided. The confusion was terrible, and I thought they were at my side when I was borne into the small boat. But now I see that Providence meant to bring me to you, and I am glad."

The man looked eagerly into her face.

"But think you not they, too, may have been picked up? You were not far from land. There might have been other vessels about."

He spoke as one speaks who builds up hope within himself. The girl turned her face away. She could not answer him. The man resumed, speaking to himself, softly. "Eight years," he said. "What a weary, dreary time! I had not thought to find joy in life again! Barbara! Barbara! Draw closer. Kiss me again, that I may know I am not dreaming. Ah! So! We shall go and find your mother, Barbara. I know she yet lives. And we will go to Mas-

sachusetts, where we have distant kinsfolk, and shall live happily and quietly there for the rest of our days. Shall we not, Barbara?"

"Yes, father," answered the daughter, turning her face aside lest he see the tears that were in her dark eyes. There followed a long pause before the man spoke again.

"Where is that fellow who was here with us?" he asked abruptly, rousing himself from his reverie.

"He became afraid, and ran away, father," the girl made answer.

"'T is well. I liked not his looks."

"He helped to bring you hither, though."

"Ay, and with his hand in my empty pockets half the way. I wonder what betides Monmouth?"

There was silence again. The girl stroked his brow, and he passed into a quiet rest. He was falling gently to sleep. His breath grew more even and deliberate, his pulse fell into composure, the knots came out of his brow, his lips relaxed, as those of one about to smile.

The girl, gazing wistfully upon him, pressed her lips to his hand, laid her head on the coverlet, and gave way to weeping. Fear, anxiety, hope, joy, surged in her heart. Severed from her father for eight years, she had met him now by the rarest chance, only to find him a fugitive for his life, hunted by a relentless enemy, stricken, alone, a stranger, with no succor but hers.

She raised her head in wild alarm, holding her breath, straining her ears, tense, palpitating, rigid with horror. There was the trampling of many feet in the lane without, and the murmur of low voices. The noise came nearer; but grew less, as though those who approached came stealthily. The voices ceased entirely. The sounds died at the threshold of the room. There was a whispering, a rat-

tling of the latch, a pressure against the barred door, a knock, and a gruff command to open.

"Ha! What was that?" cried the wounded man, disturbed in his sleep.

"Hush, father, 't is nothing," whispered the girl, gently pressing his shoulders back upon the pallet, for he had risen on his elbow. "You did but dream. Hush!"

"Open, in the name of the King!"

It was the voice of Dorset, commanding them to open. The man on the pallet struggled to his feet, swaying dizzily.

"Nay, father, lie you down," whispered the girl, placing her hands upon his shoulders and forcing him back. There is but one chance. Lie here as one dead, and do not so much as breathe. Quick! Make haste!"

"Open, in the name of Parliament and the King!"

Uncertain, desiring to sell his life dearly, and dearly desiring to live, the man paused for a moment, and did as he

A Crooked Village Lane

was bid. The girl passed to the door, stately as a queen, undid the lock, and threw it open. In the moment that she did so, the malignant eye of Slurk, which had been peering in over the sill of a small window at the back of the house, to which he had clambered, disappeared, and Slurk himself crept around to be among those to enter.

"Who are you that come to disturb the house of the dead?" demanded the girl, with flashing eyes turned upon Dorset. "Unmannerly knave! Vile hireling! Is it not enough that you have slain him, but that you must come to drag your foul feet upon hallowed ground? Fie upon you! Are you a man, or utterly a devil? Leave me with my dead, I charge you!"

Dorset, come there expecting to find some buxom country wench whom he should shortly comfort from her tears, looked with astonishment at the tall, raging Juno who had poured out an indignant wrath upon him. Her head thrown back, her fine chin, her chiseled nose, her flashing eyes, her heaving breast, the sweeping grace of her figure, the majesty of her disdain and anger, added to the surprise of meeting with such a one when on such an errand, bereft him of the power of speech and all initiative, which was a thing hitherto unexperienced by Captain Richard Dorset. He fell back a pace from the door and stared at her.

"Well!" she said. "Stand you there and gape! Is this what it is to be a soldier, to gawk into the chambers of the dead? Come, be off!"

Her manner and her words surprised even herself; but her whole world was at stake, and she threw herself recklessly into the struggle, speaking to this soldier as she believed it was best to speak to soldiers.

Dorset, recovering himself, doffed his hat and made a profound bow, sweeping the ground with the feather that he wore.

"By your leave, fair lady," he said. "If it is my lot to be sent on such an errand as this, I pray you to consider that it may fall as irksomely upon me as upon yourself. I am but a soldier, 't is true. That is my fortune, and my misfortune. My hands are rough; yet do I know how to meet kind words with a soft heart. But when you talk thus like a soldier, by my sword, I can answer like a soldier!"

"Think not to threaten me, braggart," replied the girl, standing beyond the sill of the door, which she half closed behind her. "Begone, I say."

"By your leave, Dick Dorset is not one who threatens. It grieves me much, but I have been sent here for a traitor whom you have with you. Know you what it bodes you to shield such a one?"

"He is dead, I tell you!" said the girl, in a hoarse voice. "Would you profane the dead?"

"I have but your word for that."

"Look you, then, where he lies!" she exclaimed, throwing the door full wide, and standing aside to let him see.

"With your forgiveness," he said, pressing past her. She stood in the doorway, like one of stone. He crossed the room, head bowed in most unsoldierly respect for the dead, knelt beside the body, felt of it, placed his ear against the breast, listened, arose, and passed back to the door.

"He is dead," he said, casting a look of deep meaning on the girl. She made no sign, although her heart died within her. She did not even look toward her father, but stood there amazed, wondering whether he were dead indeed, or what trick this man meant.

Dorset, looking once more upon her, was about to marshal his men away, when Slurk, creeping close to him, drew him down by the sleeve and whispered in his ear. A look of chagrin came into the face of the captain as he listened, and he glanced pityingly upon Barbara.

Barbara, seeing Slurk for the first time, gasped, losing her self-control for an instant.

"Wretch!" she cried. "Traitor! Caitiff! Do you betray men then, who befriended you?"

"He lives," piped Slurk, for answer. "I saw him at your side, sword in hand, as alive as I am when you kept us at the door."

"And more alive than you shall be, shortly," cried the wounded man, springing suddenly from the bed, and grasping up his sword from beneath the covers. "If I die, you go before me."

Barbara, with a moan, sank back against the open door, spreading her arms across it, motionless with despair. Dorset, leaping past her, engaged the man who advanced with furious weapon.

"Fool!" he cried, "I would have saved thee!"

"Save thyself, an thou canst," answered the other, making a violent pass at him.

DOORWAY OF ENGLISH COTTAGE

Saint Peter's Church, Tower of London. The Duke of Monmouth, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey are Buried under the Altar Steps

Barbara, all action again, dashed into the room, snatched a musket from the hearthstone, aimed it at Dorset, and pulled the trigger. In the suddenness with which she had raised the weapon, she had dislodged the flint, and the gun spoke not. In an instant soldiers were upon her, pinioning her arms at her side, struggle as she would.

"Harm her not!" cried Dorset, catching a glimpse of all that had passed from the tail of his eye.

Seeking only to guard himself against the furious attack of the man at bay, Dorset met his onslaught with a cool hand and alert eye, until at last, with a quick twist of his wrist, he sent the other's weapon spinning across the room, where it clanged on the stones of the hearth. His soldiers were straightway upon the disarmed traitor to slay him, but Dorset stopped them, charging them to withhold their blows, and to capture him.

It was done in a moment. Panting, dazed, raging, the man was held helpless in the middle of the floor. Dorset, sheathing his weapon, turned to Barbara, who returned his gaze with defiance and scorn.

"Well done, soldier," she said bitterly.

"This man, your father, is a prisoner of the King, and the King must work his will of him," said Dorset. "As for you, I shall deal with you as seems fit. Here, men, take this prisoner to Colonel Kirke, with word that nothing is to be done with him ere my return. Stand without, some of you, and guard this hangdog villain" — pointing to Slurk — "until I am done."

The soldiers did as they were bid, leaving Dorset and Barbara alone in the room.

Dorset, gazing upon her for a long space after they were alone, thought that he had never before seen a face so fair, or a spirit so undaunted. He was moved more deeply than he could recall in all his mad career. Helpless though she

was, Barbara returned his look with a proud disdain and a lofty carriage that overbore him, so that he lowered his eyes before her. If he had known love, he would have thought that he loved her for the soul within her. If he had known pity, he would have felt it then, seeing her who had but now watched her father taken to a certain and horrible death, helpless to avert it or to prevent any fate that might be on its way to her.

"You are in sore straits," he said, at last.

She made no answer, merely continuing to look at him as she had done.

"Yet it is possible that I may do much for you, Mistress Barbara Stevens," he continued.

At the sound of the name, she started involuntarily; but she answered him calmly.

"You misspeak my name," she said. "It is Beatrice Melville."

"Nay, by your leave, it is Stevens; and this thy father is Mallory Stevens, much desired in Virginia for his hand in the Bacon rebellion."

By a great struggle, she retained her outward composure.

"You know much, for a soldier," she remarked, indifferently.

"I know too much for the good of your father," he returned. "Come, tell me, if he is not the Mallory Stevens who fought against the Merry Monarch in that rebel's band at Jamestown? Is he not the man who came as fugitive to Holland, and fell into evil company with Monmouth? And are not you his daughter Barbara, saved from the wreck of a vessel bound from Boston in America, picked up by a ship of Bristol, and sent hither by the captain's wife, to live with the vicar of this parish? Come, is it not so?"

Utterly at a loss to know how the story came to the

knowledge of this man; dismayed more than before, if that were possible, to learn that her father's identity was so well known to his enemies, and shocked by the suddenness of the revelation, she nevertheless spoke as calmly as though she had been at her embroidery with the vicar's wife.

"I have it this moment from your lips," she said.

An English Village Street

"And I had it this moment from the lips of Slurk, who heard your talk here when he feigned sleep, and told it me for what it was worth."

"You are worthy the confidence of such a wretch."

"Come, let us have no more hard words. I do but tell it you that you may know how grievous is your case. I mean that it shall go no further, if you are but kind."

"Is not Dorset — called you not yourself Dorset? — is not Dorset the man who never threatens? What if my father did raise arms for liberty and peace in his own home. Can you hang him twice?"

"By my sword, you speak lightly of a heavy matter

when you speak so of hanging. Come! Do you not grasp the humor of my mind? I would have thee kind."

The loathing of her soul sprang to her eyes, and burned there, searing the man who spoke thus. He cowered, but continued.

"Consider," he said. "You too are forfeit. You have sheltered a traitor. You are my prisoner, in all right. Yet, I can do much for you and yours." She made no answer. Malignant hatred flared from her eyes. Instead, she listened silently to what the man might say. Here was a shred of hope for her father. It might at least defer the hour of evil. And at the last, there was always the dagger which she bore in her bosom.

"I have high influence," he continued. "Your father's neck is twice the King's; yet I may save that much. I swear to you that I may yield you his life, an you will but grant me your favor."

He drew closer to her, speaking softly. She cast down her eyes, that he might not see how she detested him; for here was matter for thought. Never would she yield one point to him, but in seeming to do so she might gain many. At least she should gain leisure to think.

"None but Slurk and I and you know of this other matter," he went on. "His tongue will I stop, and mine will I hold — if you wish it.

"And forget not that you are my prisoner, in any event. My prisoner," he added, with significant accent.

"Are you not the one who never threatens?" she sneered.

"Never, in war," he answered. "Come. Your answer."

"To-night —"

"To-night?"

"You may come for my answer."

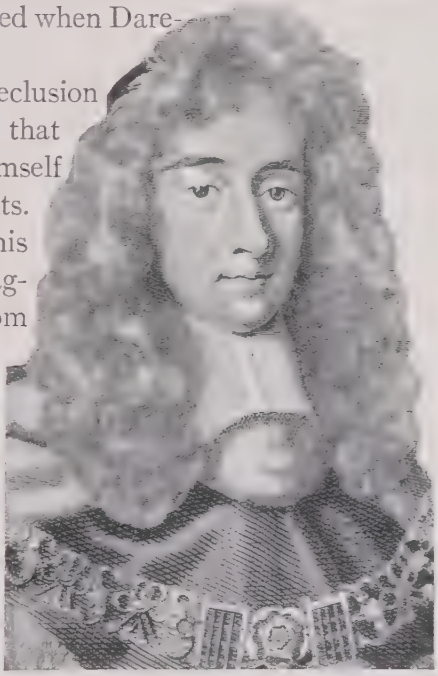
With a shudder she fled from the room. Captain Dorset turned his steps back to the tavern.

CHAPTER III

THE SOUL OF CHIVALRY

RETURNING slowly to the inn, followed by Slurk and a squad of soldiers, Dorset reported what he saw fit to report to Kirke, and left the group abruptly. He had no further heart for roistering that day. Kirke himself, glutted by blood and surfeited with wine, heard him through, sullenly, and sent the prisoner to jail, under the name of Hugo Melville, the name he had assumed under Monmouth. The carousal at the inn, deprived of the effervescent spirit of Dorset, sunk into a low, bestial debauch; a character it rarely assumed when Dare-devil Dick had a part.

Dorset, seeking such seclusion as he could in the turmoil that rent the town, gave himself over to his own thoughts. He could not chase from his brain the vision of magnificent womanhood from which he had just come. The purpose in his mind when he went to her vanished entirely as his memory pored over the scene, if indeed it had not passed away from him with the first sight of her. But the chasm that spread itself between him and the



JUDGE JEFFREYS

woman was so great that he did not for an instant consider it to be love for her which had withheld him from the part he originally intended. If such a thing had occurred to him at all that afternoon, he would have dismissed it with a grim laugh as a fanciful illusion. Still, he found himself meditating how he might be of sincere service.

Resolve upon a desperate venture grew in his brain as he thought the matter over. When he turned his steps toward her cottage in the twilight, his resolve had condensed into definite plans. He took with him horses and four soldiers, whom he knew by heart, and could trust in any event. With him, too, went Slurk, whom he had begged of Colonel Kirke.

Coming near the door at last, gloomy and doubtful, he heard the sound of a struggle within the cottage, and quickened his pace. It was well that he did, for just as he pushed open the door, one of the two soldiers whom he had left to guard his prisoner, having felled the other with a chair, was moving toward Barbara with a sinister light in his eye. She stood with her back against the wall at the farthest corner from him, her hand in her bosom and her face set in grim determination.

"Base scoundrel!" he cried, rushing upon the man and striking him with the back of his sword. "An thou layest hand on her, thou art as good as dead! Out, all of you!"

The fellow, abashed at being detected, slunk away, followed by the other soldiers, leaving Dorset alone with Barbara in the room, which the fading twilight now made so dim that they could scarcely see one another.

"Fear not, Mistress Stevens," said he. "You shall have little need for that which you hold in your hand there, I promise you," he added, interpreting her posture aright; for she still stood against the wall, with her hand on the haft of the dagger in her bosom.

She made no answer. Laying his hat and sword on the table, he passed to the shelf above the mantel, took down a candlestick, struck a light with flint and tinder from his pocket, and placed the light on the table, no word passing between them the while.

"I would have light on what I do," he remarked, as the flame sputtered at the tip of the cold wick. It waxed and

THE MARKET AND PARADE, TAUNTON, ENGLAND

settled, sending a dull, steady, yellow glow throughout the room. Barbara had made no motion. He placed a cushion in a chair by the table, and motioned her to be seated in it, withdrawing to the opposite end of the room as he did so.

"Let me beseech you to sit," he said, as gently as he could bring his rough voice to speak. "You are fatigued, and you will have great need of rest ere the night is worn out."

Still she remained fixed against the wall.

"You think but ill of me," he said, at last, when she did not stir.

"Nay!" she retorted, bitterly. "You are surely the very prince of all chivalry; and have I not thrust mine honor into your keeping?"

"I would to God that you spoke that seriously," he replied earnestly.

She moved from the wall toward the table, tall, stately, full of composure, and sat in the chair that he had provided for her, her whole manner changing as she did so.

Taunton Castle

"An I did, what then?" Her voice was soft, almost caressing, and her eyes glowed warm. He looked swiftly at her. As he looked, he understood for the first time that it was love he felt for her; that she had aroused in him a passion more pure, more lofty, more inspired than any of which he believed man capable. The soft light of the candle fell about her in an aureole. In it the beautiful lines of her face stood before his gaze like a cameo. The grief, the suffering, the pride, the courage of the helpless woman struck into his heart. A strange, bitter happiness fluttered

to his brain. He knew that the tenderness of her voice was a tenderness of her voice alone, that it was put there with some fixed purpose; yet it was tenderness, and it melted him utterly.

"Then — then you could trust me so far as to let me do what I would do for you and yours to-night," he answered her, with eager earnestness. "Look you! You believe that I came here wickedly. Perhaps, in the beginning of things, I did. If I did, it is of the past. Put aside the fear of that. I can do much to save your father's life, though he must suffer in some measure. I can do more to save you, if you will listen, and let me. You must fly. I myself will take you to your friends at Bristol. Horses are now at the door. You must leave your father to my care. You can do nothing for him. You would but throw yourself away. I can do more with you absent. It is much that I ask of you. It is for this reason that I would have your confidence."

She studied him narrowly as he hastened through his exhortation.

"And why, pray, do you do all this, noble Captain Dorset?" she asked, coldly, when he had finished.

His hands flew through a quick gesture of impatience, There was a tone of embarrassment in his voice as he made answer.

"Pish, it is nothing," he said, with a laugh. "May not a soldier have his little whim? May not he seek new adventure when he can find it? May not a man have a sister, or a mother, or a — sweetheart, whom he thinks of once and again? And if one of them were in such a case, should I not be glad if some one brought her out of it? 'T is to me nothing; 't is to you much."

"Come," said she, still eying him closely, as though to read his thought. "I would see your face. Sit there."

She inclined her head, imperiously, but with exquisite grace, in the direction of a stool at the other side of the table, beneath the full light of the candle. He did as she asked him, turning his face to hers and meeting her gaze fully. She saw a pair of frank blue eyes, a high, broad forehead, a strong, aquiline nose, a broad, square chin, sensitive lips, grown slightly sensuous. She saw traces of unwise living in the small pouches beneath the eyes and the slackness at the corners of the mouth. But she saw no coarseness, no ingrained brutality in his countenance; and wondered a little that they should be missing. And she saw, or believed she saw, an ingenuous, honest desire to help her.

"If you have a sweetheart, you had best go to her," she said, after a long scrutiny. "I would not be ungrateful or unjust. There seems good in you. Yet how am I to know?"

The cold, calm manner in which she analyzed him had for a time quite subordinated him; but now he took himself in hand.

"You are not to know from idle words," he exclaimed, rising abruptly. "Come. We lose time. Ho, there, Barkley! Bring up the horses."

"I will not go," Barbara interposed.

"By your leave, you are my prisoner, and you must. Nay, do not use that bodkin yet," he added, seeing her hand go into the bosom of her dress again.

He made no offer either to prevent her from using it, if she had been so inclined, or to take her dagger from her. Reassured in slight measure by this circumstance, though she mistrusted that the man might be deep, and realizing that she was in truth his prisoner, she made the best of her dilemma and passed through the door, obedient to his sign.

"Will it please you to ride ahead, or behind, or at the side, Mistress Stevens?" he asked, with slight sarcasm in

his tone. She said no word, but drew her horse up at his side as they started down the lane.

Beneath the stars they rode throughout the night, silently, across wild moors and through wilder forests. No word passed. The clatter of their horses' hoofs along the road in the dead black hours stirred many a pitiable fugitive from the side of the way, and sent him scurrying behind hedges and through ditches, imagining the King's soldiers were upon him. Now and again they paused that Barbara might rest, though she never gave any sign that she was tired. At the last, when the first grey of the morning spread in the east, they stopped once more, and dismounted.

Lord Jeffreys's London House

Dorset broke the silence that had been between them all the way.

"Here it needs must be that I turn back," he said. "Bristol is not two miles away. I leave you with two of my fellows who — whom you may trust," he concluded grimly.

She hung her head for a moment, and passed over to

him as he was about to mount his horse. Her voice quivered with feeling as she spoke.

"Thou — thou art the soul of all chivalry," she said, pressing her hand on his arm. "I have life and — honor from thy hands. If thou canst do aught for my father —"

He would not let her finish.

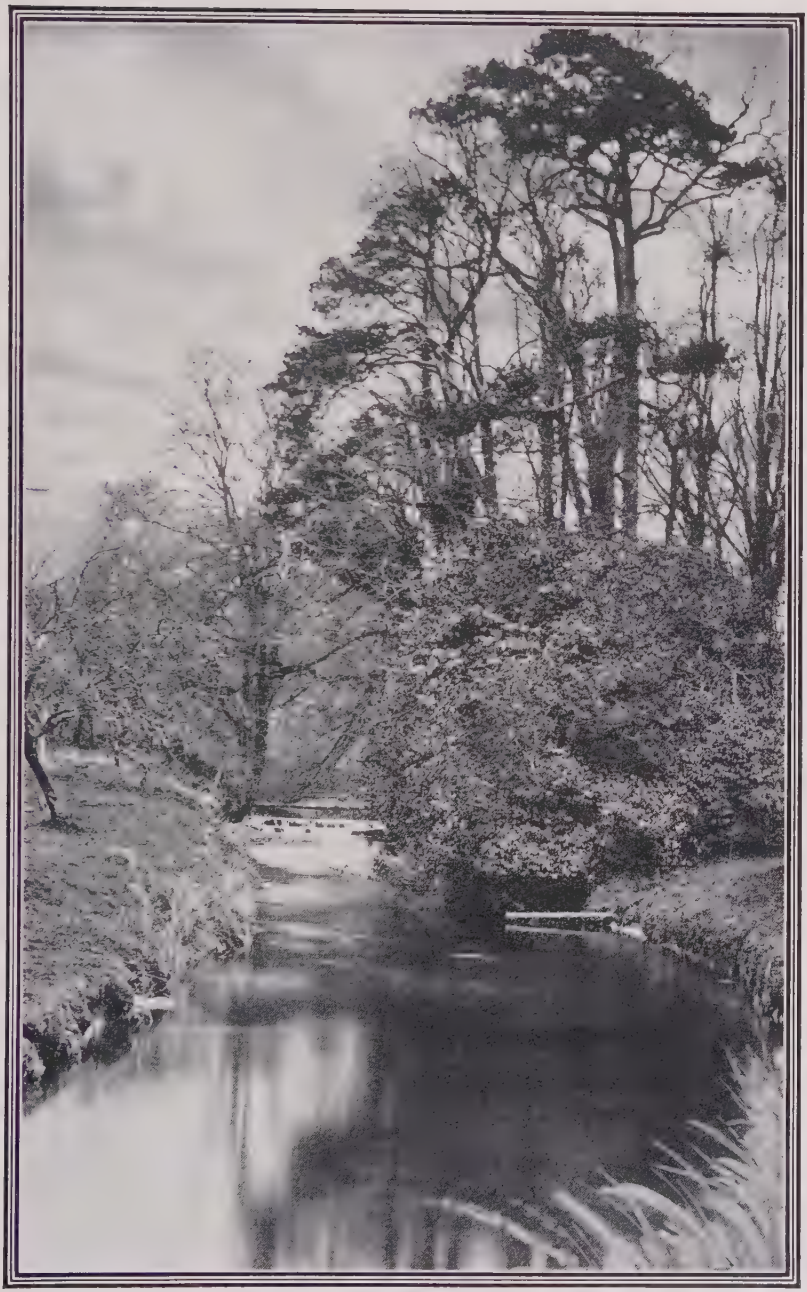
"Hush! You must rest," he said. "And may God stand you in stead!"

He was glad that she could find no words, for her silent thanks were sweeter to his heart than syllables. Swinging into the saddle, he clapped spurs to his horse, and disappeared in the mist of the early dawn.

She lay down to rest on the grass, wrapped in the blanket Dorset had tossed to one of his men in leaving. Two of his soldiers stood close by. The other two, with Slurk, pushed on ahead to the town of Bristol. When the dawn was yet red, Barbara knocked at the door of the house of the sea captain's wife, and so came among friends again. Her heart was broken for the father whom she had had for a few wonderful hours on the day before, and her conscience bitterly reproached her with having left him. Yet she knew that she could have done nothing, and still hoped for his life. She dared not search her heart for what it contained of that other, who had played such a part in her adventure.

Dorset, riding through the dim woods in the early morning and out across the moors when the sun was up, looked into his newly born soul many times, finding there a strange, wild joy in the love he had for Barbara, and a bitter, bitter sadness.

From the moment that his jaded animal dragged him to the door of the tavern, at a late hour in the morning, Captain Richard Dorset strove to save the life of Stevens, known in the prison as Hugo Melville. He bribed the jailor, wheedled



THE RIVER TONE, NEAR TAUNTON, ENGLAND

Kirke, mollified Feversham, and broke down bitterness against the man as a traitor wherever it threatened to be damaging. Slurk, he disposed of. On the very morning when they left Barbara near Bristol, they bore him drunken on board a whaling-ship and sent him away.

Dorset would have brought himself into suspicion, so ceaselessly did he urge the man's cause, had it not been that the story got abroad that the daughter had obtained the indulgence in a manner that was not left to the imagination. Loath as he was to permit this, he knew that it helped his chances by enlisting the sympathies that always extend themselves to love, and so winked at the tales — though with bitterness: they were current among those through whom they could never react to her injury.

The rebellion fell away instantly upon the defeat of the duke of Monmouth. Monmouth himself was captured two days after the fight, when trying to reach the south coast, disguised as a countryman, with whom he had exchanged clothing. Sent to London, craven with fear, he begged his uncle King James to spare his life, even going so far as to promise to renounce his Protestant religion. In spite of his pleadings, he was executed at London.

A terrible vengeance was meted out then to those who had taken part in the rebellion. Jeffreys, who had already found favor with King James by reason of many judgments which showed more of a stanch loyalty than of legal knowledge or justice, was sent to preside at the assizes in the west country. He hated traitors above all things, and went to the work with a fierce joy in it. Those who had been prominent in the rebellion, or had held office in the rebel army, were hanged forthwith. Those less deeply inculpated were condemned to be sold as slaves in the Indies or in the colonies.

The wanton, savage behavior of this man on the bench at

that time has made his name a byword in English-speaking countries, so that a notoriously unjust judge is to this day called "Judge Jeffreys." A worse monster never sat on the bench. He hanged men with even more relish than Berkeley of Virginia did. Brutal, vicious, self-seeking, he roared at and bullied his victims until they were so terrified that they could do nothing in their own defense. What time he was not on the bench slaying for his King he spent in low drinking-houses, guzzling brandy with the underlings of his court.

He executed Mrs. Gaunt and Lady Lisle for harboring traitors. Lady Lisle was the more readily dispatched for the reason that her husband was one of those who had helped to bring about the death of Charles I, and had enjoyed favor with Cromwell. At Dorcester, where Jeffreys first held court, he exhorted thirty rebels who were arraigned to confess, and so save him the trouble of proving them guilty. They refused. Twenty-nine of them being found guilty, he ordered them to immediate execution as additional punishment. Thenceforward most of those charged pleaded guilty. Those who did not suffered the more harshly. Juries stood in equal terror of him, and gave the verdicts he desired without hesitation.

It was in this monster that the hopes of Dorset for the safety of Mallory Stevens rested. He awaited his advent in Bridgewater. At last Jeffreys came, preceded by a wave of consternation. Dorset was at the inn to receive him. He had been deputed to stay there, at his own request, by Colonel Kirke, who had withdrawn to London to reap the reward of his butcheries.

An awed circle stood about the tap-room as he entered, bellowing with rage over some trivial mishap on the road thither, rolling his eyes in fury about him. Dorset appraised him at a glance. He had had truck with rough fellows before. He met him as gruffly as he came, and when the monster

GEORGE LORD JEFFREYS (*From the portrait in the National Gallery, London*)

would have roared him down, he gazed calmly upon the rolling whites of his eyes, and bade the landlord hasten with the wine.

"Come, fetch drink!" he cried, to the trembling host, "lest our next lord chancellor choke of a choler before his time; whereby many a good fellow would miss choking of a collar whose time is already come."

It was a wild, bold thing for any man to say to the ogre of the Bloody Assizes, and none but Daredevil Dick could have come safely through it. But Dorset's time was short if he would save Stevens, and he was ready to hazard much. Jeffreys choked more than ever; but burst out into a rough laugh. With a foul oath, he reached forth his hand, maintaining that he loved such a man with a whole heart, and commanding him to drink with him. All through that first night ran the debauch, Dorset plying his man with a finesse and subtlety born of his intimate insight of human nature; flattering him at one moment, braving him the next, and bullying him in turn when the time was fitting.

Gradually, adroitly, he worked his way to the thing he had aimed at from the first. His appeal was not to the mercy or clemency of the man. It was rather to the basest side of his gross character. It involved telling Jeffreys the tale of the girl, as the matter was believed by his own associates to stand. He shrank from doing it, but in the device he saw his only chance. He made such a tale of it that Jeffreys was brought to think that leniency to the man was more cruel than swift death; that by selling him into slavery he could inflict more mental injury, through the circumstances of the daughter, than he could by consigning the prisoner to the rope.

From the table, Jeffreys went directly to the court in the morning, inflamed as he was by drink. Dorset had seen to it that Stevens was the first to come before him.

"Is this the fellow?" bellowed Jeffreys, looking toward Dorset when the prisoner stood in the dock.

Dorset nodded. With furious mien, the judge demanded that he plead guilty. Without a tremor, Stevens told his part in the thing that had been done, looking boldly into the fiery eyes of the demon on the bench, certain of his fate, and resigned to it.

"Thou art too good to hang, vile traitor!" shouted Jeffreys, thrusting his great red face into that of the prisoner. He condemned him to twenty years of slavery, speaking of his daughter with inconceivable coarseness and brutality in doing so.

The demand for labor in America was such that convicts and laborers were regularly purchased and shipped to the colonies, where they were sold as indented servants. The suppression of Monmouth's rebellion gave to the colonies many useful citizens. Tyranny and injustice peopled America with men nurtured to suffering and adversity. The history of American colonization is the history of the crimes of Europe. Many of the convicts were persons of family and education, accustomed to ease and elegance. Some of the best families in America are descended from the indented servants of the Old World. Mallory Stevens, condemned to transportation, became a salable commodity.

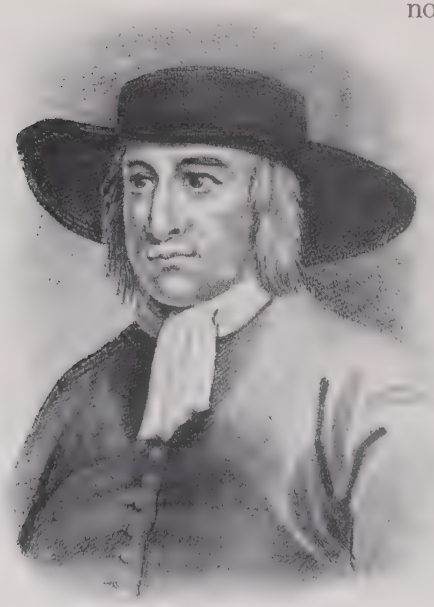
The meaning of the words from the judge was not clear to Stevens. He had been told that his daughter was safe, and in that thought had been resigned. Now a horrible misgiving came into his mind, so that he was hardly able to stand. As they led him from the room, he fiercely demanded the truth. A bailiff sneeringly told him that that was what was said among them all, pointing to Dorset in the telling.

Mallory Stevens, turning upon Dorset a look that sank into his soul, moaned, and fell to the floor. The soldier, thinking of the grim turn the affair had taken, laughed hollowly at the bitter humor of it, turned on his heel, and passed over to the tavern, where he sat himself down with a pot of ale and his own inner thoughts to bear him company. So far had he brought his designs to pass. But had he brought them well?

CHAPTER IV

HE TAUNTS BEST WHO TAUNTS NOT

SITTING over his ale in the tap-room of the public-house in Bridgewater, Captain Richard Dorset conjured numerous specters to fleer at him out of the events that had happened since the afternoon he had gone to take the rebel from the daughter who harbored him, and had been conquered by the noble beauty of Barbara. First, there was the specter of the love that he bore her,—a love so completely beyond all hope of result or recompense that from the beginning he had looked upon it as an abstraction, a thing to be thought upon and not to be lived. The possibility of any return of his sentiment was so far from his mind that it is doubtful if his thoughts ever contemplated it. And to live such a love as he felt for her was so incongruous with his entire past that it is doubtful whether he would have chosen to make the attempt, had the fulfilment of his affection been within his grasp. Nevertheless, the passion was real, and for the pres-



GEORGE FOX

ent dominant, though it did assume the character of a specter.

Grouped about this central wraith, depending upon it for their existence, were other ghosts rising out of the last few weeks. He felt, more bitterly than he had thought possible, that he had done grievously in permitting such tales to be told involving her as had gone the rounds of the officers and were bruited about among the common soldiers. He had saved her father's neck, he had saved her life, and more than her life; yet had she paid heavily for it, and paid in full. He wondered now whether there might not have been another way.

He comprehended, too late, what the suffering of the father was in the thought that his daughter had been made such an instrument of his reprieve as he now believed her to be. The love Dorset had found lent him insight into the other's agony. He realized, too, the hopelessness of any attempt he might make to set the father right in the matter. Such efforts would meet only with unbelief, and make himself appear the coward. He was still too much of a soldier to submit to risk of that.

He saw plainly, too, that while he had saved her from unnamed wretchedness and won her father back to life, he had done it in a way that had deprived her of her parent as effectually for the time being as though he were hanged indeed; that the suspense of twenty years of separation with the fate of her father unknown might on the whole be fraught more heavily with unhappiness than the definite knowledge that her loved one had gone beyond all further distress of mind or body. Truly, Dorset had not much other than his ale to solace himself with, as he sat in the tap-room of the public-house of Bridgewater.

One point thrust itself clearly into his vision, however, and on it he hung his hope. It was his part now to ravel the

STRATHMORE HALL, RESIDENCE OF GEORGE FOX

evil out of the snarl into which he had twisted the lives of these two, and to weave the good into a fabric of happiness. He must reunite them. As he reflected, the plan by which he might accomplish this disclosed itself to him. He had only to buy the slave himself, search Bristol for Barbara, present him to her, and send them both away to America or the Indies.

But there was an obstacle to this plan which he had not foreseen. The obstacle was Jeffreys. Jeffreys returned from the bench to the tavern in a mighty wrath. Three prisoners had eluded the noose on evidence. The effect of the liquor was dying out within him, and he was hungry. The sight of Dorset sitting beside his pot of ale threw him into greater fury. It was not so much that he had spared the neck of another man as it was that he had done a favor to this man. He resented having indulged one who was below him in rank and influence. He repented having done him a kindness, feeling it to be an unworthy weakness.

He glared at Dorset, rolling his eyes prodigiously as he

took a seat far from him and called for meat and drink. Dorset was not in the mood to mollify the brutal fiend. He abandoned cunning for a directness of effort.

"If your Honor please, I would crave first privilege in the purchase of this man Melville," he said, passing over and standing before Jeffreys.

"Thou hast wheedled me once, sirrah," roared the other. "Think not to do so again. The man is already disposed of. Tempt me with a word, and he goes to the gallows, as he so richly deserves. Art thou a traitor thyself, that thou exercisest thyself so much about another traitor?"

Dorset forebore to answer, turning on his heel and passing out of the room. In that direction he was doomed to failure. There was still a hope that he might circumvent the other's evil will, and he clung to that. His first move was to send word to trusted friends in London, seeking their aid in procuring the prisoner as a slave. This he did at once. In the morning, about to set out to Bristol in search of Barbara, he was prevented by peremptory orders from Jeffreys, under whose authority he had been placed by the Crown. He made the best of it, sending a messenger instead with what word of encouragement and advice he could, and settled himself under the yoke of the judge, fuming and impatient.

His several efforts met with failure. The man whom he dispatched to Bristol returned with information that Barbara could not be found; that she had been traced to the home of her friends, that rumor had it that she had there fallen sick, and been taken to Holland aboard ship by the vicar, who sought safety in further flight, being guilty of strong and notorious sympathy with the rebellion. In course of time he had word from London that Melville had been already disposed of, and was even now on the way to Virginia, together with other indented slaves. Hearing this, Dorset lapsed into hopelessness, bound down as he was by

his distasteful service, and sought to obliterate all memory in many a bumper of strong drink.

Jeffreys moved on to Taunton, taking Dorset with him. The tragedy went on. The zeal of the judge against traitors abated to the extent that those of wealth who were implicated were permitted and encouraged to obtain indulgence by means of their money. Their sins were inflicted vicariously upon those who were of lesser worldly fortune; which, being satisfactory to the King and eminently satisfactory to Jeffreys, grew to be the order of the prosecution.

The situation came to be exploited not only by the judge himself and his friends at the capital, but by the entire retinue of the court. Wealthy prisoners were turned over to be despoiled by courtiers, and even by the ladies. The slaves were awarded for the profit of those who stood in favor with the ruler. Among others who were in precarious standing because of their pernicious activity in the rebellion were twenty young ladies of Taunton, who had embroidered banners for Monmouth on his entry to the kingdom, and had presented him with a Bible when he was declared King at that place. These were delivered into the hands of the ladies of the royal suite, to make what they could out of them.

The ladies sent an agent to them with a demand for £7000. By a strange trick of fate, the name of the agent they selected was Penne,— George Penne. History has confused this Penne, who was an unprincipled hanger-on of the court, with William Penn the Quaker, falling the more easily into the error for the reason that Penn the Quaker in his religious propaganda visited Taunton about the same time. Penn the Quaker was a man of unblemished reputation, against whom nothing of evil was ever imputed, save only this — the result of the coincidence of names. Some whisperings, because of the close friendship that existed between him

and King James, require mention, however innocent and sincere. It was the result of a parallel between Penn's own case as a Quaker and that of the King as a Catholic. Under the law, both the Quakers and the Catholics had been interdicted as non-churchmen, and thus placed under disabilities. The removal of these disabilities was sought of Parliament by the King, as well as by the Quakers. Both would benefit equally by their repeal. This community of interests brought Penn and the King together on common ground, of which the eminent Quaker made the most; for his sect first, and for himself incidentally.

William Penn at Twenty-two

For a number of years the Quakers had been a despised people. George Fox, the founder of the sect, had been bitterly persecuted. He was the son of Christopher Fox, a Puritan weaver, and was born at Fenny Drayton, July, 1624. He himself was a shoemaker and dealer in sheep and wool. Of an intensely religious nature, he early had visions, bred of introspection and contemplation of spiritual matters. He believed that religion came from a light within, that the spirit of God was in man and moved him directly. His belief involved brotherly love, charity, humility, submission, simplicity of life and dress. In addressing one another, they used the personal

pronouns thee and thou. He called his society the Society of Friends.

The doctrine was fiercely opposed by church and laity. Fox, undertaking to spread the belief by itinerant preaching, was subjected to harsh oppression, being many times arrested on various pretexts. Appearing before a justice on one occasion, he bade him tremble before the word of the Lord. "I bid thee quake before the law!" the justice replied; and from that time his followers were called Quakers.

Admiral Sir William Penn

But the sect could not be stamped out by force. His followers grew in number. Many of them became fanatics, indulging in wild and capricious actions under religious emotion. These were discouraged by the leaders. Penn, the son of Admiral Sir William Penn and a person of consequence, embraced the new thought with ardor, going forth to preach it. He was expelled from Oxford for his beliefs, together with other proselytes, after religious riots in which the gowns of the Quakers were torn from their backs by orthodox Christians. His father, shocked and disgusted at the sort of reputation his son was earning, sent him with some fashionable friends to Paris, to be lured with gayety from his Quaker notions.

At this time glimpses of contention may be perceived in the household. "You may thee and thou other folk as much as you like," quoth the enraged father, "but don't you dare

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ADMIRAL PENN-DENOUNCING AND TURNING HIM FROM HOME BECAUSE OF
HIS SYMPATHY WITH THE DESPISED SECT OF QUAKERS · · · ·
"FORGET ALSO THINE OWN PEOPLE AND THY FATHERS HOUSE"

Admiral Penn Driving His Son from Home

to thee and thou the King or the duke of York or me." Young William did dare, however, even so far as to wear his hat in the royal presence, which only amused the Merry Monarch. One day when William met him, the King took off his hat. "Why dost thou remove thy hat, friend Charles?" quoth the young Quaker. "Because," replied the King, "wherever I am, it is customary for only one to remain covered!" But the admiral did not take it so pleasantly; he dismissed his obstinate son from the household. But it was only for a time; William was soon recalled, and the old naval hero ever after held him in reverence for his dauntless courage and high principle.

Again and again, while engaged in his work, Penn was thrown into prison, sometimes in the tower like a gentleman, but once for six months in Newgate, along with common criminals.

Many of the Quakers had already sought refuge from their oppression in the colonies, that asylum for the downtrodden, and had settled in New Jersey and Delaware. They had met with a bitter reception in New England, where a number of them were put to death for preaching and defying the religious authorities. Penn desired above all things to establish a retreat for his coreligionists. His opportunity came when his father died, leaving in the estate a debt of £16,000, due from Charles II for money advanced to that merry monarch. In lieu of cash, William Penn obtained from Charles a grant of land comprising all of the territory now included in Pennsylvania. Penn, because of its forestation, desired the territory to be named Sylvania, a word derived from the Latin *silva*, meaning woods, or forest. Charles, in honor of Admiral Penn, prefixed the proper name. The charter was granted March 1, 1681.

On September 1, 1682, William Penn in the ship *William*

with a hundred Quakers sailed for his new possessions. He landed at Newcastle after a disastrous voyage, during which one-third their number had died of smallpox. Thirty-three vessels more, carrying Quakers, followed. As soon as he had landed, Penn delivered an affectionate and cheerful address to the crowd of Swedes, Dutch, and English who came to greet him. From Newcastle he sailed up the Delaware River to Chester. From Chester the journey was continued with a few friends, in an open boat, to the bank on which the city of Philadelphia was soon to rise. His first important act was to call the Indians to council, for the

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THE ARREST OF WILLIAM PENN

purpose of assuring them of the friendly feeling which he bore them. He addressed them as brothers. "We have met on the broad pathway of good faith," he said. "We are all one flesh and blood. Being brethren, no advantage will be taken on either side. When disputes arise, we will settle them in council. Between us there shall be nothing but openness and love."

"While the rivers run and the sun shines we will live in peace with the children of William Penn," the chiefs replied. In this simple manner was concluded a compact, in the words of Voltaire, "never sworn to and never broken."

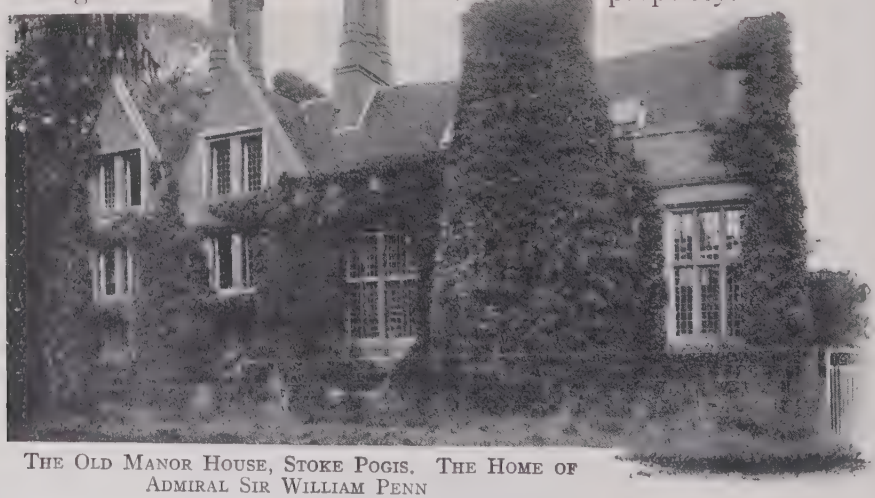
Late in 1682, Penn purchased of the Swedes the neck of land between the Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers; a beautiful plot covered with chestnut, walnut, and ash trees. Here he laid out a city which he called Philadelphia — the City of Brotherly Love. And here on December 4, 1682, in general convention assembled, Penn presented the colonists with the first republican government in America. He waived his proprietary prerogatives, making no attempt to enrich himself by his possessions. He asked no titles and no initiative in matters of legislation. All he retained was the right of veto. The officers of the new commonwealth were

to be a governor, a limited council serving for three years, and a general assembly with a term of one year, all elective. The document so framed was called the Charter of Liberties and was notable for its universal suffrage and complete religious toleration.

While the city of Philadelphia was growing rapidly, settlers came over in great numbers and took up land in the province which was offered for sale in tracts of a hundred acres for forty shillings, subject to a quit rent of a shilling per year.

Penn remained at Philadelphia until August, 1684, when he returned to England, after seeing the city that he had founded grow from a settlement of two or three houses to a town more populous than New York. His work of establishing a free government in America had been well done.

Dorset, disconsolate, unable to cast the image of Barbara from his heart, with no taste for his former life, with no hope that he might yet lead another, disgusted with himself and with the world, fell in with Penn at the tavern where they both were staying. The Quaker, as always, was seeking converts, in so far as he might with decent propriety.



The Old Manor House, Stoke Pogis. The Home of Admiral Sir William Penn

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I WOULD HAVE THEE AND ALL OTHER MEN TO KNOW
THAT I SCORN THAT RELIGION WHICH IS NOT
WORTH SUFFERING FOR AND ABLE TO SUSTAIN
THOSE THAT ARE AFFLICTED FOR IT
PENN EXAMIN
BY THE LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER OF LON
CONDEMNED TO IMPRISONME IN NEWGATE

PENN BEFORE HIS ACCUSERS

"Soho, my fat Quaker friend, thou hast come to make sinners quake, hast thou?" he said with an insulting leer. He despised the sect because they submitted to offence and refused to take arms on any provocation. That was repugnant to his soldier's soul. He hated them, too, because it was in the air to hate them. In his desperate frame of mind, he sought to divert himself with a trial of this man's patience.

Penn turned a look upon him, full of mildness and kindly sympathy. Bold and froward as he was, Dorset was taken aback by the gentleness, the sweet temper, in the other's countenance. He felt ill at ease, at a disadvantage. The large, full head, the genial features, the big, soft eyes, the dignity that was in the man even while submitting to affront, gave the soldier a feeling of inferiority.

"It is of thy profession of arms to speak thus to those whom thou considerest thine enemies," Penn made answer, in a soft voice, but one full of the strength of manhood. "But why should we be enemies? Hath not God made us both in one mold? Come, why should we not be friends?"

"He hath made thee mouldy enough, in good sooth," retorted Dorset, provoked by the gentle answer.

Dorset was wont to use the same form of the personal pronoun affected by the Quakers, when in boisterous mood among his fellows. In the moment that he heard the words on the tongue of Penn, he perceived the difference in spirit with which they were spoken. Whereas with him "thee" and "thou" were terms of rough familiarity, often bearing the burden, too, of sacrilege and contempt, with Penn they took on the character of reverence, sincerity, and respect.

Ignoring the second insult, Penn engaged him in talk. Thinking to taunt the man further, he fell into the conversation, malice and viciousness in his mind. He twitted him

with his mission, accused him of hypocrisy, abused his religion and his manhood, extending himself to the last degree to provoke him. Penn, without seeming to defend himself, with consistent humility, without cant, made such reply as his sincere faith prompted. He told the other of his religious beliefs, expatiated on the doctrine of brotherhood and the godhead in man, traversing the entire range of his theories and practices.

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WRITING IN PRISON—"THE GREAT CASE OF LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE ONCE MORE BRIEFLY DEBATED AND DEFENDED"
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WILLIAM PENN WRITING IN PRISON

Retorting at first with extreme insolence, Dorset found himself worsted at every turn, and gradually withdrew his attack, scarce knowing that he did so. The strength of the reli-

gious man's convictions, his force of character, his lively magnetism, by degrees brought Dorset to listen respectfully to him. In the end, the soldier was hanging on his words eagerly, even asking questions on clouded points. Now and again he struggled against the fascination of the man, remembering his old antipathy to the sect, recalling to mind his own views of life, so incompatible with the ideas of Fox and the Friends. But he was still bound in a respectful attention.

When at last he was alone again, he could not bring his mind away from the thoughts that Penn had called into life. The barrenness of his own existence, the manifest joy and content that the Quaker found in his profession and practices led him into deep contemplation and retrospect. Never before had any thing resembling a religious impulse stirred within him. Now his very soul was fairly seething. He could not endorse all that he had heard. By nature he quarreled with much. Yet he felt that there was a great truth for him in the doctrine of brotherhood, of love and peace. In the end, when he aroused himself from his reveries, he made no further effort to deny the new influence.

He went forth into the street. It was night. The autumn moon, rising full and yellow over the distant hills, bore a message of concord to him. He wandered down between the rows of houses, where the inhabitants were already peacefully sleeping, out through the straggling cottages that skirted the town, along the highway, and so across a moor to the crest of a ridge, where he threw himself down beneath a great yew tree. A tiny breeze, slightly cool, invigorating, breathed from the uplands, whispering soothingly through the boughs of the tree. The moon, rising higher in the sky, poured its flood of golden light over the moors. The shadows of the higher hills yet lay across the land, and groups

of trees blurred in the amber fields. At his back, the Tone wound through meadow and copse, molten gold in the harvest moon. Beside it lay Taunton, placid, serene in sleep. The turrets of the castle, harsh, warlike rocks though they were, rested soft against the distant sky.

He turned his gaze from the fields and the hills and the river and the castle upon the town. Within its borders, how many broken hearts lay this night fearful of the morrow?

NEWGATE PRISON

How many agonized souls, mired in their own past, struggled for they knew not what, groping for a light that lay dead within them? How much misery, how little joy, tossed on tortured pillows behind those dark walls? How close at hand lay their help, and how far afield they sought it?

He thought of the terrible Jeffreys, of the wretches whom he had condemned that day to die, and of those others whom he would blight on the morrow. He considered in which of the two classes he would rather be. He thought of himself, and of the man of religion whom he had that evening taunted, and pondered on which of them was the more to be envied. Long, soberly, deeply he meditated. His heart answered him that of all those lying there to-night, none,

not even that of the innocent babe, had greater peace and joy than the soul of William Penn, the Quaker.

As he thought, there arose within him a light. There was not that in the wide world, nor in Heaven above, nor in hell beneath, which could withhold him from being even as this man. Nought but himself. A sigh of peace escaped him. Joy pervaded his breast. He would live as this man lived.

The light within him grew, warm and strong. Ever as it bourgeoned, there arose within its halo the vision of Barbara more beautiful than ever it had been. His new happiness fed his love, and his love fed his new happiness. He would live as this man lived! He would forsake his evil ways. He would give up his military career. He would devote himself to good,— some manner of good, he knew not what.

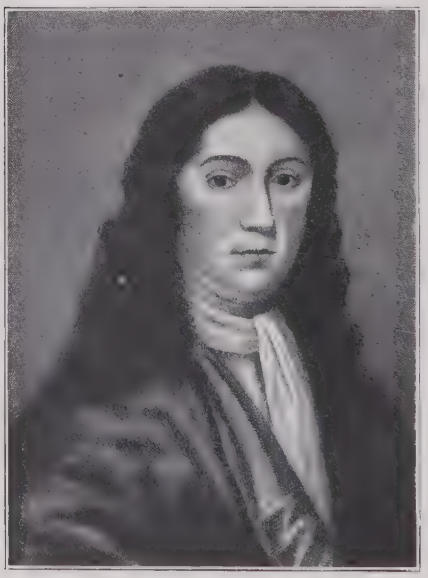
The first good would be to find Barbara, to bring her words of comfort, to aid her in seeking and saving her father. And then, in the end, — why might it not be that at the end there should be Barbara?

He arose from the ground with a feeling of triumph, and returned to the town.

CHAPTER V

THE IMPENDING YOKE

"I TELL 'ee, Jonathan Stevens, there is no end to the woe that will visit New England! Why, we shall be little better than slaves and serfs if things keep on so. 'T was bad enough to have our charter taken away from us by fraud and threats. 'T was bad enough to have men of our own province betray us to the tyrant of England, as Jo Dudley did. And now that all our liberty is gone, and we are to have no voice in our own affairs, 't were better for us that a millstone were hanged about our neck and we were thrown into the sea of misery at once. There is talk that King James is going to send Colonel Percy Kirke here to make us do his bidding. I hear tell that his brutalities in Tangiers, and the wickedness of his heart, are past all belief. Are we to stand meekly by and let these matters go forward? Have we suffered and endured for these many years in this black wilderness only to lose all we have struggled for as soon as as it is within our grasp?"



JOSEPH DUDLEY

The speaker, tall, angular, cadaverous, with a lean and

lugubrious countenance, thrust his legs beneath the table at which he sat and, surrendered himself to dismal contemplation of the future his imagination painted. The scene was the tap-room of the Black Horse, the principal tavern in Salem, Massachusetts. The time was an evening late in April, 1685.

Jonathan Stevens, the landlord, rubicund, soft of step and voice, with a mild blue eye and a fixed, bland smile on his face, made no answer, being engaged in mixing a mug of flip for the one of sad visage; a delicate operation, requiring the closest attention of mind and hand. Filling the large earthen mug two-thirds full of home-brewed beer, he gently placed in it a soft mixture of eggs, cream, and sugar, dashed in a gill of rum, and stirred it all with a red-hot loggerhead, a long iron with a knob on the end, which he lifted from the coals of the hearth. The decoction sputtered and fumed as he handed it to the other, whose face lighted a little at sight and smell of it.

"You take but a gloomy view of it, I fear, friend Ruggles," observed the host, watching the man sip the hot drink, "and 't is but an ill thing to speak so freely of the King. Let me warn you to guard your tongue better in a public place."

"Guard, indeed!" retorted the other. "You have the same thoughts I have. You know King Charles was a tyrant, and that King James is worse; for he will not only take from us our civil liberties, but he will thrust his religion upon us into the bargain, mark my word, so that all our trials shall have been in vain."

"Tush, man, you speak but folly," returned the host, busying himself about the room in preparation for the evening's trade. The guest drank his flip with a dour face, and relapsed into gloomy thoughts, making no answer.

Massachusetts indeed had fallen from the high estate of

liberty enjoyed under the charter that had been revoked by Charles the preceding autumn. For fifty years the people of the colony had elected their own officers, made their own statutes, levied their own taxes. Custom had made them bold, and they had exceeded the powers granted them by coining money and making laws in religious and secular matters which went beyond their granted privileges. Charles, pursuing a policy at home and abroad that tended to make him absolute, determined to revoke the charter. He demanded that Massachusetts send agents to England to explain the action of the community. The inhabitants, in assembly, procrastinated, feared the outcome. He asked them to show by what authority they held their charter. The situation was delicate. If they said they had it from the King, the King could reply that it was then in his power to take it away.

Some there were who, for private reasons, inclined toward the execution of the royal wishes. Foremost among them was Joseph Dudley, who expected to reap a reward if he turned the province over to the King. Edmund Randolph was sent by the Crown to bring the people to terms. He made many journeys to and fro. At last, after dragging the matter through several years, the colonists could defer the issue no longer, and sent Dudley and John Richards to represent them at London and pray for justice and leniency.

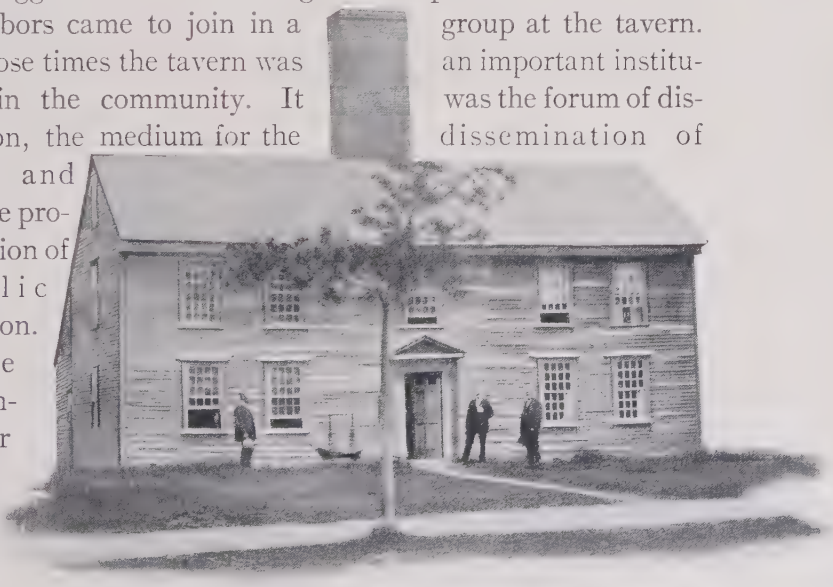
It was too late. Quo warranto proceedings were begun by the Crown in the royal courts. Dudley made but little opposition. The colonists employed a lawyer; but they were given little opportunity to prepare a defense. On October 23, 1684, the courts, obedient to the will of the Monarch, declared the charter forfeit.

The results threatened disaster to the Commonwealth. They were to be ruled by a governor sent from England, who would arrange matters of taxation, foist the English church upon them, and enforce the navigation laws laid on

the colonies by the mother country to prevent the commercial aggrandizement of New England. Kirke was expected to be the governor. He was known to the people of New England by reputation, and they dreaded him. Yet they were too divided by faction to make resistance, and so submitted.

When news came of the death of Charles, and the accession of the duke of York as James II, it put no better face on affairs. His policy was ascertained beforehand. He was known to be a Roman Catholic, and one who was extremely jealous of the divine prerogatives of a King. He issued a proclamation stating that the government of the colonies would continue as it had been for the time being; but the inhabitants knew that the time would be short. Despondency prevailed throughout the land. All the fabric of their political liberties for which they had struggled and suffered, their religious independence, their cherished institutions, were swept away at one stroke, and they were at the mercy of an intolerant and resentful tyrant. As a natural result, James II was soon cordially hated by nearly all his subjects in the colonies.

Ruggles finished his mug and bespoke another. More neighbors came to join in a group at the tavern. In those times the tavern was an important institution in the community. It was the forum of discussion, the medium for the dissemination of news and for the propagation of public opinion. The tavern-keeper was a



The Black Horse Tavern, Salem

man of consequence, deferred to and consulted because of his superior advantages in acquiring information and coming into touch with the public. This amiable position he maintained until the advent of the newspaper.

At the Black Horse, the leading citizens of Salem met nightly in informal debate, to rehearse the news, comment on the progress of events, and take counsel concerning the future. This night, as for many night before, weighty matters were in their minds. Their rights and liberties were dear to their hearts, and they sought for means of preserving them. Gathered about the fire that roared in the hearth, they drank their posset, their sack, their rum, punch, and cider with sad hearts and many misgivings.

Stevens bustled among them, soft of foot and voice, dropping a wise remark now and then into the conversation, but discreet and tactful ever. He was no less loyal to the principles they espoused than they; but he was more cautious than many by nature, and his position in public life demanded that he be circumspect.

"It is not well to make such talk," he interjected after a particularly vigorous denunciation of the royal programme on the part of Ruggles. "It is truly a sad state into which we have fallen, and I rue it with the next; but for my part, I believe that we can gain more by diplomacy than by open opposition. Friend Ruggles holds for open resistance. That would only fasten the yoke the more firmly about our necks. We cannot hope to cope with the powers of England at present, though I say that the time will come when there will be an end to oppression. But now I warn goodman Ruggles that he does but thrust his head into danger by such fiery speeches."

"And is it not better to lose our heads in a righteous cause than to have them twisted by a tyrant?" returned Ruggles, applying himself to another mug of flip.

The Last Town Pump, Salem

Before there could be an answer made, the door burst open, and a young man, bronzed, rugged, with a bold face and a clear eye, stepped briskly among them.

"Father!" he cried, rushing forward to embrace the host. "Good friends all, hail to you!"

"Ha, Hubert, is it you then?" exclaimed the elder Stevens, in glad surprise. "Whence come you? Hallo, there!" he shouted, going to the door that opened into a long hall running through the middle of the house. "Here is Hubert come back. Well, boy, what do you here?" he concluded, returning to the midst of the group, where his son was exchanging greetings with the neighbors gathered there.

"I am just from Albany, with furs," he said, glancing about cautiously. "Our ketch is in the harbor; and a merry time we had getting here, too, with the surveyor of the port as active as a lean flea."

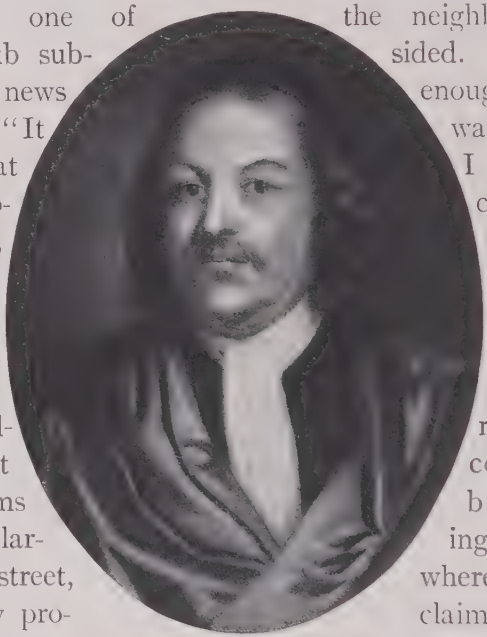
Hubert, the son, a young man of twenty, had taken up a seafaring life as a boy, and followed it, until now he was mate on a vessel owned by a citizen of Salem. The activities of the ship, and of most of those engaged in trade, were not strictly according to the provisions of the act of navigation, which prohibited the export of colonial products to other countries than England without the paying of taxes, and required the use of British ships in all export and import trade. In defiance of this, many vessels plied between New England and continental ports with prohibited articles, and even visited the mother country. At one period the trade had been carried on openly; but now an attempt on the part of the government to enforce the act had driven the shippers to surreptition. It was this attempt, as much as any one thing, that led to the overthrow of English authority in America.

The announcement made by Jonathan Stevens brought a swarm of brothers and sisters out of the back regions of the

house, ranging in size from Benjamin, a well sized youth of eighteen, to a lisping little tot of two, who welcomed him according to their age and disposition. The mother had been dead a year, making Hubert's home-coming all the more an occasion for rejoicing.

"What news in Boston, if you came that way?" demanded one of the neighbors, when the hubbub subsided.

"Why, news enough," replied the sailor. "It was only yesterday that I saw there a great procession of persons, with Governor Bradstreet and the deputy governor and all the assistants riding at their head, and a squadron of horse and eight companies of foot, drums beating, trumpets blaring, marching down the street, where James II was finally proclaimed King of England and the colonies. Such a roar of artillery as followed I hope never to hear again, but the people made little noise enough."



GOVERNOR SIMON BRADSTREET

"They did not shout, then?" asked Ruggles, eagerly.

"But for those who stood near the officers and had to shout there was not so much as a whisper among them."

"Good! Will there be a struggle, think you? Will they fight?"

"That I know not; but give me a band of merry fellows on such craft as lies below in the harbor, and we will trip

THE GOVERNOR SIMON BRADSTREET HOUSE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS
(*From a Painting in the Essex Institute, Salem*)

them sorely when they come to lay the yoke across our shoulders."

The ardent words of the young man stirred a murmur of approval among his listeners; but his father deterred him from proceeding further in similar vein by a pull at the sleeve and a shake of the head. In those days sons obeyed parental injunctions.

"'T is untimely, my son, and unseemly too," he said softly. "Let us bide! Let us bide!"

The talk then fell to other things, Hubert regaling them with stories of adventure by land and sea; narrating how they had, on the summer before, carried a cargo of tobacco to Amsterdam; how they had lain at Albany through the winter, waiting for furs; how the French *voyageurs*, contrary to the regulations of the French in Canada, were coming there with skins; how the Dutch and venturesome English were gaining a foothold with the Indians in the trade; how

matters prospered in New York; and many matters of strange import.

As he talked, a brown-eyed lad of sixteen, his brother Charles, listened with rapt attention to his words, dreaming of adventure and conquest on his own part, and lost in speechless admiration for this wise and wonderful man. Hubert's voice rang through the timbers of the room until the hour of nine came, when the law had it that there should be no more gathering together in tap-rooms of the land, and the neighbors returned to their own firesides through the dark, solitary, and empty streets of Salem.

It is not impossible that some of them pursued sadly irregular courses along paths that were no better than the feet of the citizens had made them in their passing to and fro. For those were days and nights when it was held to be no evil to imbibe heavily, and many and large had been the drams of compounded drinks that had passed the lips of the company that night, while listening to the tales of the mariner.

There was sack and sack-posset, cider and flip. There was rum, a "hot, hellish and terrible liquor, made of sugar-canes distilled," says one old writer. It was called "kill-devil" among the drinkers. There were compounds of rum, formed by the admixture of loaf sugar, or of molasses. There was ale and beer and mead, or metheglin, made of fermented honey, eggnog and whiskey toddy, together with strange contrivances involving combinations of these ingredients.

These things were drunk not only in taverns, but at weddings, funerals, and christenings, and between the meeting-house services on Sunday. Church committees, come together to discuss ecclesiastical affairs, assisted their wits and their tongues with punch and flip. It was small wonder, then, if some of the company wandered home deviously;

JAMES II (*From the original painting by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery, London*)

or that Ruggles with joy in his heart laid the plans of a great rebellion which would place him at the head of a new republic, as he tumbled into bed, attired more or less as he had been in the tap-room of the Black Horse, and so fell asleep.

Jonathan Stevens, after they had gone, put his glasses

and mugs, bowls and tobies back on their shelves, banked the coals in the fireplace, snuffed out the candles, herded his numerous family into their various quarters and shut up shop for the night. Hubert was given the room of state in the house. Charles, at his own urgent request, was permitted to stay with him.

Old Bake Shop, Salem

CHAPTER VI

THE BROTHER'S TALE

"DID you see many Indians?" stammered Charles, when they were preparing for bed, gradually overcoming the reverential awe in which he held this wise and wonderful brother.

"Indians!" returned Hubert, with a laugh at the intense expression on the younger one's face. "Why, I saw Indians enough to man an armada or recruit the King's army!"

"Were they wild?" queried the lad, wide-eyed. "Our Indians here are not very wild."

"Wild? Wilder than the wild beasts of the woods, lad.

SALEM (*From an old print*)

Wilder than the fiercest lion of Africa! They were Iroquois I saw; who shall say more for their fierceness?"

"What are Iroquois?" pursued Charles, gaining more courage.

"What! Have you never heard of the Iroquois? Marry, there are many who would wish the same to themselves! The Iroquois, lad, are the most savage and cruel, and most warlike of all the Indian tribes in America. They are a nation made up of five tribes: the Mohawks, Senecas, Onei-

das, Onondagas, and Cayugas — as though Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, New York, and Virginia should band together for war. They live in northern New York, along a river called the Mohawk; they call their nation the Long House. Say you in truth that you have never heard of them?"

"I — I think I have, but I cannot now recall," replied Charles, fearful of losing favor in the sight of Hubert by reason of his ignorance.

"Nay, then, you have never heard," rejoined Hubert, "for an you had, you would not so soon forget."

"Tell me of them," begged the youth.

"Nay, if I should tell you of them to-night, you would have such dreams of them in your sleep as would wake the house, and turn your hair the hue of snow."

"I shan't be afraid if I am sleeping with you."

"Another time I shall tell you how they have scourged the land for hundreds of miles about them; how they have prowled through the woods for years, summer and winter, falling upon Indian villages, killing and capturing, until whole nations were exterminated or driven away; how they have ranged into the frozen North, to the great river of the West, and so far south as Virginia and the Carolinas; of their brutal tortures; their mad bravery; the fights they have fought and the deaths they have died! Nay, I shall have many pretty tales for you, told me by the Dutch at Albany."

"Did n't they try to scalp you?" asked the lad, fired with a desire to be harrowed.

Hubert only laughed as he snuffed out the candle and climbed into their rude bed, whither Charles, in an ecstacy of terror, had preceded him.

"What does a Frenchman look like?" asked Charles, presently, thirsty for information.

"Well, like a Frenchman," returned his brother, composing himself for slumber.

There was silence for a space. Charles's voice piped in the darkness again, "What is a Jesuit?" he questioned.

"Go to sleep."

"Just tell me what a Jesuit is, please!"

"A Jesuit is a priest."

"What kind of a priest?" Charles persisted.

"If I tell you what a Jesuit is, will you go to sleep?"

"I'll try," Charles promised.

"Jesuits are Catholic —"

"Catholic!" interrupted Charles, horrified.

"Why, yes, of course! Catholic priests belonging to the Society of Jesus, founded many years ago by a brave soldier named Ignatius Loyola."

"Are they soldiers?"

"No; priests! Priests, wearing long black gowns, and carrying rosaries and crucifixes wherever they go."

"Are they bad?" pursued Charles, whose opinion of Catholics was derived from his Puritan instruction. He wanted to ask about crucifixes and rosaries, but was afraid lest he should exhaust the patience of his brother.

"No, they are not bad; that is, unless you disagree with them. Then you might think they are bad."

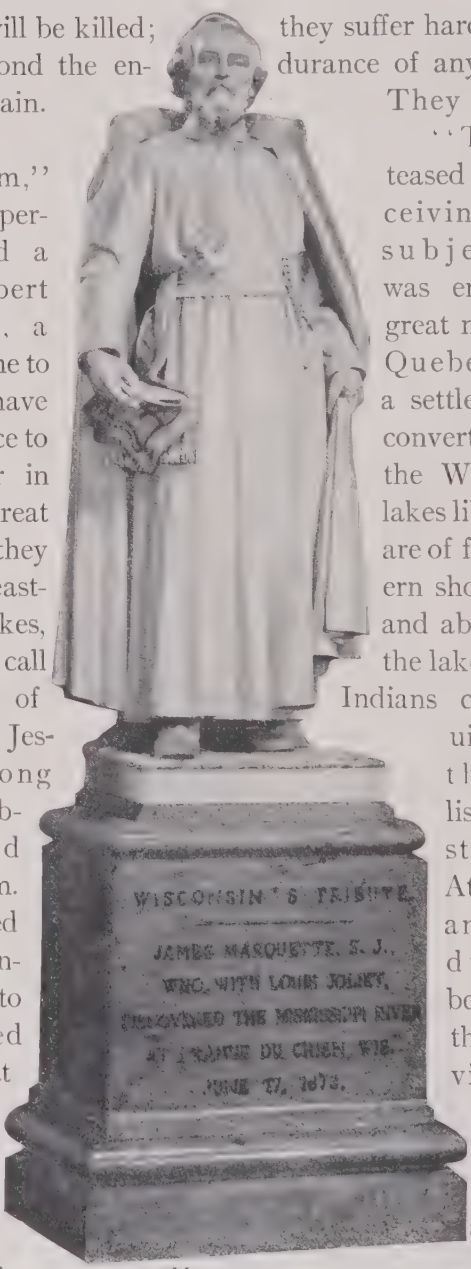
"What do they do?"

"They give up their entire lives to converting the Indians; at least, those do who are in America. Others of them go all over the world; they are everywhere, and everywhere they seek only to baptize and convert and save souls. They give up everything for it; their motto is "To the greater glory of God;" one of their vows is obedience to the Pope; whatever he tells them to do, they do without question. They do not own property; they have no money for themselves; they go among the Indians, even if they

know they will be killed; they suffer hardships and tortures beyond the endurance of any men, and never complain. They are wonderful!"

"Tell me about them," teased the boy, intuitively perceiving that he had reached a subject upon which Hubert was enthusiastic.

"Well, a great many years ago they came to Quebec, where the French have a settlement, and started thence to convert the Indians. Afar in the West lies a chain of great lakes like seas, except that they are of fresh water. Along the eastern shores of one of these lakes, and about a great bay — some call the lake Huron — was a tribe of Indians called Hurons. The Jesuits went out alone among these Indians, establishing missions and striving to convert them. At first they were disliked and persecuted; the Indians believed them to be sorcerers, and blamed them for an epidemic that visited the tribe soon after they came. But the Jesuits kept trying to save souls. When anyone was about to die, they crept



MARQUETTE

into the house with a handkerchief they had dipped in holy water, made shift to get near the dying person, and touched his forehead with the handkerchief. In that way they baptized them. Pretty soon the Hurons began to be baptized before they were dying, and from choice.

"Sometimes the Indians starved; the Jesuits starved with them. Sometimes the Indians went on long journeys in search of food; the Jesuits went along, living on roots and bark and boiled moose-hide. Sometimes the Iroquois came and took prisoners; if a Jesuit chanced to be captured, he endured every torture without complaint."

"What did the Indians do to them?" Charles could not restrain his eager desire to hear of it.

"They tore their finger-nails off with their teeth; they chewed their hands; they cut off their thumbs with clam-shells; they stripped flesh from their backs; they burned them with brands, and beat them with sticks."

Charles nestled closer to his brother's side.

"After a while the Iroquois drove the Hurons from their country," Hubert went on, forgetting his desire to sleep in the interest he took in his own tale. "Many of the priests were killed by the savages; the others followed fragments of the Huron tribes, still converting them; some of them came back near Quebec, where a part of the Indians took refuge."

"Are the Jesuits all gone?"

"Nay, that they are not; they are many and strong; though they have enemies in New France."

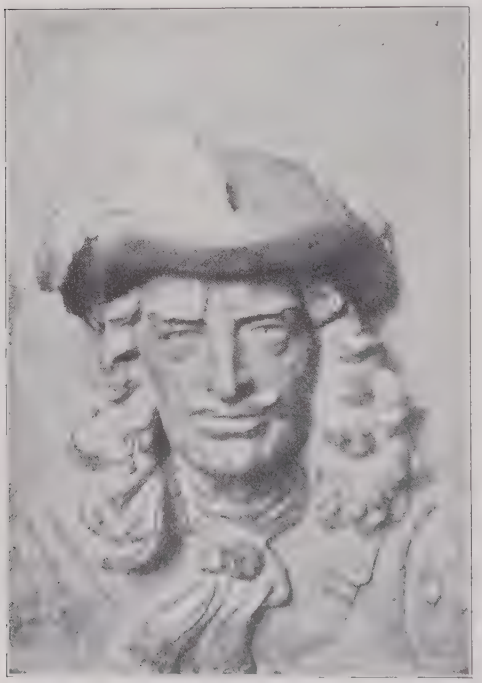
"What do they do now?"

"They still convert Indians, and set up missions, going far along the lakes of fresh water I told you of. Some of them are even at the farthest end of the last and greatest lake, at Saint Esprit. They are great travelers, exploring the country and making maps. They send their reports to civilization, and add much to the knowledge of the country.

Have you ever heard of Père Marquette?" Hubert never tired of telling of these daring explorers when the mood grew in him.

Charles breathlessly assured him that he had not.

"Marquette was one of the party that accompanied Joliet, that great hunter and trapper," Hubert resumed; and with no further interruption Charles listened to the details of the good priest's explorations in the Middle West. Within the decade Marquette had passed from Lake Michigan through Green Bay into the Fox River, two frail canoes being his only craft. Thence he went overland to the great bend of the Wisconsin River, following that stream down to the Mississippi. Drifting down the great Father of Waters, he passed the mouth of the River Moingoni, its native name to be softened by the French into Des Moines.

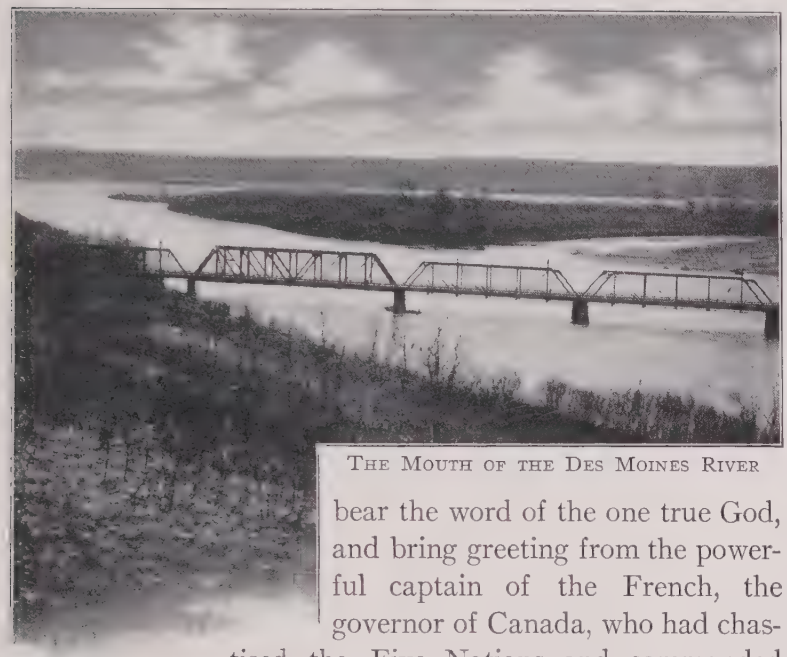


FRONTENAC

On the voyage councils were held from time to time with the various tribes of the aborigines. "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! Our village awaits thee; enter with peace into our dwellings," was the greeting Marquette received from the aged chief of the Illinois. The missionary tarried long enough to

THE DEPARTURE OF MARQUETTE AND JOLIET FROM SAINT IGNACE

MEETING WITH THE ILLINOIS



THE MOUTH OF THE DES MOINES RIVER

bear the word of the one true God, and bring greeting from the powerful captain of the French, the governor of Canada, who had chastised the Five Nations and commanded them to make and preserve the peace.

Hundreds of warriors acted as escort to Marquette's little fleet of canoes. Their medicine-men hung about his neck the sacred calumet, mysterious arbiter of peace and war, to be his safeguard among the tribes on his journey. Drifting swiftly down the turbulent flood, he passed the perpendicular rocks on the banks, noting with amazement that they bore the shapes of mighty monsters. In the distance he could hear the noise of the rolling of the Missouri, known to him by its Algonquin name of Pekitanoni, and presently he was caught up in the swirl of waters as he came to that magnificent confluence of waters, and saw the swifter Missouri rush in like a conqueror upon the placid Mississippi, to drag it onward to the Gulf.

It was there that the good Marquette, seeing in every natural wonder a new opportunity for usefulness, resolved

to ascend the muddy torrent to its clearer source; to cross the tremendous mountain range that divides ocean from ocean; and, descending upon a westerly flowing stream, to publish the Gospel to all the peoples of the New World. Thereupon, returning to the explorations already in hand, he floated past the mouth of the Ohio, greatest of the eastern tributaries of the Mississippi, then and long afterward known as the Wabash. The peaceful Shawnees peopled its banks, their villages rising where populous cities were later to thrive. Thereafter the climate changed rapidly as the canoes dipped toward the South.

Canes began to appear, growing thick and thicker until jungle growth was all about. Troublesome insects attacked them, more and more fiercely. Folding the sails against the July sun, the indomitable Marquette stopped only where the Arkansas emptied its flood into the Mississippi, and retraced his path. It was with the greatest difficulty that he made his way against the powerful current. Attaining the Illinois River at last, he passed into this broad, deep, and peaceful stream up to the Des Plaines, making portage across the prairie to the south branch of the little Chicago, to pass the winter of 1673 at its mouth, on the shores of Lake Michigan once more.

The particulars of these explorations had not become generally known to the English along the narrow strip of Atlantic coast; it was from one Dautray, *coureur de bois*, that Hubert had secured his knowledge, the Frenchman having been much with the Jesuit fathers.

"But what became of Marquette? Did he perish among the savages at last?" Charles asked, his long silence bringing the questions to his lips with a rush.

"No; not until later," said Hubert. "He fell ill, but made a rather good recovery. This meant a return to his labors, so the next autumn he went to the Mississippi once

DEATH OF MARQUETTE

more to set up a mission. On his way back he fell ill again. He came down the eastern shore of Lake Michigan to his mission station near the foot of the freshwater sea, carried by his devoted people, for he was too sick to walk. There they took him ashore, and there he died under the shelter of bark they made for him. There, too, they buried him, and went on their way. But in a year or so they came back, reverently took up his worn body, and reverently bore it to the mission at Saint Ignace. The Indians loved him; everyone who knew him loved him; and we may be sure, Charles, that, Puritans though we are, God loves him."

THE BURIAL OF MARQUETTE AT SAINT IGNACE

"But tell me about the big river, brother Hubert," whispered Charles, awed, but not silenced, by his elder's manner, "Has any one else ever seen it?"

"Yes; more than one; it was discovered by the Spaniards years and years ago. But it was forgotten — more than once. It is only now that we are beginning to hear of it again. It was the Indians who told the news of it to the French; and it was the French who sent Joliet and Marquette in search of it. But the man who found out most about it was a Frenchman named La Salle. He is not a Jesuit, though he thought at one time, when he was young, that he would like to be one. But I guess he did not like the idea of promising to do just what his superiors told him to do, for he is a man who has a will of his own, I warrant you. Whatever the reason, he changed his mind, and at the age of twenty-two came to New France to be a fur trader. He was a friend of Frontenac —"

"Who was Frontenac?"

"A fire-eating Frenchman, friend of the King, who sent him to govern New France so that he might escape from his wife, with whom he did not agree. It is whispered that King Louis loved her, but if he did she would have none of him. Frontenac agreed with but few, though no man had truer friends, or was a truer friend to those whom he favored. After he came to New France in 1672, he immediately fell to quarreling with other officers sent over by the King. He wanted things his own way, and those who were in Canada getting rich from their fur trade, soon saw that they had a hard man to handle. As a result of the quarrels he was recalled to France after being over here ten years.

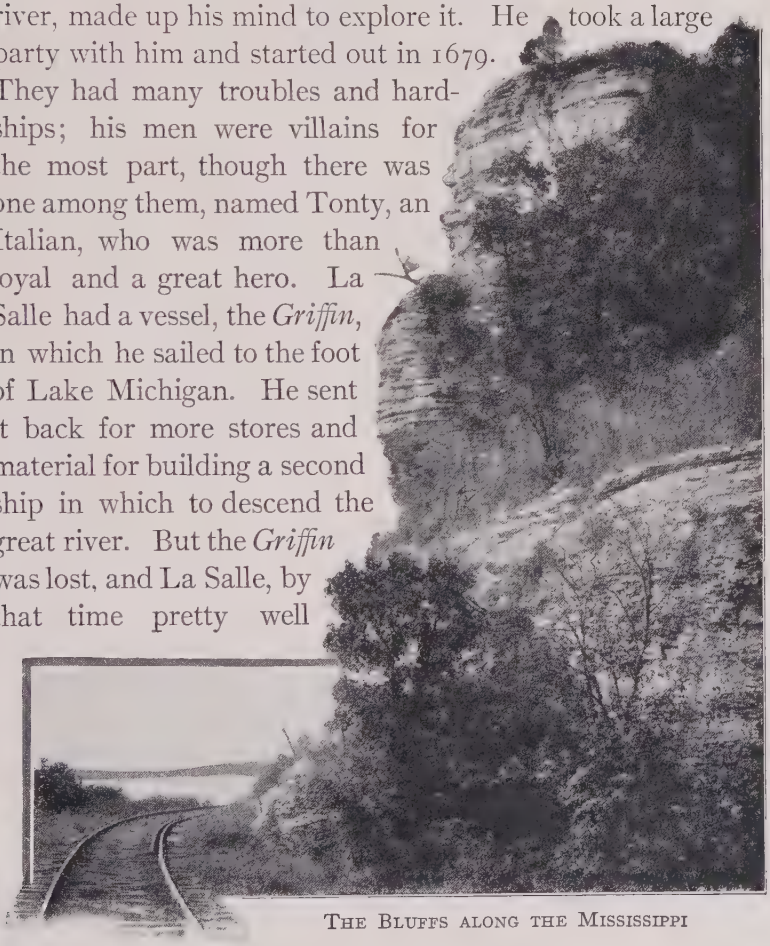
"But there were some that he did not quarrel with, and they were the hardest people in the world to be friends with. I speak of the Iroquois. He was very proud and bold with them, and made them like him. They stopped harrying

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle

the French settlements, and would have remained good friends with the French if Frontenac had not been called back so soon. His successors fell into strife with the savages, and lost the advantages he had gained."

"Tell me more about La Salle," prompted Charles, when Hubert stopped.

"Frontenac built a fort for him, and helped him in the fur trade against other Frenchmen, which resulted in much trouble," Hubert resumed. "La Salle, hearing about the river, made up his mind to explore it. He took a large party with him and started out in 1679. They had many troubles and hardships; his men were villains for the most part, though there was one among them, named Tonty, an Italian, who was more than loyal and a great hero. La Salle had a vessel, the *Griffin*, in which he sailed to the foot of Lake Michigan. He sent it back for more stores and material for building a second ship in which to descend the great river. But the *Griffin* was lost, and La Salle, by that time pretty well



THE BLUFFS ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI

down the river that Marquette and Joliet had come up, went back to Montreal with four men in the dead of winter to get more material. When he got back he found that his enemies had ruined his fur business, and that his hunters, many of them, had played him false.

"But he was not to be discouraged. Nothing has ever discouraged La Salle. He returned to where he left Tonty with his men, only to find the place deserted and the vessel they had begun to build destroyed. He learned that the Iroquois had been there and sacked a large village of the Illinois Indians. It was a long time before he found Tonty again. But when he did, Tonty and his few followers were still loyal. Once more they set out for the river. This time they reached it, and floated down to the Gulf of Mexico. That was in the year 1682 — just three years ago."

TONTY

"Whatever happened to him then?"

"La Salle has a great dream. He wants to found an empire in the valley of the great river over which he will rule, with Indians for subjects. It will be a part of France, but it will be his. He will trade in furs and cultivate the vast valleys. That was what he had in mind when he went down the river. King Louis and Colbert, the great French

minister, approve the plan, and are helping him. The Indians are friendly toward him, for they think he can protect them against the Iroquois.

"After he came back up the river, he went to France, they say, and organized an expedition to sail into the Gulf of Mexico, find the mouth of the river, and found a colony there. That will give him an outlet without going through Canada; he has enemies there, and wants to be free from them. I do not know where he is now; but he is probably doing what he plans to do. For La Salle ever does as he plans, and no man can stop him."

"But England can stop him, and surely he is on English ground when he comes behind our colonies like that!" quoth the lad, burning with patriotism.

"Ay, there is the rub," responded the elder brother. "The French are slipping in behind us; they are encroaching on our country, or they will be. Already there is a meeting of French and English in the fur trade from the Hudson River. Some day, lad, some day, there will be war over it. It is sure to come. The French are many and strong along the Saint Lawrence, and they plan to coop us up on the sea-coast. If La Salle does as he plans, and nothing can stop him, it will be the harder for us to uproot them; but the French will have to go, or the English will. Now cease thy prattle, lad, for I fain would sleep."

"Hubert! Hubert!" whispered the youth, after a long silence; "if you ever go to the great river, will you take me?"

"Ay, that I will," returned the other. "Go to sleep."

CHAPTER VII

THE DEVIL'S BOOK

ALTHOUGH he had spent the better part of the night listening to the tales that his brother had to tell, Charles Stevens was up before the dawn had fairly awakened in the East. His father dragged him out of bed by the heels, heavy with sleep, for there were animals in the barn to feed, and cows to milk, and chores to be done before the early breakfast. With the dregs of slumber still on his lids, the lad went about the work, thinking more of the things that he had heard than of the things he did, the Indians of the West still haunting him. Ever and anon as he worked, he glanced across the meadow that lay behind the tavern, covered with little ponds of water from the spring rains, to where a tiny cottage nestled close between two beech trees at a little distance. And ever as he looked his young heart fluttered within him and throbbed up into his throat, for there dwelt the widow Lawrence and her daughter Jane, and Jane was — what was Jane not to him? Fair, demure, with dancing blue eyes and golden hair that hung in curls over her slender shoulders; happy, blithe, tender, coy, she

An Illinois Chief

was his fairy princess. Even now, with his mind so full of plans for wonderful things, he made a place in all his adventures for her, and put her in it.

They would float down a mighty river, lined with gold, to a sea of pearls, they two alone, there to dwell in love and peace until the end of the world. She would stand beside him on the deck of his ship as it tumbled over the tempestuous sea, brave, cool, loving; or when he, captain of a frigate, engaged and sank the entire fleet of Britain, she would ride beside him on a horse as he led a victorious army into London, to be crowned his Queen when the people of England made him King. And he would buy her a wonderful diadem, bright with rare jewels, and she would dress in silks and laces for the rest of her days.

Eight years before, the widow Lawrence and the girl, then a child of six, had been fished up out of the sea by a vessel of Salem during a storm, dripping and half-drowned, clinging to a spar to which they had been lashed when the ship foundered on which they were bound to England. They had been brought to Salem, and a cottage built for them; for the woman said that in the whole world there was none that was kin to her. Who she was, or whence she came, no one knew, though conjectures were many and ingenious. Her past life was fathoms deep under the sea. Since coming there, she had eked out an existence by sewing for the few fine folk of the town, or attending the sick, with now and then assistance from those who could give it. Although the mystery that engulfed her brought her into some disfavor at first, she had lived it down, for the most part, by her gentle manners and kindly bearing, so that now what little feeling lingered was more in the nature of resentment because she had given no further cause of offence than that she was a stranger among them.

From the day Charles had first seen the girl sitting in the

back of the meeting-house on a Sabbath, she filled his whole world, awake or dreaming. It was long ere he found courage to speak with her. At last they met by chance in the meadow, whither both had gone to gather the flowers of spring. The sound of her tinkling voice had made him light and dizzy; and when she came to him there, the soft breezes of spring lifting her golden hair, and the light of May mornings swimming in her eyes, his heart stopped, and he felt as though there were no substance to him. From that moment they were lovers, though no word or sign of love passed between them.

Now, when he saw the smoke curling gently from the chimney in the cottage, and knew that she was astir, his heart bounded, and he burst forth into whistling a merry tune, although levity and joy were things proscribed in the stern life of the Puritans, of whom he was one by birth. In many things did Charles Stevens differ from those austere, cold zealots, who had made laws against all the wholesome impulses of youth, fearing to admit sin.

No one could run on the Sabbath day, they ruled, or walk in his garden or abroad except in a reverent and devout manner, to and from meeting. No one could cook, travel, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath. There was to be no idle visiting. On that day no woman might kiss her child. The citizens were prohibited from keeping Christmas or Saints' days, from making mince pies, dancing, playing cards, or performing on any instrument of music excepting the drum, trumpet, or jews'-harp. There should be no bowling, or playing on the shuffle-board. Dress was restricted, according to the rank of the wearer. Beneath the laws lay a strict, rigid, austere, uncompromising soberness of belief and deportment which held the Puritans, young and old, in a repression that might become unnatural and dangerous.

The Fox River, in Wisconsin

Against this Charles unconciously rebelled. Without knowing that he did so, he resented interference with the intimate affairs of his daily conduct. He could see no reason for it. As he grew into boyhood, he grew out of sympathy with the strait-laced ideas of the New Englanders. He whistled because he wanted to whistle. He saw no wrong in it, and therefore saw no justice in the disfavor it brought upon him. Perceiving no reason why he should not whistle, except that he was told it was wicked, he continued to do it, at the same time holding those in mild contempt who found fault with him and frowned upon him for it. In his entire town there was not one youth of higher instincts or impulses; nor was there one held in lower esteem by the good people; for no other reason than that he was irrepressibly light hearted and happy. He felt it as a boy feels such things, and chafed under it.

Whistling in the early spring morning, he turned his eyes toward the cottage many times, eager to tell Jane of his wonderful brother. Glancing thither for the last time before he went into the house, his whistling left his puckered lips, and a scowl came across his brow. For as he looked he saw Jane standing at the side of the lane before the cottage, talking with Waitstill Sparhawke, a long, knotty youth with a doleful eye and straight, coarse, black hair.

In all things this lad was his evil genius. Held up before the community by the elders as a model, there was never a transgression on the part of Charles that the antithetical virtue of Waitstill was not solemnly pointed out to him. He was quiet in meeting, he never whistled, he never ran, even on week days, he always learned his lessons, he had read the Bible through five times, his wrath never rose, he cared not for flowers or music or dancing, — he was perfect. But worse than all this, he sought to spend much time in the company of Jane. Charles was

conscious of no active jealousy; at least he feared no success on the part of his rival. Jane had often told him, innocently enough, that all Waitstill Sparhawke did when he was with her was to talk religion and exhort her to forsake her evil ways; by which Charles felt that his own company was preferred. He knew both by intuition and experience that this was not the manner of discourse which would wean Jane from him; yet he grieved to see her talking with him. For the heart knows no reason in jealousy or love.

He watched them. Presently he saw Waitstill leave her, and walk down the lane slowly, with his head cast down in sanctimonious meditation, his hands clasped behind his back. As soon as he was beyond sight, the girl turned and ran toward the tavern, across the meadows, skipping around the ends of the sloughs, leaping lightly across the smaller puddles. She came to Charles breathless, at the edge of the meadow, whither he had run to meet her.

"They 're coming to get your brother," she gasped.

"Who are?"

"The King's men; for being in the boat that they seized early today."

Custom House, Salem

CHARTER STREET BURYING GROUND, SALEM

"Have they seized the boat?"

"Yes; Wait told me."

Without stopping for any further parley, Charles ran into the tavern and to his brother, who still slept. In five minutes Hubert and Benjamin, his next brother, were scurrying toward the nearest woods, with small packs on their sticks, to make their way to Boston on foot; for it had been settled overnight that Benjamin also should go down to the sea in a ship.

When Charles arrived at the little brick school that morning, he found Jane in tears, with Wait Sparhawke talking to her in a solemn and impressive manner. He rushed to her side, demanding what had gone wrong.

"He 's scolding me for telling you about the King's men," she sobbed. "He says I ought n't to have told."

Without further ado, Charles set upon the model of

virtue, and pummeled him until the blood came freely from his upturned nose, and he cried again in a manner not at all ordained by Puritan conventions.

"What do you mean by bullying a nice little girl?" he cried, leaving off at last.

"She should n't have told," moaned Waitstill.

"And you should n't have told the King's men," exclaimed the girl, drying her tears on one of her long, hanging sleeves.

"Did you tell on my brother?" demanded Charles, fiercely, turning to the blubbering pattern of all behavior.

"It was my duty to tell," said Waitstill. "People should not break the law, and good citizens should tell on them when they do."

"You are always telling things," snapped Charles. And he fell upon him again, with the pious blood of the other still wet on his knuckles, beating him until the schoolmaster came to the rescue of the victim, who enjoyed the distinction, among other things, of being the favorite scholar.

It fared ill with Charles that morning. The master, leading him by the ear into the schoolroom through the grinning crowd of children assembling for their lessons, straightway administered to him the eloquent and persuasive correction of the "flapper." The flapper was a disk of leather with a hole in the center, fastened to a long pliable handle of wood. When applied to the bare flesh, a little blister sprang up to fill the hole, and stayed there, staring red. Tears came into the lad's eyes from sheer pain, and he winced slightly under the sting of it; but he made no outcry, looking defiance into the face of the master.

Coming from the castigation of the flapper, he was placed on the unipod, a stool set on a single foot; to balance there long pulled at every chord in the leg. The children, coming in when the classes were called, grinned at him in high glee;

for none could tell when he should suffer therefrom, and it was well to extract what pleasure one might from the tribulations of others. All through the weary hours until recess he sat there, while the classes went through their drills, reading aloud in concert from their spelling-books or horn-books, according to their age and intellectual advancement. The horn-book was a bit of board, like a paddle, on which was pasted a slip of paper containing the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer. Over it was fastened a thin, transparent bit of horn. It was from such a thing that the early pupils learned their letters.

The room was bare and dull. The walls were the undressed sides of the logs of which the building was constructed. A shelf ran along them at a proper height to serve for desks, so that the pupils sat in a rim about the room, with their backs to the teacher, who occupied a rough seat in the center of the room. At one end was a fireplace in which a fire burned sluggishly, for the mornings were still cold. Waitstill, one eye blackened and flecks of dried blood on his cheeks, sat in the window overlooking the street, the expression of a martyr on his face. It was part of his duty and privilege as favorite scholar to watch the road for passers-by who might still remain in the teacher's debt for

THE OLD WITCH JAIL, SALEM

their children's tuition, and to make collections from such delinquents as chanced to pass. The teacher's pay was taken in wood, and in commodities grown in the fields of the settlers, and he found it often expedient to intercept them as they drove their loads to market.

The troubles of Charles did not cease when he was permitted to descend from the one-legged stool at the close of recess. Worse than all else, he dragged Jane down with him in his infamy. For, when he undertook in an unguarded moment to tell her that it had not hurt, and that he did not mind sitting on the unipod, the teacher chanced to detect him whispering, and haled him to justice once more. If he could have been permitted to receive the punishment alone, he would have stood it stoutly; but the master, with cunning cruelty, made his beloved suffer with him. He tied a bit of wood, like a horse's bit, from which was suspended a placard "WHISPER," in the mouth of each, proceeding to inflict the crowning injury by yoking the two together, and leaving them thus until the close of the session to the contempt of the entire school.

Even so, he had his reward. For, while the tears were streaming down the fair cheeks of Jane out of her beautiful

ON THE COMMON, DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS

eyes, and her stifled sobs made the yoke tremble on his shoulder, he felt her hand creep into his and cling there. Even as he felt it, he saw Waitstill Sparhawke look in their direction in pitying piety, and knew that he had seen what Jane was doing.

Nor was this his whole reward. When free at last, the two young lovers, leaving their fellows, hastened into the wood together in search of flowers, walking lightly over the soft, moist mold among the great trees, blithe of heart, free of care, happy, silent, sympathetic, understanding all things. Before they had gone far, he felt her hand slip into his again. Looking slyly into her eyes, he saw tears standing there of a different kind from those shed before. With nobody to see what he did but the first robins of the year, singing in the tree-tops, and the early flowers peeping through last year's dead leaves, he kissed her softly on the cheek.

They sat on a mossy bank beneath an ancient oak, silent, radiant, speaking no word, their hands gently clasped. They had been sitting there through an age of happiness, when they heard the voices of men at a distance through the woods.

"Indians!" whispered Jane, trembling and drawing close to him.

He shook his head. The sound grew closer, until he recognized the voices.

"It's Louder and Fry," he whispered. "They are out hunting."

The men came closer. It was the two Charles had thought them, men of Salem seeking food. They were talking earnestly, with intense interest in their subject. They passed on the other side of the tree, behind some bushes, so that they did not see the children, and sat down to rest. Charles and Jane could hear what they were saying. They told each other of weird and wonderful things that had

happened in the world since time began, through the agency of the supernatural. They spoke of witches and witchery with bated breath, terror in their voices. Charles looked at Jane and grinned. He did not believe such things. She smiled back at him. If he did not, she did not.

"I tell 'ee, I have seen it with my own eyes!" they heard Louder say. "Why, I was sitting in this very place one day, when a little red book, no bigger than my hand, came fluttering down in front of me, all opened, with names signed on it. It was the devil's book, and any one that signs it belongs forever to the devil."

A sudden thought came into the mind of Charles. Hubert had given him a somewhat similar book as a present the night before. He had picked it up in New York as a curious thing. Charles fumbled for a moment in his pocket. Signing to Jane to remain where she was, he crept softly to the bushes sheltering them from the hunters. He would teach them to believe in such nonsense!

Spreading the boughs till he had space through which to see them, he tossed the book high in the air, so that it fell fluttering at their feet. For one instant the men gazed at each other in horror, and then arose simultaneously, with wild screams. Jane, hearing the cry and not seeing what had happened, took to her heels in flight, and ran through the woods. The men, turning, saw her scurrying away.

"I always said her mother was a witch," muttered Louder.

He raised his gun to fire, when his companion struck it down.

"Never waste thy powder," he exclaimed. "Think you to kill a witch or the child of a witch unless your gun carries a silver bullet?"

"You speak truly, Fry," returned the other. "Yet will I remember this, and it shall go hard with her.

The men took up their weapons and continued through the forest, talking excitedly, and muttering against the widow Lawrence. The heart of Charles sank within him. He dreaded the extravagances of superstition he knew these men to be capable of, and he feared his innocent prank had brought Jane's mother under a dreaded suspicion. So confounded was he that he did not have the grit to cry out after them, but picked up his book sadly, and went to find his companion.

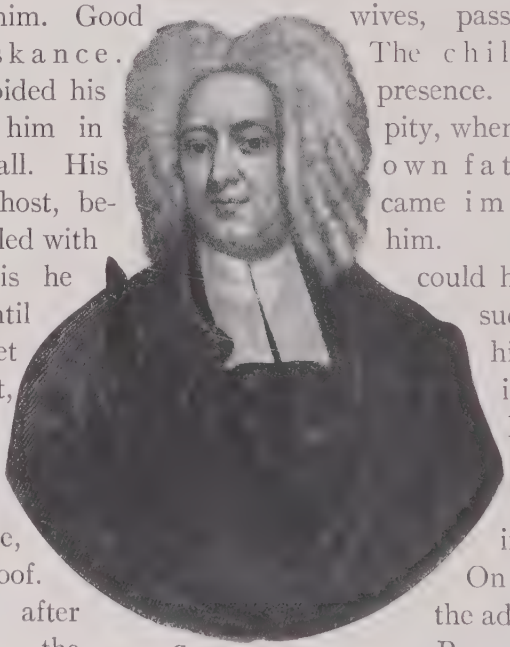
He did not tell her why it was that he was so downcast as they journeyed through the woods to her home. He could make no reply when she turned a wistful look upon him as he left her, and asked him what it was that distressed him so. For there echoed through his memory the ominous words of the ignorant victim of phantasy:

"I always knew her mother was a witch. I always knew her mother was a witch. Think you to kill the child of a witch? The child of a witch? The child of a witch? I will remember this. It will go hard with her. Her mother is a witch."

CHAPTER VIII

THE PARIAH

FROM that day Charles knew trouble. He grew in disfavor. Waitstill Sparhawke, true to his theories of Christian citizenship, let it be known what a wild and rebellious soul Charles was. The general diaspproval grew more open. Sad-visaged elders stopped him on the street to exhort him. Good wives, passing him, looked askance. The children at school avoided his presence. Waitstill gazed at him in pity, when he gazed at him at all. His own father, the genial host, became impatient and troubled with him.



COTTON MATHER

All this he could have withstood until such time as he could set his adventures afoot, if it had not been his melancholy fate to drag Jane with him, in a measure, into popular reproof. On a Sabbath not long after the adventure of the book, the Reverend Samuel Parris, an over-superstitious and intensely religious enthusiast, preached a sermon on the frivolities of youth, manifestly directed against Charles. Charles, sitting on the steps leading to the pulpit, directly beneath the minister, listened to the threats of eternal damnation and

hell-fire which the minister poured wrathfully upon his head.

During one particularly vicious tirade, the lad glanced at Jane and grinned. He had taken especial care to sit where he could look into her pew, which was at the back of the meeting-house among the poor, simple people of the parish. The congregation was seated according to the wealth, position, and birth-rank of the members; a matter requiring much delicate adjustment on the part of the deacons.

Jane, observing his grin, smiled sympathetically. The pastor saw the interchange, and redoubled his fury. Charles, feeling himself outlawed, gave vent to a grunt of defiant disgust. Parris heard it, and fell upon him with a verbal violence that exceeded all his previous efforts in the community. Charles, resentful, taunting, chuckled aloud. Jane, hearing him chuckle, tittered. The ordeal through which her knight was passing made her hysterical. That brought the wrath of the man of God upon her frail shoulders; and from that hour there was a blight upon her, the consequences of which were beyond foreseeing.

Jonathan Stevens, taking Charles aside that night, admonished him solemnly to mend his ways. The lad, burning with indignation under the injustice that he felt was shown him, made answer with all filial respect, but with bitter words for the bigotry and intolerance of his persecutors. The elder Stevens, dismayed and alarmed, punished him severely, and sent him to bed. In the morning, the youth was packed off to Richard Stevens at Boston, a cousin who stood high in the community and was close to Cotton Mather, the noted divine.

Richard Stevens, for the good of the boy's soul, took him to the Reverend Mr. Mather, who spoke long and earnestly, pointing out the infamy and dangerous consequences of a proud spirit. Mather was a large man, with a full, hand-

some face and kindly eye, but of an austere faith and a soul utterly absorbed in the dogmas of Puritanism. He discoursed long and earnestly with the outcast, seeking to quell his rebellious nature. Charles listened with sullen respect, and went away more stubborn than he had gone.

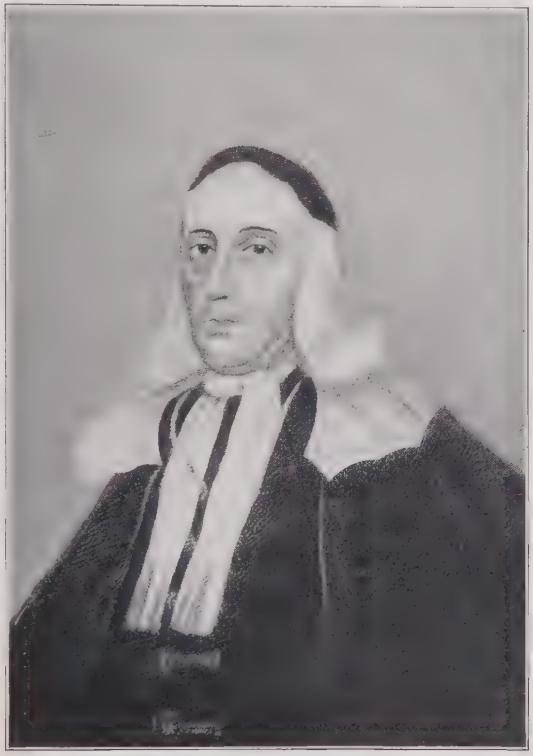
He remained in Boston for a month, taciturn and gloomy. Hubert and Benjamin were still at Boston when he arrived, and he found his only comfort in them. Richard Stevens was fitting out a brig of fifteen tons, destined for such use as Hubert might see fit to put her to. When they sailed, Charles begged to be taken with them. Hubert would not consent to it, not having the permission of his father, so Charles was left alone to the regenerative devices of Richard Stevens and Cotton Mather.

The lad came home no better than he went, from a Puritan point of view. It is entirely possible that he might have been worse from any point of view, had it not been for Jane. She held him true to his naturally high instincts, children though they were. His conduct after his return was watched with almost maddening interest by the good people of Salem. For a time he remained in better favor, receiving the benefit of a doubt. It was known that he had been under the ministrations of Cotton Mather, and that circumstance raised the hopes of the people of Salem. They desired his soul to be saved, in an impersonal way, for the glory of God rather than for his own individual benefit.

His ultimate fall, when it came, was spectacular and sensational. Through the perverse fate pursuing him, it all came about by reason of Jane. She had been unhappy since his home-coming, a subtle change in her attitude toward him. There was no sign that she loved him less. In fact, she was more tender. But something clearly weighed on

her mind; something in which he was involved and which she desired to keep secret from him.

But the secret came out. In an overwrought moment she told him that Waitstill Sparhawke had fostered a horrible fancy that her mother was a witch, and had persistently besought her to admonish her mother, offering his own services in the task. He had spoken to her of the love he bore her, and said that he was willing to sacrifice his own security of body and soul in continuing to love the daughter of a witch, but that she must make every effort to induce her mother to abjure the devil if she wished to retain and enjoy his affection.



William Stoughton

In the circumstances, only one course lay open to Charles so far as he could discern. That course he pursued, rashly, wrathfully. His first encounter with the model of virtue came on the following Sabbath. His mocking fate would have it so. He overtook Waitstill on the way to meeting, walking with head down and hands clasped behind him, emitting fervid and sanctified groans under the weight of his convic-

tion of sin. He mumbled a prayer as he walked, with better reason than he realized.

Charles came behind him and laid heavy a hand on his shoulder. Waitstill turned a sad face upon him.

"You black, sanctimonious hound!" growled Charles. "Let me tell you, it were well for you, body and soul, to leave off your wicked tales about Goody Lawrence! Let me hear no more of your whining in that direction!"

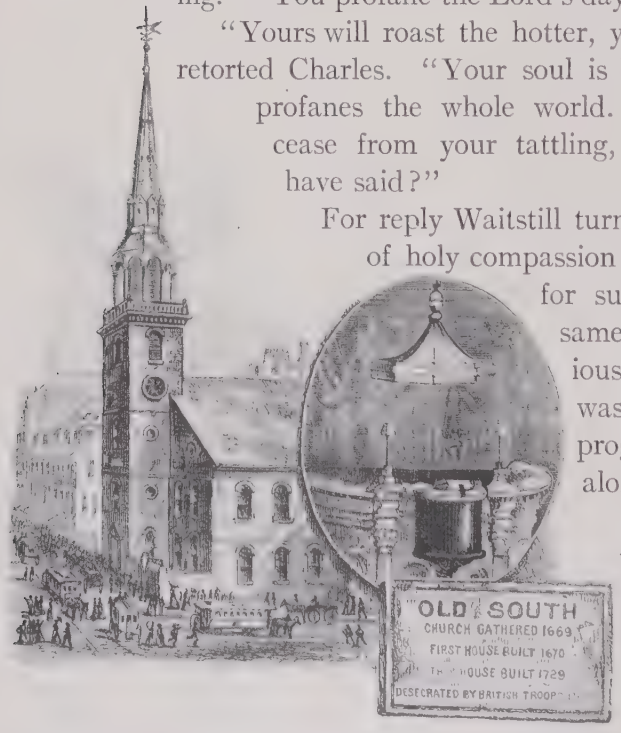
"You are a rash son of outer darkness," returned Waitstill, his voice quavering, struggling to be free from the grasp of the other. "Go your evil ways, son of evil, and touch me not! I am of God!"

"Will you stop this talk?" demanded Charles, white with anger.

"Your soul is black. It will roast in fire eternally," replied Waitstill, taking courage, for he saw Parris approaching. "You profane the Lord's day."

"Yours will roast the hotter, you croaking raven," retorted Charles. "Your soul is blackness itself, and profanes the whole world. Are you going to cease from your tattling, and mend all you have said?"

For reply Waitstill turned upon him a look of holy compassion mixed with loathing for such a sinner, at the same time glancing anxiously where the minister was making his solemn progress toward them along the path.



There was no further dialogue. Long before the startled and horrified pastor

of the flock arrived on the scene, Waitstill was wallowing in the dust of the road, which his tears and blood were puddling into little lumps of reddened mud. As he partly rose upon his hands and knees, unconsciously assuming the attitude of a Moslem at prayer, Charles accumulated all his contempt and dislike for the fellow into one long and elaborate kick which sent the pious youth sprawling again, where he left him to be picked up and dusted by Parris, who now reached the scene of contumely.

From that moment there was no hope for Charles in Salem. His own father held him aloof, and his brothers and sisters looked askance upon him, as one to be avoided and abhorred. Many a time would he have turned his back upon the tavern and the town, to seek the adventures of which he still dreamed, if he had not been apprehensive of the dangers threatening Jane and her mother. The whisperings that Waitstill had set afoot, that Louder and Fry had stimulated, abated somewhat, through fear of the desperate youth, lost so utterly to God. Charles had sought out Louder and Fry and attempted to explain the incident of the book, but he found no credit. He made matters worse, in fact, for the two men thought then that he only desired to shield his sweetheart; a consideration that led them more firmly to the conviction that there was something that required shielding. So Charles suffered and endured, wary of events, awaiting developments; hoping, boy that he was, that when the emergency arose he might cope with it, and bear off Jane and her mother in magnificent triumph to the utter confusion of Waitstill and his less intimate enemies.

Matters of state in Massachusetts, meanwhile, went from bad to worse. Randolph, returning to England after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, came back to Massachusetts on May 14, 1686, with a commission establishing a new form of government, to supersede the temporary

condition of affairs, with men at the head of it who had been chosen in England at his dictation. Dudley was made president, and William Stoughton, his echo, chosen to fill the post of deputy-president. There were sixteen counselors, of whom Randolph and Mason made two. Bradstreet, the former governor, Dudley, Bradstreet, and Saltonstall were included in the list, but refused to serve.

Two days before the arrival of Randolph with the commission, an election was held in which Dudley was omitted by his constituents from the list of public officers, grievously disappointed by his obvious desertion of the popular cause. They had expected better things of him. Of distinguished abilities, high social position, equipped with all the advantages offered young men in America at that time, he had in his early career conducted himself in public affairs in such a way as to gain the confidence and hearty approval of the community he served. But in the end he had shown himself impelled by selfishness. His espousal of the royal interests in the controversy between King and colony had brought him into high disfavor.

The general court met, heard read the commission from the King, and adjourned *sine die*. It was the last act of the popular government which had been guaranteed under the charter. There was to be no assembly now. The powers of the new government were executive and judicial only.

Randolph was in high hopes that the colony could be subdued to the will of the King before the arrival of the governor whom James was to send out, but was disappointed. Dudley, having reached the present elevation at which he had been aiming, trimmed his sails to catch the wind of the patriots, and left Randolph more or less to shift for himself. The measures of severity in the programme of Randolph were not carried into effect by Dudley. The more serious difficulty was in the matter of introducing the religious

The Meeting-House at Ipswich

worship of the Church of England. The churches of the colony would not permit the use of their buildings, and Dudley would not insist, so that Ratcliffe, the clergyman sent over by the home government, was obliged to read services in the town hall.

At last, on December 20, 1686, Sir Edmund Andros arrived in Boston to act as governor. Kirke, who had been expected, was needed on royal matters in England by his master, because of his peculiar viciousness and wickedness. Andros had made such a reputation in his service in New York, from which he had been withdrawn six years, that he was selected in the place of Kirke, as one eminently fitted to carry out the royal scheme of subjugation.

Andros was at heart an earnest and sincere tyrant. A man of resolution, capacity, and arbitrary character, acknowledging nothing but the right of the King over his subjects, his habits and tastes were diametrically different from those of the Puritans. He had the further recommendation of bearing malice against Connecticut, and more especially against Massachusetts, for their feeling of independence, of which he had had personal experience in his previous tenure of office in America. In all things he was eminently fitted to be the King's agent.

The principles under which the colony was to be governed were that New England, having been acquired by discovery, was under the same classification with conquered countries; that as such, the citizens had no rights under Magna Charta; that they were servants of the King rather than subjects; that under the forfeiture of the charter, all the land titles reverted to the Crown, and must be taken out again, or that quit-rent must be paid for land occupied. The governor was to make all laws, under the restrictions only that they should conform to the laws of England, and be submitted for sanction to the home government. He could require the

oath of allegiance. He could regulate the currency and coinage. He could reprieve and pardon, establish courts, make regulations of trade with the advice of his council, command the militia and forts, impose taxes and adjust quit-rents, and he was to encourage the Church of England.

One of his first acts, and the one probably that aroused more bitter resentment than anything he did during the two and a half years of his tyranny, was to seize the Old South Church for the use of the Church of England, the services being held there between the times of service of the regular congregation. This happened on March 27, 1687.

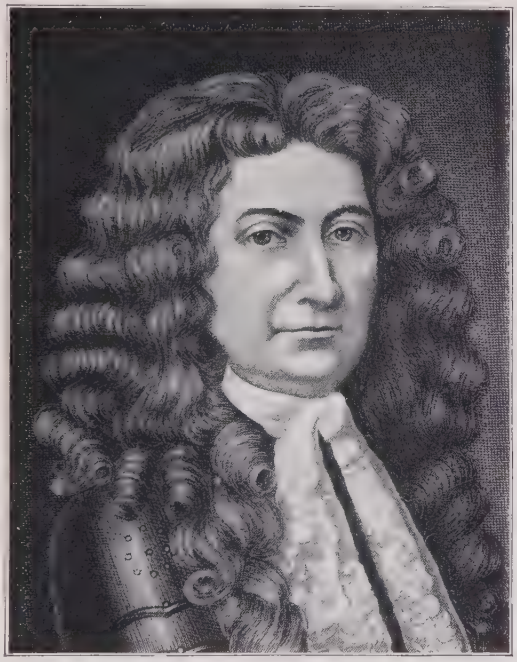
The new government met with a negative opposition in the matter of the taxes imposed by the council under pressure from Sir Edmund, which the several towns were compelled by law to collect. The selectmen of Ipswich, then the second town of the colony, refused to comply. John Wise, the minister, advised resistance, and with five others was punished for the offense by a fine of £50 and imprisonment for three weeks. Other towns which had been contumacious then submitted, seeing that resistance was hopeless.

Another bitter thing for the colonists was the requirement that they should take out new patents of land. Persons who had held land for fifty years under the charter were obliged to obtain title again, by the payment of fees so heavy that they speedily developed into a means of extortion. Indeed, there was not money enough in the country to have paid the exorbitant fees which were demanded. Further profit for the members of the government was provided by legislation, which made it necessary for all legal matters to be transacted in Boston, or at least for part of the proceedings to pass at some stage through the offices at the capital.

This, then, was the system of oppression that was put into effect with malicious vigor by Andros, within a

year from the time of his arrival in Boston. The people of Massachusetts writhed under the injustice and despotism inflicted upon them, but could make no resistance. They could only wait and hope.

Charles, in Salem, was too young to pay great heed to matters of public policy, though he heard enough of it in the tap-room of his father's tavern. It was brought closer home on a day when men came from Boston and took private possession of part of the common, on the ground that the title in town lands had reverted to the King. The men were friends of Andros, to whom he had given the land for services rendered.



Sir Edmund Andros

But for the most part Charles's attention was taken by his own private difficulties. The attitude of the citizens had grown into ostracism. He was in effect a solitary outcast. He kept up a brave show of indifference to the petty persecution of the neighbors, and indeed would not have heeded it except on Jane's account. For himself, he was sick and tired of the good, narrow people among whom his lines had fallen, and he could have turned his back on them forever with little compunction or regret, but he dared

not leave his sweetheart alone and unprotected among them.

The time came, however, when he was not left to choose. His father, scandalized by increasing evidence that his son's soul was lost, and by symptoms of a falling-off of patronage in his tap-room, so strongly intimated to him that it might be well for him to see a bit of the world, that he had no choice but to leave the parental roof.

This was in the summer of 1687. He was then eighteen. He confided the whole matter to Jane, who dried her eyes and bade him be of a brave heart. They agreed between them that he would return one day when he had made lodgment elsewhere and could take her with him. And so, with great sadness and many misgivings, he left her to take up his weary way, whither he knew not.

CHAPTER IX

A SNUFFER OF CANDLES

PASSING along the lane that ran in front of Goody Lawrence's house, in a leaden humor, with the soft words of Jane melting his fortitude, Charles pursued a path across a field and so out upon the highway that led on the one hand to Boston and on the other to the Merrimac River, and beyond to New Hampshire and Maine. He swung from his shoulder the stick on which he carried his little bundle, and sat down by the wayside. He was not tired. He had come scarcely a mile. But he was sad and thoughtful. It was a momentous matter for an outcast youth of eighteen to take up the burdens of life, when one burden was such as that he had just left at Goody Lawrence's cottage. It was a serious thing to leave a young girl unprotected against the rigors of faith that filled her atmosphere. So he sat on a stone before he undertook his journey, to think of these things, and to compose himself.

He arose, and turned toward Boston. The human particle ever gravitates toward the mass. He abhorred Boston, as the big sister of Salem and the home of Cotton Mather. He promised himself that he would not go to see his cousin Richard; if he were to be an outcast he would be one in full measure. He would readily show his own people and their friends that they were no more necessary to him than he to them. He would never, in all the days of his life, have aught to do with one of them, excepting Hubert, and Benjamin so long as he remained with Hubert. As for the rest: — why, he would make them sorry. Just to show himself how sorry he was going to make them feel, he began to

whistle as he passed down the highway, and kept it up for many a mile, though the tears filled his eyes as he whistled.

The road, narrow and winding, passed along lines of least resistance, through the woods and over the streams and around the hills, in a general southerly direction, parallel with the bay shore but at a distance from the water. On the right extended a forest that had the appearance of having endured since time began. Huge elms, vast, hoary oaks, towering pines, beeches that had looked down upon centuries, grew here and there among the third and fourth generation of their several kinds. There was some underbrush, but for the most part the soft turf ran free and clean to the very feet of the trees themselves. Now the smaller trees grew in greater abundance, [illegible] shutting close down

The Charter Oak

about the narrow road. Now they scattered, and the forest spread out like a park.

Throughout were the tiny noises of silence. There was the scolding of the squirrels, alarmed from their nut-gathering; the calls of robins and jays and cat-birds, the occasional song of a thrush; perhaps, at long intervals, the yelping of a wolf. There was the rustling of the leaves, and the murmuring plash of little streams that ran from springs in the hills into the river. But for the road that lay sleeping along the sylvan shade the traveler might have felt that he was the first of all men to see these things.

Charles, pursuing his way among these scenes, was somewhat overcome by the immensity of the world into which he journeyed. He had often been farther a-woods than this, but always with the prospect of returning home to friends and a supper. Now there was no prospect whatever, so far as anything immediate was concerned. Of course, in two years things would be different. And there was the fear of Indians; a fear which he knew perfectly well was unfounded, since the close of King Philip's War, but which oppressed him, nevertheless, with dread. Reaching a point on the road where it emerged from the woods and passed over the shoulder of a bare hill, which afforded the last view of Salem, he stopped and laid down his package again. In all that way he had not once turned back to look. Some of them might see him turn back, and think him sorry to go.

Here, although it was scarcely more than 10 o'clock, he sat and ate the little luncheon with which Jane had provided him, as he took his last look at Salem. He had refused to accept any food from his father when he left that morning. He finished the last crust of coarse bread and the last bit of cheese, and was preparing to proceed, when he heard the sound of horses along the road from the direction of Salem. Two travelers approached, riding horses

and leading a third. They were of a party of three from New Hampshire that had stopped the night before at the Black Horse. They recognized Charles, and spoke to him. He wondered whether his father had spoken to them of him.

Learning that he traveled afoot toward Boston, the two urged him to mount their spare horse, the former rider of which had decided that morning to take passage to Boston on a small vessel thither bound. Charles himself had considered going by water, but he had no money to spare for the fare, and would not be beholden to any one of Salem for free transportation. But he was glad enough to avail himself of their kindness, which they protested would be but a favor to them, since it would make it unnecessary further for either of them to lead the spare animal.

Falling to a respectful distance behind his elders, he trotted along, in high spirits over the good fortune that was already beginning to attend him.

The two travelers fell into an animated discussion of political affairs, to which Charles listened with only a languid interest. He was interested, however, in the narration of one of the men concerning the tyranny that they had suffered at the hands of Robert Mason and his creature, Edward Cranfield. Mason purchased of Sir Ferdinando Gorges the latter's share in the grant of New Hampshire, which they held between them as a whole. He had immediately attempted to manage affairs with a high hand. When blocked by the legislature, he went to England, obtained a new charter with greater powers, and returned with Edward Cranfield as his governor, a man whose only purpose was to enrich himself in the colony. The governor could now convoke, prorogue, and dissolve general courts, which consisted of an appointed council and a chamber of deputies; could refuse to approve the bills passed by the general court, in which case they became void; could dismiss counselors, who were thereby

prevented from serving as deputies; and could do many other things tending to absolutism and despotism. This was in 1682.

Early in the following year Edward Gove, a deputy from Hampton, gathered together a company which went from town to town in an attempt to foster a rebellion. His reward was execution as a traitor. Cranfield merely in-

HARTFORD (*From an old print*)

creased his tyrannical management. He levied unlawful taxes without the legislature. He dissolved that body without reason or excuse. He placed an arbitrary valuation on silver coin. He obliged the landowners to take out new titles to the land. He expelled Major Waldron, its former president, from the council, and took his land from him for refusing to obtain a new title. But in the end he withdrew, baffled and disappointed by the stubborn resistance of the colonists.

They drove out his tax-gatherers with clubs and hot water. They permitted their land to be taken from them and their goods to be seized, but it could be turned to no

account, for no one would buy the things so levied upon. When Mason called out the cavalry to put down a tax mob, the troops did not respond with so much as one trooper.

William Barefoote was left in charge by Cranfield, who went to the West Indies for his health. The government of the colony passed under Andros upon the advent of that tyrant in Massachusetts, together with Maine, which had been purchased from Gorges by Massachusetts. At that time there were only four important settlements in New Hampshire.

Charles traveled to Boston in company with these two, voluntarily tending their horses and waiting on them, in so far as they would permit it, in return for his transportation. True to his resentful purpose, he did not approach his cousin Richard, but looked about him for a chance to make his way to New York. He would have been glad to know where his brother Hubert was, but he would not ask of Richard. Inquiries along the water front brought no definite information, and he was on the point of giving up all present idea of New York when his fate took another step.

It was natural that Charles should pass much of his time about taverns, having been brought up in one. It was still more natural that he should spend much of that time about the Blue Anchor, which George Monck had made famous throughout the colonies. It was further natural that Monck, learning from the travelers who he was, should show him attention as the son of a fellow-inn-keeper. Whence it all fell out in the most orderly manner possible that when Sir Edmond Andros and his retinue set out for Hartford, whither they were going to take the charter of Connecticut from the colonists, Charles went with them in the capacity of orderly, for Andros was a frequenter of the Blue Anchor, and was ready to take Monck's word for it that the young fellow was a loyalist and a churchman.

HARTFORD FROM DOME OF STATE HOUSE

The mission on which Andros now set out was the climax of long strife between Connecticut and the British Government regarding the Connecticut charter. The colony pursued the same defensive course as Massachusetts. Dudley had attempted to wheedle them; Andros had stormed at them, all in vain. Now the third notice of quo warranto proceedings had been delivered, and Andros was on his way to see that the colonists no longer resisted the will and pleasure of his gracious Majesty. It was not the first time that he had been on a similar errand. In 1675, when governor of New York, he sailed to Hartford with a flotilla of armed sloops to take away their charter, and to annex their territory. He had been welcomed by all the train-bands in the place, who professed to be so glad to see him that they would not permit him out of their sight. In the end, he had returned to New York, incensed and malicious against this people, but without their charter.

Andros, with his armed guard, passed through Providence, Rhode Island. Rhode Island had betrayed herself to the authority of Andros through a schism among her prominent citizens. The assembly petitioned the King to be permitted to retain their charter; prominent men informed the King by petition that all the good people of Rhode Island wanted to do as he wished, but were prevented by their legislature. The King chose the petition that best pleased him, and Rhode Island became part of the province of New England under Andros.

The party reached Hartford on October 31, 1687. The legislature was in session. Andros sent word to them to know their pleasure in the matter on which he had come. They replied that they were debating something of high importance which they preferred to dispose of before they took up the charter problem. Andros indulged them, hoping to conciliate.

Charles Stevens, bitterly lonely and homesick, had so far weakened in his malice toward his kin that he permitted himself to pay a visit to a cousin, Captain Joseph Wadsworth. He appeased his conscience by arguing that this man was his mother's kinsman, and that his mother would never have sent him away from her door, were she alive.

Spot Where the Charter Oak Stood, Hartford

Wadsworth received him with brusk good nature. "You 're running away from home, are n't ye! Drat 'ee!" he bellowed, slapping the boy on the shoulder.

Charles protested that he was out to seek his fortune, whereat the other roared with laughter, and slapped him on both shoulders. Charles smiled a little and cried a little, and they became fast friends on the instant. When Charles told him, in answer to his questions, how he had come there, Captain Wadsworth rolled his eyes in a manner that was little less than appalling, sat far out on the edge of his chair, hands on knees and elbows akimbo, and demanded to know if Charles was in the service of the tyrant. Charles assured

him vigorously that he was not, whereat the captain fell to expressing his opinion of Sir Edmund and the present business, with many interjections that were not suitable to the ears of a youth, but that were entirely expressive and appropriate to the case.

"We 'll show the British blackguard that we are not to be bullied," he cried, and set off for the assembly, his sword clanging about his heels and Charles tagging behind him. There was much close whispering between Wadsworth and the leaders. That brought to a satisfactory pass, the captain went about gathering the train-bands together, while the assembly returned to the debate with long and verbose argument, after the manner of legislatures in all ages that seek to gain time.

"Are you ready with your answer?" Andros asked them, through a messenger.

"We are not yet through with the matter in hand," came the reply. "To-night we shall consult with you."

Night came. Andros viewed with some uneasiness the gathering train-bands, which soon exceeded the number of his own armed guard, but had no other choice than to wait. Wadsworth, after much deep thought, took Charles aside and gave him certain minute instructions, and a long stick. The assembly was ready to treat with Andros. The charter, in an oaken box, was brought forth and placed on the table in their midst. Candles were lighted and set on the board. There was much parley, Andros demanding the charter, the members advancing reasons why they did not consider it necessary that they should surrender it. The brave Governor Treat pleaded earnestly for the cherished patent which had been purchased by sacrifices and martyrdoms and was endeared by halcyon days.

Charles, in the attitude of a curious listener, pressed close behind the debators. Captain Wadsworth stood next

the man who sat nearest the charter. He raised his hand slightly. Charles, one eye ever on his kinsman, saw the signal. With a sweep of the long stick he held, he snuffed out every candle on the table. At the same instant two candles standing on the mantel-shelf were also extinguished and the room was left in darkness. There was the sound of scuffling and bustling in the darkness, exclamations, curses.

"Treason! Treason!" cried Sir Edmund. "Fetch lights!"

There were no lights close at hand. When at last they were brought, the charter was gone from the table, box and all. Captain Wadsworth was nowhere to be seen. Charles had disappeared as well.

Rushing out into the darkness, Charles hurried after the sound of Captain Wadsworth's footsteps. He came upon the man, running through the darkness at the edge of the town. Wadsworth turned and drew his sword.

"Hold, cousin, it is I!" cried Charles.

"Marry, then, have a care how you come upon me. I was about to run you through."

In the distance they heard the hubbub about the assembly-room, and the cries in the streets. They were not pursued. Making their way with all speed to a huge oak that grew in the center of a field not far away, Wadsworth placed the charter in a hollow in the bole, and hastened back to the train-bands. Charles, commanded by his relative, returned to Wadsworth's house, where he was safe from vengeance of the disappointed Andros.

Fuming and cursing, Andros was obliged to content himself with writing "Finis" in the journal of the assembly, and declaring the government to be in his hands. In effect, it was so during the remainder of his tenure of office. But when at last the colonies were rid of him, the charter was produced from its hiding-place, and once more formed the basis of a free government in Connecticut.

CHAPTER X

SLAVES AND A SLAVE

A COMPANY of Virginia gentlemen sat about the board in the manor house of Lucius Thorne, esquire of England, rich planter, and dissolute bachelor. His guests had been following the hounds. Now they came together to carouse and celebrate each little event of the hunt. Dressed in red coats, with knee-breeches and silk stockings, with buckles and laces, with patches and wigs, they were a lively picture as they tossed off copious quantities of punch and brandy and wine.

LORD CULPEPER

Seated at the right hand of Thorne, as the guest of honor, courted and fawned upon by the host and the other guests, was Culpeper's successor, Lord Howard of Effingham, present governor of the province. Like so many before him, he soon and after in America licited office to obtain money. Opposite him, at Thorne's left, sat a young fellow with a pale countenance, ingenuous eyes, brows lifted in an expression of startled virtue and innocence, a delicate nose, and lips that were like the lips of a boy. This one was Bertrand Saint-Croix, a rector in the Church of England, whose abandoned

LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM

habits fixed upon his presence of virtue made him the dearly beloved of his boon-companions.

In all the vulgar and obscene wit that went the rounds, Saint-Croix had more than a share. With soft voice and mincing speech, he told them tales and read them verses, and bantered quips with them which set them all roaring,

and drinking his health again and again. Ever as they drank and became more boisterous, the rector, drinking measure for measure, became more sedate and virtuous in his outward demeanor. It was a part of this man that his dissipations never showed upon him, either in his appearance or behavior or the odor of his breath, so that he could come away from the prolonged debauch with a clean-moving tongue, and a bright eye, and a sane smile on his lips.

He was one of the worthless clergymen sent out by the Church of England to the colonies, because they could not be tolerated at home. It was a time of laxity among the clergy, and of general reaction from the austerity of the Puritans. Selfish, debased, Saint-Croix thought only of his personal comforts, which he acquired in great measure through turning courtier to Thorne. In that respect he held the advantage over most of the other clergy, whose meagre pay was in tobacco, and who sometimes made hard shift to get grog for themselves. He gave good return to Thorne, however, for he was ever the chief wit when the squire turned host, which was frequent, and would go to any length in roistering.

Another there was of the company, who liked it not, and was ill at ease. At first he drank a bumper or two with the rest, when the night grew into a carousal he withdrew, quietly and unobserved, to sit in the empty fireplace and smoke his long clay pipe. The man was Richard Dorset, no longer captain, no longer Daredevil Dick, but a sober-minded subject of the King, who pursued one thing in life with a serious purpose that held him true. He sought to restore Barbara Stevens to her father.

When he resigned his commission after Monmouth's rebellion, he went at once to Bristol. There he learned that Barbara had gone away with the minister's family, as had been reported to the messenger whom he had sent. All his efforts to find whither she had gone proved vain. They

suspected that he was a spy. He followed a rumor to New England, another to Holland, a third into Scotland, a fourth to South Carolina. The last was the most promising. He learned that the minister with whom she fled, suffering under prosecution on his return to Bridgewater, had gone into Holland, whence he had emigrated to Carolina, with a

Battery Front, Charleston, where the Ashley and Cooper Rivers Meet

company of Huguenots who were escaping the terrors in France, following the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. For eighty-seven years French Huguenots had enjoyed the same privileges as Catholics, under an edict issued in 1598 by Henry IV. Louis XIV revoked it in 1685, the year of the battle of Sedgemoor. It made every Huguenot in France a criminal, whose estates could be taken by an apostate, who was liable to be broken on the wheel for practicing his religion. Louis quartered his soldiers upon

Huguenot families. They emigrated in thousands, taking with them much of the skill which had already made French manufactures famous. Seeking to retain so desirable an element in the kingdom, their going was forbidden — they were thus shut up like rats upon whom the dogs were let loose.

Dorset was no stranger to thoughts of the New World. Joseph Blake, brother and heir of the great admiral, had set sail two years before with a company from Somersetshire, perhaps the most notable for fitness as colonizers of any party of immigrants settling in the South. Joseph Blake was not a young man, but he had no small share of the executive ability possessed by his greater brother, and his people, like himself, loved freedom and hated tyranny; upon them he spent his large inheritance.

Louis XIV

South Carolina was both the parent and child of liberty; and it is one of the ironies of history that made it the first of American colonies in which negro slaves were an economic need. Joseph West and William Sayle led the first company of settlers out from England in 1670, to find 400 miles of coast untenanted except by roving savages, few in number through war and pestilence, yet so hostile that the livelihood of the Carolinians had to be wrested from forests, stream, and field with weapons in hand. Business-like methods

prevailed from the beginning. Thrifty Dutchmen, haters of the rule of the duke of York's minions in Manhattan, were carried South with their belongings without cost to themselves. Charles himself sent out skilled Huguenot craftsmen, almost the only time in his reign when he showed interest in his realm over-seas. Irish immigrants came in 1683; Scotch Presbyterians built Port Royal in 1684.

Dorset left England just as the great influx of self-exiled Frenchmen were diffusing civilization through Europe, fleeing from the cruelty of their King. Like Dorset, they found the first settlement abandoned for one between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, first called Oyster Point, now Charleston, named for the King, as was the colony. They found the settlers, haters of tyrants all, struggling against the fantastic constitution which the earl of Shaftesbury and the philosopher John Locke had imposed upon them, by which the Huguenots were denied the rights of freemen. Dorset was to learn in after years of the effectual opposition which

THE OAKS, AN OLD FARM NEAR CHARLESTON

sent away Governor James Colleton in disgrace in 1690, after four years of agitation, and Philip Ludwell a year later. But the gallant fight for religious liberty was already on when he landed in New Charlestown, as the city was then called, only to learn that Barbara had set out for the Barbadoes to search for her father. Having found where she was, he did not continue his pursuit, but turned his attention to the discovery of Stevens, so that when he finally reached her he might have glad news for her. To ascertain where Stevens was seemed the easier task. He had learned that the man had been sold into Virginia.

Taking horse from Charleston, he reached Jamestown on the morning of the hunt. By chance he fell in with Thorne. They had been at Oxford together, and Dorset was easily prevailed upon to accept his hospitality.

Thorne's plantation was on the north bank of the James River, half a dozen miles from Jamestown. There was a landing where boats came to load tobacco, a large group of barns and outbuildings, and a number of huts in which lived the negro and indentured white slaves of which he was possessed. His tobacco fields were large. He was rich as riches went in those days. Thorne

GOOSECREEK CHURCH, NEAR CHARLESTON, BUILT IN 1711

himself was a coarse, brutal man, whose conduct was ordered exclusively along the lines of animal selfishness. He was a stanch loyalist. He had been a close companion to Culpeper. Now he was as warm a friend with my Lord Effingham.

If Culpeper was a petty, dishonest, extorting tyrant, Effingham is not to be described better than by saying that he was more of all these than his predecessor; that he "out-peppered Culpeper," as one of his victims observed. Culpeper, enjoying a grant absolute over the province, regarded the colonists simply as a source of profit to himself. Although he had the power to make laws, without regard to the House of Burgesses in which the popular representation of the colonists rested in the early part of his rule, he conducted himself with some circumspection, as a means toward his end. He sought to rob his victims politely. He reinstated Major Robert Beverley, fallen under royal disfavor for refusing to surrender to Parliament the journal of the House of Burgesses, of which he was secretary.

Nevertheless, he proceeded to fleece the people, who were little better than his serfs. He ruled that five shillings should be reckoned as six in all transactions except the payment of his salary and perquisites. When the Burgesses protested he drove them out of the chamber. He cast people into jail without warrant, and punished them without conviction. He gouged out the profits of the tobacco industry until the planters faced starvation.

But the governor was not alone responsible for the bad state of the tobacco business. At the time when he came, 1680, the price was falling rapidly, because the markets of the world were closed to Virginia by the navigation acts, which prevented shipment to any country other than England. It finally fell so low that an entire crop was hardly

Washington Square, Charleston, South Carolina

sufficient to purchase a suit of clothes. The growers, feeling that they were raising too much, asked for legislation restricting planting. The King denied their request, for it would decrease his royal income. In 1682 the planters rioted, cutting up the young plants, and laying waste hundreds of plantations. For this Culpeper hanged a number of his fellow-subjects. Beverley himself was frequently imprisoned on trumped-up charges connecting him with the riots. In 1684 Culpeper's misdemeanors were so glaring that Charles II recalled him, sending Howard in his place.

Howard had utter disregard for public opinion. He thrust men into jail at will, refused to give accounts of the expenditure of public money, laid taxes, and asserted the right to repeal the acts of the Burgesses. To weaken the House of Burgesses, he implicated Beverley further in charges of plant cutting, and threw him into jail. Beverley had been made secretary again after his previous imprisonment. He was now pronounced incapable of holding public office; a direct insult to the province, for he was a man respected and admired.

The talk of the too merry company ran along political lines, each one striving to curry favor with the governor by praising his treatment of their fellows. Foremost among the flatterers was Saint-Croix.

"Our worthy host has a man, my lord, upon whom you might well practice your correction, I ween," observed the rector, appropriately, to a phase of the conversation.

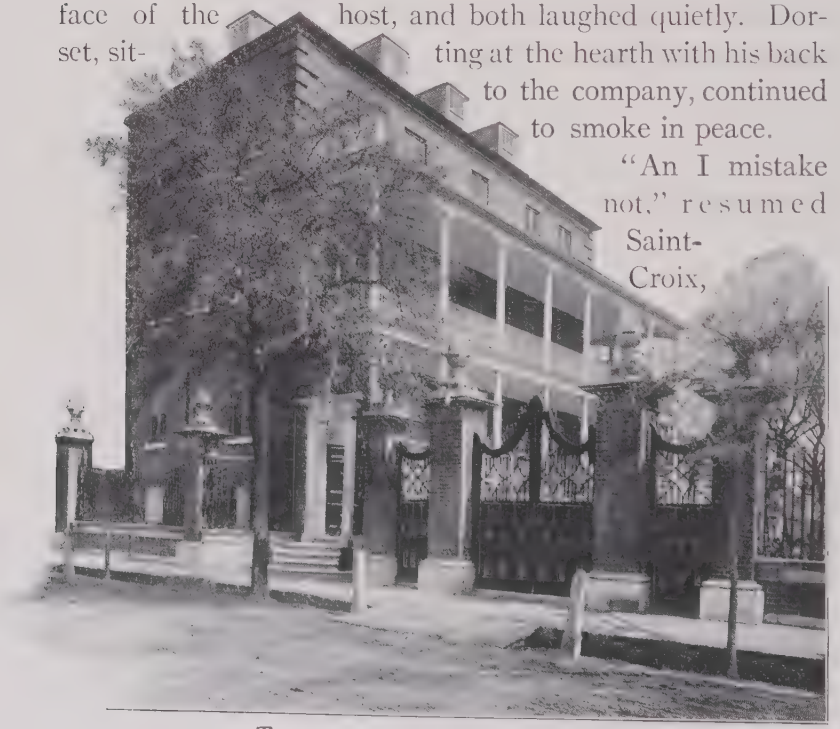
Lord Howard of Effingham responded by looking as important as it is possible for a man to look whose lace ruff lies draggled and stained along the outside of his waistcoat, and who is compelled to support himself in his chair by throwing his arms about the back of the chair next to him.

"I am meaning Melville, friend Lucius," continued the rector, turning his speech toward Thorne.

"Ay, and a more impudent dog never lived," returned the host angrily. "I had him from the Monmouth rebellion, your lordship," he said to Effingham. "He cannot leave off being a rebel. I have had him now near two years, and he is as bold as ever he was. He looks you in the eye as though he were the duke of Norfolk; he defies my overseer, beat him as he will. I have placed him with the blacks now, for his cure; but I would have you believe that he is a fellow of a spirit that will not be tamed; but I will teach him yet, I will teach him yet, the unmannerly dog!"

Effingham intended to say that he would undertake the cure of the fellow, but he fell asleep and slid to the floor in the midst of his sentence. Saint-Croix cast a glance of sardonic amusement from the governor's vacant chair to the face of the host, and both laughed quietly. Dorset, sitting at the hearth with his back to the company, continued to smoke in peace.

"An I mistake not," resumed Saint-Croix,



Typical Charleston Residence

emptying another glass of toddy, "this fellow of the evil eye whom you had to-day from that ketch is one that will break him; for, mark my word, there is that about the rogue that quails our friend. He turned pale and trembled at sight of him."

"Ay? I did not see it. I shall have it out of him."

Beneath the table, the governor of the colony gave vent to a groan and struggled to his feet. Others of the party assisted him to rise. Demanding querulously to be put to bed, a number offered their services, and the party broke up, going to their rooms and leaving only Saint-Croix and Dorset below with Thorne.

Dorset did not rise to bid the governor adieu. When Thorne and Saint-Croix returned to the room, he was sitting in the chair, his pipe fallen on the floor and broken into pieces, his eyes closed, his mouth open, and his snores shaking the glasses on the table.

"Egad!" exclaimed Thorne, "he does not hold his liquor as he once did. There was a fellow, in his day, could shame even you, my man of God."

"I tell you, I am not to be lightly shamed, friend Thorne," returned Saint-Croix. "But listen to me now. I shall have much sport for you. I have sought all day to tell you of this thing. What think you, I have a beautiful woman at my house!"

"'T is not the first, then," retorted Thorne, pouring out a glass.

"But she is virtuous."

"So much the worse for her. Here is to her virtue, then."

"But there is more behind it than I have told you."

"'T is like that there will not be much untold ere you have finished. Away with it, then."

"What would you say if I told you she was the daughter of this same impudent slave, Melville?"

"I should say that you lied, man of God"

Dorset, sitting in the chair, stirred not, but continued to snore loudly.

"Nay, 't is true," returned Saint-Croix. "God, how the man rumbles!"

"Go to! How came she here, and to you?"

"She came to seek her father. She came to me from my cousin, the gentle prelate of Bridgewater, with whom, it seems, she sought refuge on an occasion which she did not fully explain to me. She believes that her father is in Virginia, and came to me to help her in the search. She seeks to be marvelous secret about herself, and will not go abroad. She came on the very boat that brought yon fellow of the evil eye; and she held him in fear, too, I may say. There is somewhat in that fellow that will stand us in good stead, an I mistake not."

Thorne leapt to his feet.

"Is she beautiful?" he cried. "Stay, here is a fortune that will yield us much. A curse on this fuddling drink that stops me from making the best of it! How know you she is his daughter?"

"Is her name not Beatrice Melville? And is not her father's name, which she gave me from her own lips, Hugo Melville, the same as the slave you purchased? And hark 'ee, there is much behind this matter. She shields a potent mystery."

"Ha! We shall tame our fine fellow now, at great profit to ourselves, withal."

"Shall we drink to the maiden's virtue?" said Saint-Croix, with a leer, filling a glass and raising it to his lips. Dorset sighed in his sleep, shifted his body, and rested more easily, so that his snoring was less in volume.

They were finishing the toast, with sinister mirth, when Tobey, a blackamoor, knocked fearfully on the door, to tell

CHARLESTON *(From an old print)*

his master that the new slave begged leave to speak to him. Saint-Croix and Thorne interchanged significant glances. The planter bade him be brought. Awaiting him, they talked at random of the strange turn that brought the daughter thither, and how they would put it to various uses. Dorset had passed into such deep slumber that his measured breathing was in itself soporific. Thorne yawned slightly, but roused himself at once when Tobey returned, followed by a slinking creature, stooped and shuffling, whose face was utterly evil, and one of whose eyes was higher in the cheek than its fellow.

If Dorset had been awake and had seen the face, and had heard the piping voice of the rascal as he answered the questions put to him, he would have known at once that the man was no other than that same Slurk whom he had shipped out of Bristol two years before.

"What do you want, fellow!" bellowed Thorne.

Slurk's glance crept stealthily about the room. For an instant it rested on the back of Dorset's head, barely visible over the top of the chair. He started slightly, and concentrated his gaze, uncertain, hesitating.

"Well!" roared Thorne. "Have you brought your wry face in here that we might look at it? Speak! Why do you seek your master's company, wretch?"

Slurk withdrew his glance from Dorset, where it had rested longer than his gaze was wont to rest on anything when he himself was under observation. Whether it was his old acquaintance or not could not much matter to Slurk, for whoever he was, he was fast asleep and snoring.

"Craving your pardon," whimpered Slurk, hanging his head "but I would n't have presumed, being a simple-minded, poor, humble man, except that I know something that may serve you. If it does n't, why, I hope no harm comes of it."

"What do you know, fellow? Come, stand not there whining all night! Out with it!"

"By your leave, I thought perhaps this might be of value to you, not knowing it yourself, and that, this being my first day, you might be willing to look upon me as a good, loving slave, one willing to give his heart and soul for his master," he piped.

"You shall have your reward. What know you?"

"Shall I have a reward for telling? Oh, master, you are too good!"

"You shall have nine-and-thirty lashes an you tell it not soon, rogue!" growled Thorne, coming forward in bullying attitude. Slurk shrank from his master, crying out many apologies, begging for mercy, protesting, groveling. Saint-Croix slashed him across the shoulders with a riding-rod.

"Now then, sirrah, will you speak?" he cried, sharply.

Cringing, fawning, Slurk cast a furtive eye about to see whether the man still slept in the chair, and began.

"Well, then," he whimpered, "It 's about one of your slaves. I have seen him before. I know him well. He has done crimes against the King. He fought with Monmouth."

"Fool! That I know already!" bellowed Thorne, picking up a heavy pewter pot and making as though to strike him.

"He 's done worse than that! He 's done worse than that!" squealed Slurk, backing away with hands clasped over his head.

"What mean you worse than that? Is not that bad enough?"

"Ay, ay, it is a wicked sin, but this man is worse than that: much worse. I know him well. I was of the King's arms and captured him in the field. He was a conspirator. He fought against the King in England, and he fought against the King here — here in Virginia. He was fleeing the King's wrath when he took arms with Monmouth."

Thorne thrust his jaws in the fellow's face.

"What is it you speak?" he said fiercely. "Tell me, who is this one?"

"You call him Melville. That is not his name. His name is Stevens, Mallory Stevens —"

Slurk got no further. Thorne, with a mighty oath of incredulous joy, grasped him by the shoulders.

"Come! How know you this, villain?" he demanded, in a shout which would have awakened any ordinary sleeper. But Dorset continued to snore without stirring a muscle.

"Why, I heard it from his own lips," chattered Slurk, fearing for his life. "And I 'll tell you more. That woman who came on the ship to-day and went to the rectory, is his daughter. She sheltered him from the King's soldiers, which is a crime. I heard them talk. They were in hiding, and feared to be found out. They had just met after many years. I heard them talking, when I pretended to be asleep. I was a soldier, standing guard," he hastened to add, realizing that he had involved himself too closely with them.

"And his name is Stevens?" cried Thorne, unable to believe it.

"I swear it, good sir; I swear it on my soul."

"Swear rather, by the devil! Enough! Get you gone!"

"Stevens? Stevens?" he continued, when Slurk had departed. "Ay, so it is. But for that scar across his temple, and the grey beard he wears now, I should have known him. But now I see that he is very like in size, and in the eyes. God be praised, but things come into mine hands at last!"

"Do you know this Stevens, then?" asked Saint-Croix, not knowing what to make of the other's excitement.

"Know him? Why, man of God, was he not my neighbor? Is he not one of the infamous traitors that followed the rebel Bacon in the late insurrection? Has he not often come between me and my purposes with his mawkish virtue and honor? Hath he not thwarted me more than once in the Burgesses, and in trades? And did not his daughter, this same virtuous visitor of yours, spurn me and bring ridicule upon me? Know him? Have I not reason enough to know him? Egad! But now it is my turn to play!"

"Soho!" quoth Saint-Croix, half closing his innocent-looking eyes as he watched the other pace excitedly up and down the room. "There fits the shoe, does it? Now, then, there is much in hand; and the better to prepare for it, we should both be off to bed to freshen our wits a bit. I 'll rest with you the night, fair friend, and in the morning we shall have more of this talk."

"Ay; and to-morrow night I shall be your visitor, God willing."

Taking the candles, the two passed from the room, down the hall, and up the broad staircase, leaving Dorset still snoring by the side of the dead hearth, in the gloom of the large room, faintly lighted by the declining moon. When they had gone, and the sound of the footsteps came no more from above, the slumberer stirred, glanced about him through the dull light, arose softly and passed out of the room with a brisk step and alert manner, surprising in one so lately in a doze seemingly so drunken.

CHAPTER XI

THE FATHER'S REVENGE

FOR one who had lately been sleeping soundly, Dorset acted with astonishing precision in what he now did. He went to a closet in the hall, in which his host had that afternoon showed him his arsenal. Opening a drawer, he took out two braces of pistols, flints, powder-horn, and bullets. It was dark work, and his fingers had to serve him as his eyes. Returning with the weapons, he loaded and primed the pistols carefully, standing in the bright moonlight that came through the window in the dining-room. The work done, he wrapped the fire-arms, powder, and balls in a deerskin which he had fetched with him from the cupboard, and bound it about with a thong. This bundle he fastened beneath his doublet. Having done which, he fell asleep in the chair.

THE ORIGINAL PLANK CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

With the first light of the morning, black Tobey came to the room to set it to rights. Dorset awoke, and spoke to him kindly, winning him with a display of sympathy. Presently he called for paper, a pen, and ink-horn, and wrote a letter.

"Sir," the letter read, "I conjure you to believe that the one who writes this is a most interested friend, whose name, for reasons that I shall some day conveniently make

clear to you, must for the present remain unknown. I have come into the knowledge that your daughter Beatrice, or Barbara, is virtually a prisoner in the house of the rector, and in terrible danger. Your identity has become known to your master, whom you must recognize as a bitter enemy, through one Slurk, who has recently become his slave. Your master seeks the ruin of you both, which you can prevent. I shall assist you to do so. To the right of the path leading to the rector's house and not far from it, in a small clearing, stands the stump of a huge beech, cleft by lightning. This evening, after dusk, I shall meet you there with arms. You will rescue your daughter, and fly. I beseech you to believe that great danger threatens both you and her, and I conjure you to obey these instructions. If you do not appear, I shall undertake the rescue alone.

"Your most obedient servant, AMICUS."

It was a remarkable letter to be penned by one who had slept through the interview of the previous night. Having finished it, the author called Tobey to him.

ON THE DELAWARE, OPPOSITE PHILADELPHIA (*From an early print*)

"Tobey," he said, gently, "would you like a new master?"

The black cautiously assured him that he would.

"Do you know where the slave whom they call Melville is kept?"

Tobey nodded his head.

"Here is a shilling for you. Can you bear him this without the knowledge of any one?"

The negro was willing to undertake the errand, and left with the letter thrust into his sleeve. Watching him until he disappeared behind a clump of trees toward the negro quarters, Dorset opened the door and hastened along the path that led to the little rectory. He knew that the guests at the manor would be little likely to be astir at that hour after such a debauch, and he had matters of moment to arrange with the daughter.

His knock at the door was unanswered. He knocked twice and thrice before any one stirred within. At last he heard the rustling of garments. Some one stood at the opposite side of the door.

"Who is without?"

The sound of the voice sent him all a-tremble. His own quavered when he made answer, for it was Barbara who challenged.

"If you will but do me the honor to look at me, perhaps you will know who it is," he said.

"Speak the name, I bid thee," she commanded. "There should but one name go with that voice," she added, a ring of excitement in her tone. "Speak but that name, I charge you, and I shall open."

His heart leapt at that.

"Dorset; is that the name?" He bent close to the wood of the door and spoke low.

"'T is he!" cried Barbara; and surely there was gladness in her voice.

In an instant the door swung open, and she was holding out both her hands to welcome him. Never before had the man seen such beauty. Her face, exquisite of feature, softened and glorified by sorrow and brave suffering, was alight with glad surprise. A Persian shawl, rich and mellow, was thrown about her, revealing the regal grace of her figure. At the throat it was hastily gathered together by an antique fibula of beaten silver. Her lovely pillared throat glimpsed out at him from the clustered folds. Her hair, still arranged for the night, passed caressingly over her white cheeks into a broad, heavy plait that hung to her knees. As she stood there in untaught, disheveled beauty, the morning sun threw a golden halo about her. Dorset, at the sight, half gasped with adoring wonder.

THE SCHUYLKILL (*From an old print*)

"Now, by all that is good, what brings you to me here at the end of the earth, in the dusk of the morning?" she cried, her voice vibrant with gladness.

Almost had he told her what it was that brought him there to her at the end of the world, at the dusk of dawning life. The effort that the suppression cost him deprived him of other answer.

"Good Captain Dorset, I know it is some good that brings you; yet you look so ominously wise, and you come at such an hour."

Her welcoming hands were still in his. She made no effort to withdraw them.

"I crave your pardon for the hour, Mistress Melville,"

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PENN SEEKING FREEDOM FOR IMPRISONED FRIENDS

he faltered, releasing her fingers reluctantly. "But let my errand plead my excuse, both for the visit itself, and the untoward circumstances in which I come."

"Nay, Captain Dorset needs no excuse, I hope, where he may command. Do I owe so little to him that he must be suppliant to me? Come, will you enter?"

"It were not meet that I should do so, did not my errand warrant it," he replied. "But it is better that I should enter, as you shall see."

"You talk in mysteries, Captain Dorset," she laughed, as she led him into the house. "You should wear a long-peaked cap, bone spectacles should bestride you nose, and you should have crescent moons and five-fingered stars and cats' heads all in white upon your flowing robes of blue. For surely you must have hidden knowledge to find me out here! The marvel of it is so far past compass that it baffles my thoughts."

"'T is a fortune sent to me from Heaven that I should have been at the manor house yonder last night, and no necromancy," answered Dorset.

"Then I am glad Heaven has answered my prayers to shower fortunes on your head. I had feared you would go unrewarded in this earth; but if Heaven joins me in my thanks, I take hope of it."

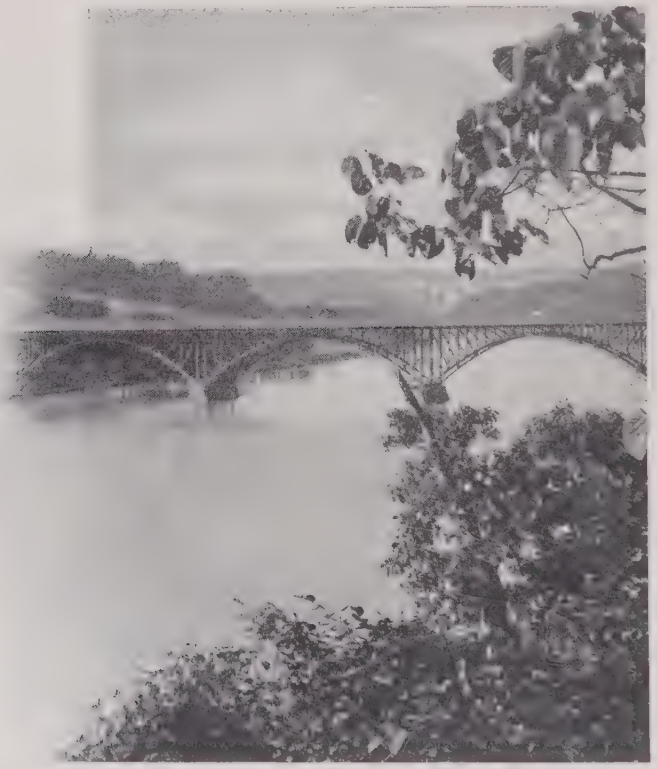
"Nay; I did but what I could that time. 'T was little enough and poorly done, for I severed you from your father, and him from you, by my bungling," rejoined Dorset, taking the seat to which she had motioned him.

"Think you that it is as nothing to me that you saved my father's life, and more than my own? Fie upon you, Captain Dorset, for your modesty! Though I live a thousand years I shall not feel that I have compassed gratitude enough. But come, to the mystery!"

"I shall be brief," he began, dropping his eyes before

her gaze. I have things of portent to tell you. Are you composed?"

"Have you word for me of my father?" She leaned eagerly toward him, her white hands clasping the edge of the seat in which she sat, her marble arms supporting her weight.



The Schuylkill in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

He replied that he had.

"Tell me first, before you proceed, is it good or evil?"

"It is — both; but it may be turned entirely into good before another dawn lights its way hither."

"Proceed. I am prepared."

He told her quickly what he had overheard on the preceding night. She listened calmly. Her eyes flashed when he spoke of the infamous plot which her host, the man of God, had evolved. They burned with another light when he told her, with as little reference as possible to himself, the steps he had taken to thwart them, and instructed her in the part she was to take in the counterplot.

"When they come," he said, "by your own devices

you must prolong the time until we can hasten to your succor. And if, by any evil chance, your father fails to arrive in season, fear not. I make no doubt that I shall be able to account for these two, and him we can liberate afterward."

She came to him swiftly, placing her hands on his shoulder with a gesture so frankly confident and grateful that it bore no suggestion of forwardness.

"Is there no other way than that you should risk your life for us?" she asked, fervently.

There was a time when in such a vantage, Daredevil Dick Dorset would have delivered a swaggering speech about risking his life. But now, and before this glorious woman, he forebore even modestly to protest his joy in such a risk. He merely shook his head by way of reply.

"Can you think of any?" he asked, in turn.

"Nay, but I am only a woman."

"Ay," he acquiesced, with a look in his eyes as he turned them up to her which she remembered to her last days, ever with the blush of glad pride which suffused her cheeks at the moment.

There was a palpitating silence for a moment before she was able to speak.

"And when we have freed him — what then?" she asked, retreating to a shadow behind the jutting chimney. She did not wish him to see the glow in her cheeks.

"When he is free, you can make your escape by some shift," he returned. "It is a venture; but the exigency demands it. If I can bring you horses, I shall. But there is little time or opportunity to devise. They must not suspect meanwhile. But your father? I have a friend, William Penn, a Quaker and a good man. It is to his colony in America, at Philadelphia, your father shall go."

"You do not include yourself, Captain Dorset!" It was half a question, half a regret.

"If you will grant me the privilege of helping you further?" He rose to his feet, inclining his head in suppliance.

"But you have other business here?" she suggested.

His eyes sought out hers, where she stood in the shadow of the chimney. He saw the glow that warmed in their depths as he made answer:

"I have no other business here — or anywhere. May I go with you?"

She hung her head, clasping the brooch at her throat with tense fingers, trembling, her soul afloat. She understood what brought him thither.

"Need you ask that?" she murmured.

He passed softly to her side, raised her free hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Until then!" he whispered, and left her all a-flutter.

The host and his friends arose late. Dorset, meeting them freely, found occasion to press Thorne to dispose of Tobey to him, the better to prevent discovery of his plans. He succeeded in prevailing upon him to make the sale, paying him in gold out of hand. The day wore heavily. Tobey surreptitiously reported that he had delivered the note, and that the man was inclined to the undertaking. In the afternoon, Saint-Croix, with many whisperings to Thorne, went to his cottage, returning presently with words encouraging to the planter. At dusk, Dorset, under pretense of taking a stroll, went forth from the house with the package of firearms under his doublet, and two swords, which he concealed at some pains under his arm and beneath the skirts of his coat.

Without returning to the house, Dorset repaired in due time to the rendezvous, concealing himself in some bushes to await her father. The moon, just past the first quarter,

Doorway of a Colonial Mansion, Philadelphia

flooded the landscape with soft light. An evening mist floated everything in an obscure outline. Passing as he had gradually from the full glare of afternoon through dusk and into moonlight, Dorset's eyes were accustomed to the dimness. He had no fear of missing the fugitive. He could see clearly the entire space in which the tree stood. All about him lay a dense wood that ran down to the James River, at a little distance. The tobacco-fields were farther from the shore, at the opposite side of the manor. The close trees cast an impenetrable shade over the path to the rectory, save in one stretch, where it emerged for a short distance into the clearing.

Concealed in the bushes awaiting the arrival of Stevens, he saw Thorne and Saint-Croix pass down the path toward the rectory, talking earnestly, scheming out the best course for them to pursue. His heart beat with apprehension and impatience. Time pressed now. If she were to be saved, they must be about it at once. A few minutes, and it might be too late. A score of fears came into his mind. Stevens might have thought the letter a lure to bring him to his death. He might have been unable to escape; or, escaping, he might have been overtaken and killed. Perhaps Tobey had betrayed him, and had not delivered the letter at all.

He had given up all hope, and was about to set out on the venture alone, when he heard some one running hurriedly along the path. He waited. His breath stopped. In a moment the figure of a man appeared. Glancing about him cautiously, the man ran to the beech tree. In the light of the moon, Dorset saw that it was Stevens, worn and haggard with hard work, poor food, and a miserable existence.

Arising from his concealment, Dorset approached him. Stevens searched him with a look. As he looked, his pale face turned red, and then whiter than before. The light

of a malignant hatred burned in his eyes. His lips parted and came together again, as though in speech, but he made no sound. His fists clenched and unclenched. His form quivered with intense emotion. Too deeply wrought upon by that which they had in hand to interpret the demeanor of the man aright, Dorset came near him, handing him a brace of loaded pistols and a sword.

FRIENDS' ALMSHOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

"Come!" he cried, under his breath, without a word of preface, for the moment was too weighty for light words, "come, we must hasten. They are already there."

Wetting his parched lips with his tongue, Stevens found words at last.

"Dog!" he snarled. "Infamous wretch! Vile hellhound!"

Dorset recoiled in amazement.

"I have prayed God that the day would come when I should meet you," continued Stevens, hoarse with passion. "Thanks be to Him, it has arrived; and it shall be your last!"

"Sir, I know not what you mean," returned Dorset, thinking only of the peril in which Barbara stood, "but if you have a quarrel with me, in the name of God and for

your daughter's sake, defer it until we have finished this business. I tell you, time presses her."

"Conjure not me by my daughter's name!" shrieked the frantic man. "You have already taken more than her life from her. Now she may die a thousand deaths, but I shall be avenged on you first!"

"In God's name, speak softly, man, else all is lost," pleaded the other. "I know not what you mean. There is blundering somewhere. She came to no harm by me, I swear it! Come, let us finish what we have undertaken, and then, if she tell you not the same, do with me as you list. But come! This is no time for words!"

"Nay, but it is a time for deeds. Take you this pistol, and defend your life!"

He handed Dorset one of the loaded weapons.

"I implore you, as you love your child, let this matter come afterward. First let us rescue her!"

It was not cowardice that spoke in Dorset. He thought only to succor her in her time of need.

"As I love her, this matter shall come first. What, must I shoot you like a cowardly dog? Will you not defend yourself?"

Dorset, knowing mankind, knew that nothing could dissuade him from his fury. For her sake, he must humor him to any length, bode what it might to him.

"If it must come to this, then, let us use these weapons," he said, calmly drawing his sword. "If you shoot, you will be heard, and all will be in vain."

"Do you fear the ball?" sneered Stevens. "Think you to fare better with steel? Let it be the sword, then!"

With that he picked up the arm that Dorset had handed toward him, but which he had let fall to the ground. Beneath the light of the moon, they engaged. Once before, in a poor house in Bridgewater, had they crossed points.

That time Dorset had cast his weapon from his enemy and brought him to his knees. There were now a few quick strokes and passes, the man fighting with a fury that made him all potent. For a moment Dorset, whose skill was excellent, parried the blows instinctively. But time pressed. The father had other work on hand. Steeling himself to the blow, he deliberately left an opening in his guard. The other's sword flashed past his wrist. A quick, sharp pain. The night went black. He fell to the ground with a sigh.

The victor, with a curse, struck him with his feet, and hurried on to the house of the rector. Approaching it, he heard the voice of Thorne, loudly raised. Coming nearer, he heard a woman speak, low and earnestly — it was Barbara's voice. As he reached the door, he heard her ring forth defiance, and cease. With all his strength, he threw himself against the door.

Fancying themselves secure from any intrusion, the men had left it unbolted, and it flew open beneath his weight.

In an instant, he was in the center of the room at her side, sword drawn, a pistol in his hand. Barbara gazed at him, dazed, with parted lips. For the space of a breath,

PENN MEETING-HOUSE
(*From a rare print*)

the two men looked at him, stupid with surprise. It was only for a breath. Cursing, Thorne drew his hanger and fell upon him. Saint-Croix rushed to the door, shouting for help.

The battle was brief. Weak and worn though he was by the privations of his life, the presence of his daughter and the sense of elation he felt in the overthrow of Dorset nerved him to stupendous strength and skill. He beat down the weapon of Thorne, borne in unsteady hand, and forced him back to the wall, begging for life. He drove the rector from the door out into the night, firing his pistol after him in fury.

Turning to Barbara, he grasped her trembling hand and led her forth.

CHAPTER XII

THE ESCAPE

A SMALL ketch lay close to the wooded shore of the James River, a mile above the landing on the plantation of Lucius Thorne. It had come thither the day before with rum from Barbadoes, and a slave or two for dunnage. It would go thence as soon as the master and crew should return with the last of the tobacco which they had been stowing that day. The brig did not tarry long in any one place, for reasons that were clearly apparent to the master and the King's officers engaged in the enforcement of the navigation acts. The watch on deck looked impatiently along the path that ran from the plantation to other plantations farther up the river. The wind was even now falling, sighing softly as it passed, and would be gone too soon, inescapably.

THE QUAKERS' FIRST MEETING-HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA (*From an old engraving*)

A group of men, led by a youth, came along the path, bearing between them hogsheads of tobacco, slung on stout poles. The weight was great. They stopped to rest. All was silence among them. They took up their poles again at a sign from the leader, and once more strained forward under their burdens.

Hark! What was that that came through the night air? The sound of a pistol shot! The cries of men! The baying of dogs! They laid down their casks again and waited.

The sounds approached. The mariners could hear footsteps on the path. They slunk into the bushes at the side of the path, rolling their casks out of sight. Whatever it might be, it would be discreet to see first without being seen.

Two figures, hurrying toward them, a man and a woman! The man was looking behind him at every other step; the woman, tall, erect, composed, pressing her gaze into the darkness before her. Behind them, at a distance, a great hallooing, struck across with the baying of hounds. Barbara and her father were fleeing, pursued by the whole establishment of Thorne. Saint-Croix' cries had brought fruit.

At sight of the two, the youthful leader of the sailors sprang to his feet and ran down the path toward them. The woman, perceiving him, stopped and whispered to the other.

"Who goes there?" demanded the man, leveling his pistol. "Speak, or I fire!"

"'T is a friend," made answer the master of the vessel, for such he was.

"What warrant have I of that?" the man returned. "Stand aside, on your life!"

"The woman here knows me," returned the young man, spreading out his arms to show that he meant no injury. "'T was only yesterday that I brought her here aboard my vessel."

"'T is he, indeed, father," Barbara whispered, scanning the features of the one who stood beneath the moonlight in their path. "Is your vessel about?"

"Ay, that it is, waiting for a cargo. Do they pursue you?"

"Yes."

"Come then! Follow me! Hurry!"

"'T is well, father. I know the fellow!"

"Ay, 't is our only chance; yet I like it not, going with these strange men to sea," whispered her father. "Who knows that they will not betray us for ransom?"

The daughter made no answer, but pressed after the sailor, her father following from necessity. The hounds were already close upon them. They could hear their panting as they ran down the scent. Leaving the casks where they were, the crew closed in at the rear, drawing dirks and pistols to make good the retreat, should the dogs come too swiftly for them.

It was but a short distance to the water's edge; but ere they reached the small boat that was moored to a stump, the dogs were upon them, and a rout of pursuers had turned from the path on towards the river. Fighting off the more daring animals with knives and cudgels, the sailors leapt into the boat after the fugitives, and put off. The watch on

Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia

deck, used to emergencies of similar nature, was busily engaged in weighing anchor as the small boat, propelled by four pairs of oars, shot out into the stream, pushing up a rippling eddy with its fore foot. They were scarce in midstream, when the bank they had left was lined with shouting men, among them Thorne and Saint-Croix. Some had pistols which they discharged; but the bullets only spurted into the water alongside.

Barbara, sitting in the prow with head uncovered, was as calm as though she rode in her carriage.

"I make but a short stay, good master skipper," she said, smiling upon the lad who commanded.

"Ay, that you do; but certes you have done much," replied the sailor, whose tone and manner showed that he held her in high esteem.

"In truth," the girl returned, "I bear away with me all that is most dear to my heart."

Her father, wondering at her composure, lost all anxiety on her account. Reaching the ketch at last, they scrambled aboard. It was short work to make sail on the craft and get under way. The last currents of the ebb-tide swept them slowly down stream. The gentle breeze, filling the sails with fitful puffs, stirred her along so that the water whispered and gurgled underneath her. The crowd of men on the shore left off cursing and shouting and disappeared in the darkness.

Still the ship was not safe. The landing of the plantation lay between them and the sea. The breeze was dying. The tide would be at slackwater in half an hour. The young skipper cast his eyes into the sky, looking for wind, and at the sails which sagged too often. The one who had been left on watch came aft to consult with him. He was younger than the master. There was a resemblance between the two that told that they were brothers.

"I tell 'ee, Hubert, it is bad business," he said softly, but not too softly for Barbara to hear. "The wind is fair gone, and the water lags. We shall have troubles enough yet. They will put out to us from the landing, mark my word; and we have lost three good casks of tobacco for this."

"Tush, Ben," replied the elder. "Ever at thy croaking! What if they do put out? Are we not seven men, and another as good as two men? And there is wind a-plenty overhead, which will be down here soon enough. Can you not see how the stars twinkle? That is ever a sign of wind."

"Ay, if it comes down. Shall I load the swivel?"

There was a small cannon mounted aft which sometimes stood them in good stead. Hubert bade him do as he liked, and the younger proceeded to charge the arm heavily with small shot. Barbara, hearing the conversation and seeing the warlike preparations, made no sign. She sat with her father under the rail, rejoicing to be with him again, excluding danger from her thoughts and his.

The vessel on which they were making their attempt to escape was the ketch *Matilda*, the same that Richard Stevens of Boston had fitted out for his young cousins. The skipper was Hubert, and the lugubrious mate was Benjamin. It was this staunch little craft that had brought Barbara and the slave Slurk from Barbadoes on the preceding day. Barbara, going thither in search of her father, had learned that he was of those forwarded to Virginia. She had prevailed upon Hubert to take her thither. Her fortitude and patience had won the young man's heart. Now he stood ready to do and dare much for her, with no more reward than that he did it for her.

The tide and the feeble breeze bore them as far as the landing-place of the plantation. They were half a mile off shore, having steered into the stream, which was wide at that point. They could hear a scurry of men on land, and

knew that the pursuers would put off in small boats to intercept them. Hubert, leaping from the tiller, shouted out hasty orders. The small boat was put over again. All hands hurried into her. A rope was made fast to the stanchion and carried into the rowboat. Four pairs of oars bent to the task, and the brig *Matilda* forged slowly ahead. Hubert knew that the task would at least be bracing to his men's nerves, if there were no other gain.

The plash of oars in the shadow beneath the wooded bank grew louder. Two skiffs emerged from the blackness, holding their swift way toward the brig. Hubert called his sailors aboard hastily, and armed them with staves and belaying-pins.

Interior of Carpenters' Hall

"Do not kill unless it is needful," he commanded.

"Come, you had better go below," he added, turning to Barbara, who sat calmly beneath the rail with her father.

"Nay," she said; "I shall stay here, that I may the better see how the matter prospers."

She could not be persuaded to alter her determination, but stood on the little deck, to the delighting admiration of

the rough sailors. Hubert, gazing upon her, nerved himself to die in her defense, if need be. Tall, stately, graceful, with her black, uncovered hair hanging softly over her cheeks, her eyes glowing with an excitement which otherwise she entirely suppressed, her hands resting on the rail, calm, brave, serene, she seemed like some goddess who presided over the destinies of the men on board.

The two small craft approached rapidly. Benjamin, torch in hand, stood beside the swivel-gun, ready to fire at command. The others, disposed about the rail and in the waist, awaited the enemy.

The ketch, losing steerage way, swung off and headed up toward the on-coming boats. Benjamin, with an oath, laid the torch down on the gun-carriage and joined his brother, who had hastened forward to meet the pursuers. The swivel would no longer bear without raking their own decks.

A shot rang out from the foremost of the two craft, and a ball thunked against the planking of the bows.

"Another shot, there, and we 'll blow you out of water," shouted Hubert.

"Give up the fugitives, black pirate of hell!" came back the voice of Thorne. "In the name of the King, surrender!"

"In the name of God, put about, and spare me from sending your souls to hell to-night!" shouted Hubert, in reply.

A sputter of fire came from the prow of the boat containing Thorne. Balls pattered against the sail, clacked against the planks, poppled in the water alongside. One of them cut the forepeak halyard, and the gaff swung down against the sail. Another slashed across Benjamin's cheek, laying it open the length of his finger. The ketch made no response.

Mallory Stevens ran forward to lend his aid. Barbara followed.

"It is asking too much of these men to let them all stand

Wissahickon Creek

here to be killed like this," she said to Hubert. "Perhaps —"

"Perhaps you had better let me be master of this vessel, and go below, Mistress Melville," returned Hubert, severely asserting his authority. "'T is no place for a woman."

Another volley from the second craft whistled past them.

"Take your daughter below, Master Melville!" said Hubert, sternly, turning to the father. "We can attend to this."

For his daughter's sake the man did as he was bid.

Sluggish, inert, like a thing dead, the *Matilda* squatted in the water, awaiting the approach of the two hostile craft. They were not threescore fathoms distant now.

"Will you meet them unarmed, brother?" asked Benjamin, anxiously. The crew had no firearms or cutlasses about them.

"Nay, if it come to that, and we must kill, we shall arm soon enough. But for my part, I had rather we shed no blood. There is already danger enough in coming to these ports."

"For my part, I should give these people up," grumbled Benjamin. "How are we to know that it is not a just cause the pursuers have against them? How do we know that this man may not have done murder?"

"Whipped cur!" snapped the elder brother. "Would you abandon them then to their fate, knowing Thorne as we know him? And I tell 'ee, if the man has done murder there, he has done well."

Abroad over the water no breath was stirring. The current of the tide ran no longer, or, running, bore the pursuers equally with the pursued. The distance between the two narrowed at every stroke of the oars. Thirty, twenty, fifteen, ten fathoms separated the foremost skiff and the ketch. Hubert, watching closely, could see the face of

Thorne, distorted by anger, in the bow, Saint-Croix peering over his shoulder.

"Fetch weapons," Hubert whispered to Benjamin.

A rustling of the sails, a rattling of the tackle, a ruffling over the water. A block raised and thumped against the deck. The main-boom squeaked in its throat and swung slowly outboard.

"Thank God, the wind," cried Hubert, under his breath. It was the belated breeze from the sea finding its way at last up the river.

There was a gentle pressure on his sleeve. He turned, to look into the face of Barbara.

"What, more mutiny?" he demanded, pretending fierceness.

She smiled.

"Nay; but I have hit upon a plan which will save us all much, haply, and prevent your shedding blood. Listen! There are two below who belong in these parts, they say, having come aboard to help you in lading. They wish to be ashore in their skiff, which lies aside. I have spoken with them, and they are willing. One of them will dress in my outer garments. The other will take something distinctive from my father's dress, and put away in the skiff to the other shore. Perchance they will follow the decoy. Is it worthy of trial?"

"'T is too late," exclaimed Hubert. "Look! Even now they are upon us. There is no time to prepare for it." The two boats were close indeed.

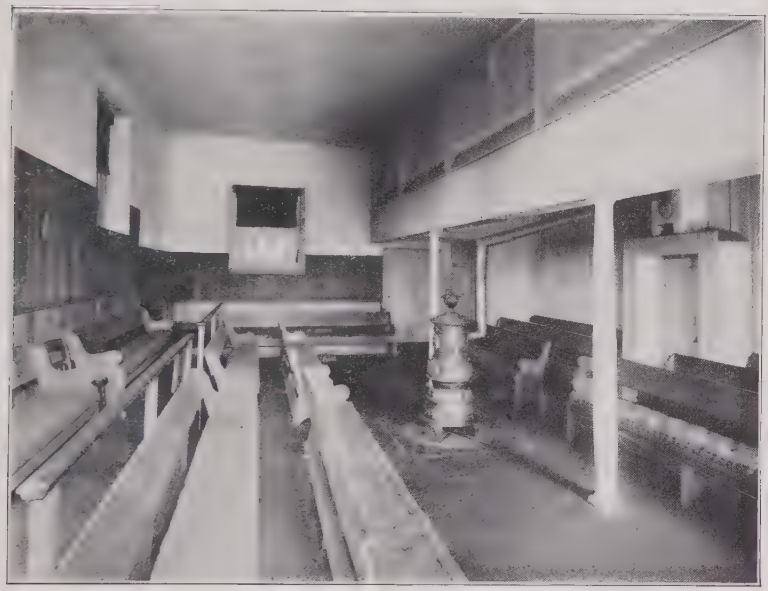
"Nay, 't is not too late; for even now they are in masquerade."

He looked again at her, and saw by the fading moon that she was wrapped in coverings from one of the bunks.

" 'Fore God, thou art a woman!" exclaimed Hubert,

his sailor's enthusiasm expressing itself in sailor-like oaths. "Hasten then. Hide yourself!"

She disappeared into the cabin. In another instant two figures, one in woman's clothing, stole from the companionway, crept across the deck, lowered themselves into the skiff that lay alongside, cast off, and pulled for the



INTERIOR OF PENN'S MEETING-HOUSE

opposite shore, keeping the vessel between themselves and its assailants.

The two rowboats, loaded with excited men, drew within four fathoms, and rested. Thorne uprose in the bow of the first, quivering with wrath.

"Give over, black pirate! foul cutthroat! craven cur!" he roared, shaking his fist. "Deliver me those fugitives, or by the red devil, your master, I will flay you alive! I will have you hanged, drawn, and quartered and scattered afield for the crows and worms to feed on!"

"What row is this you stir up, fat winebibber?" re-

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PENN'S VISION

turned Hubert, restrained from true nautical eloquence by the presence aboard of Barbara. "Why do you get yourself all a-sweat to make us this uncivil visit?"

"Why? You know why well enough! Where is that rascally slave of mine that lately came aboard, and that vile adventuress who was with him?"

"If she were what you term her, she would never have run from you, Thorne," retorted the sailor. "But since you wish to know where they are, I will tell you." He turned and glanced across the wide-sweeping river. "At the present time, as nearly as I can see through the thickness of the night, they are some twoscore fathom out in the stream, sir; and if you make haste you will catch them before they make a landing."

"By God, he 's right," cried the one who was in the bow of the second boat. "I saw them leave the brig a moment since, but doubted it was they. But now I know that it was a frock one of them had on. Make haste, sir."

"Infamous knave!" bellowed Thorne, beside himself with chagrin. "Why did you permit them to escape me thus?"

"When I learned that they fled, I turned them adrift

without prejudice as I had found them. They are no farther from you than they were in the beginning. Go thy way, sot, and let a hard-working sailor have a bit of sleep."

"You will pay for this on your next visit here," stormed Thorne, with a torrent of foul words, as his crew took to their oars again and passed astern in chase of the fleeting skiff.

A ripple came over the river. The sails flapped, and filled, spilling and filling again. The water plashed and gurgled against the bows. She was gathering way! Hubert tried the helm. The brig answered it. Never was breeze so grateful to mariner! A sailor forward began to sing a chantey. A second made a low joke with his fellow. Others, busily coiling ropes and setting things shipshape, joined in the chorus of the chantey, and started another.

The brig gathered head. The bow waves, gently curling, broke in whispering whitecaps, plashing sweetly in the dim night. All the river was dimpled and smiling. The wake coiled and bubbled under their stern. They were under way!

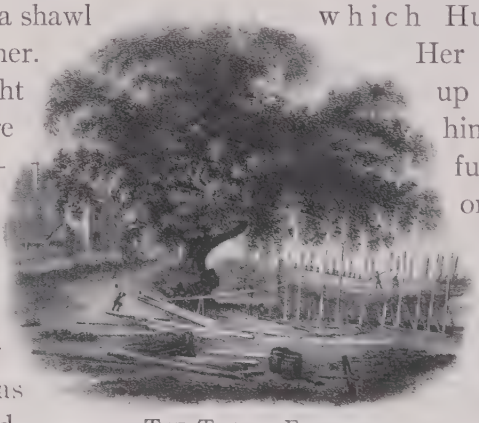
Afar across the river came cries of baffled rage. Thorne had overtaken the fugitives, a mile astern. Hubert sent a taunt back to him over the water, and laughed merrily as the vessel rustled through the water before the quickening breeze.

CHAPTER XIII

BROTHERLY LOVE

BARBARA, unable to understand why Dorset had not come, dreading to learn, was torn by anxiety. She fought against her fears, arguing that he had been unable to be there without arousing suspicion; that something beyond forestalling had interfered with his plans; that he had missed them on shore, seeking to stay pursuit; that, at the worst, he would find them again through plans preconcerted with her father.

She sat apart with him silently in the waist of the ship, wrapped in a shawl which Hubert had found for her. Her father was too wrought up to sleep, and she bore him company in his wakefulness. He looked upon her in a strange manner as they sat. There was constraint in his bearing toward her. He was ill at ease, embarrassed, distressed.



The Treaty Elm

There was an inexplicable, subtle strangeness between them. She was at a loss to account for it. She stroked his brow to soothe and rest him, as she had done when she was a child, running her fingers gently through his hair. He sought to avoid her caresses. She was unhappy, perturbed, anxious, oppressed by a nameless foreboding.

"You have not yet told me how it came about that you

knew I was in the house of the rector, and came to save me at such a critical moment, father," she faltered, hoping that it would lead to news of the other. Pride withheld her from more direct inquiry.

He was silent, moving imperceptibly away from her.

"Is there some strange reason why you do not wish to tell me?" she went on. By bitter effort, her words were playful. Her heart sank before the look he gave her. She shuddered.

"I did not think you would care to know how I came there," he stammered.

She noted his confusion. It associated itself in her mind with the strangeness that had come between them. She was mystified. Yet it was with a light air that she retorted to him.

"Was there ever yet woman who did not wish to know all the hows and the whys and the whens and the whos?" she asked.

Again he looked quickly at her to read her meaning in her face, and again she, having no meaning, knew that she had come close to the hidden thing.

"Did some little sprite tell you, father, or was it an angel?"

There was long silence, broken only by the plash of the waves, the creak of the rigging, the swing of the booms.

"A devil told me!" muttered the man, at last.

"Indeed, father, since when has the devil been your good friend?" she cried roguishly. She liked not his seriousness.

"Make no mock of it, girl!" exclaimed the man, stirring from her side. "Can you make light of it thus?"

"An you will but throw some light upon it, father, I shall tell you better what light I view it in, whatever it may be." She avoided his intense earnestness. But to

no avail. The man confronted her, where she sat on the bench. He placed his hands on the gunwale behind her to steady himself against the rolling of the vessel, one arm on each side of her, so that his eyes were close to hers when he spoke.

"It was Dorset told me," he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Dorset? Dorset?" exclaimed the girl, quickly. "Mean you Captain Dorset of the King's army?"

"Ay, the same. The one who made me prisoner, and who made me free!" He uttered the last words slowly, one by one, with a terrible meaning, searching out the soul of his daughter with his eyes.

"Where was he? Where is he now? Was he of those who pursued us? Tell me, how came it all about?" She

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THY GOD BRINGETH THEE INTO A GOOD LAND OF FOUNTAINS AND DEPTHS
THAT SPRING OUT OF VALLEYS AND HILLS A LAND WHOSE STONES ARE IRON
AND OUT OF WHOSE HILLS THOU MAYEST DIG BRASS

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PENN'S VOYAGE UP THE DELAWARE

questioned him with eager haste, meeting his gaze with frank innocence.

"He will not follow farther," muttered her father. "I slew him ere I came to you."

"You slew him, father?" She spoke in a dead, tense monotone, without inflection, without visible emotion. "Why did you slay him?"

"Ask yourself why I killed him?" shrieked the man, overwrought.

"Yea, why?"

The conscious innocence of his daughter bred a sudden doubt in his mind. Perhaps Dorset had spoken the truth when he had disclaimed the vile guilt. He leaned close to her again, and whispered his fears; the tale that had been told him when they absolved him from the gallows in Bridgewater, the brutal gibe of Jeffries, the meeting that night, the challenge, the fight, and the deathblow. All the time that he told her, her head nodded rapidly. She perceived the whole wretched chain of circumstances.

"And you have surely killed this man?" she asked, in a low tone, when he had finished. He confessed it with a gesture.

"He was innocent! He was more than innocent! He saved me that which you thought he had inflicted upon me. He was a hero! O God, that one of these men should have killed the other!"

She looked afar over the water. She knew the sacrifice Dorset had made. He had let her father kill him, that there might be no delay. Knowing it, almost her heart rebelled against it. Her father, at her side, faltered through many words, and she let him see that she was comforted. But all through the night she pored over the story, and looked afar out over the sea, refusing to retire to the cabin, whither her father presently went, contrite and broken.

And all through the night Hubert Stevens, watching the solitary figure sitting in the waist of the ship, sighed deeply, ever and anon, and permitted the sails to shake in stays — a thing no sailor of his experience should do.

The moon passed out of the sky soon after midnight. Confronted by a head wind and a contrary tide, they made slow progress down the river. When the light of the moon was gone, the added danger of running aground sent Benjamin into the last stage of melancholy. The river from the bend below Jamestown is straight and wide, in some places spreading over more than five miles. It is more like an estuary than a flowing stream.

It is forty miles from Jamestown to the sea, and it was six bells of the noon watch before they were well out of the heads and in Chesapeake Bay. Hubert headed the *Matilda* toward Philadelphia, having business there. He told them that he must leave them there for the present, being bound for Holland, but promised that he would return and take them to Salem. There was a Melville in Philadelphia, he said, who might prove to be of kin. He knew little of their story. Barbara had told him that her name was Melville, not daring to reveal her identity, and that there were people of the blood and name in America. She had not learned that his name was Stevens. She called him Saint Hubert. It was agreed, when the family was dispersed by the rebellion, that each would take the name of Melville to assist in the search to bring the scattered members together again.

No further word passed between Mallory Stevens and Barbara concerning Dorset. There was that about her which forbade the subject. He was puzzled. It would have taken more than a man to have discerned that it was grief, bitter grief, that sealed the story of the British adventurer.

Hubert did not perceive that there was aught of grief in

PENN'S HOUSE AT CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA (*From a recent photograph*)

the maiden as they passed the pleasant hours in the voyage to the City of Brotherly Love. And when he left them there at last, he turned his prow to the sea with a bounding heart, thinking of the time and circumstance of his return.

They searched out the Melville of whom Hubert had spoken. He was well known to the inhabitants of the town; a Friend led them to his house on their first inquiry. He lived in a red-brick house, one of a number so like each other that their guide was fain to count from the end of the row before he could be certain which was the house they sought. With fast-beating heart and trembling hand Mallory knocked at the door. There were footsteps in the passage; a hand was on the latch; the door swung open, and revealed to their sight none other than Anthony Melville.

"Now, may the Lord be praised," said he, fervently, gazing upon Mallory's countenance with a look in which surprise and joy contended, "for of a truth He hath restored to me my brother, whom I had mourned as dead!"

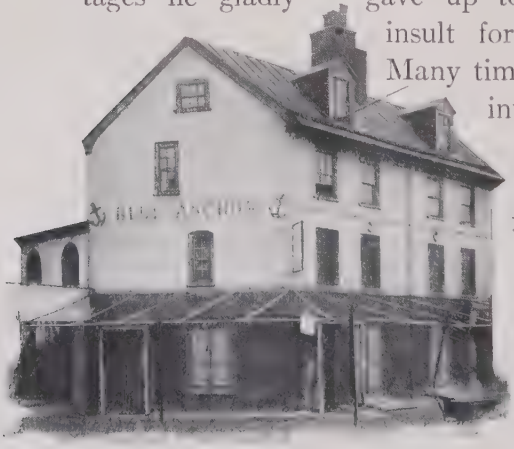
Their stories were soon told in the first outline. Anthony had sought refuge among the Swedes, who had settled along the Delaware River and planted a suburb of Philadelphia

THE ORIGINAL BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN, PHILADELPHIA, BUILT WHERE PENN LANDED (*From a rare print*)

before the coming of Penn. He had seen the founder of the city himself, and had come to know him well; so well that he had embraced the Quaker faith through sincere conviction. He had been early in building his house in the City of Brotherly Love, and had attained prominence among the citizens. All this he told in simple modesty, when the first glad greetings were over, and when he had heard Mallory's tale.

That night the wanderers heard much of William Penn, and the Commonwealth he had founded. Anthony had come close to the great man while he was among his people, and knew the story well.

"He is a glorious great man," quoth Anthony, as they were sitting about the dinner-table after the dishes were cleared away. "Never have I seen a more earnest soul. You may judge of that from his life. He is handsome, wealthy, most pleasing and gracious in speech, a favorite of King James, born to position, being the son of Admiral Penn; a scholar, speaking fluently in the Latin, Italian, French, German, and Dutch tongues; yet all these worldly advantages he gladly gave up to suffer persecution and insult for the faith of John Fox. Many times hath he been thrown into jail for preaching the truth; he hath borne it all with sweet serenity and full forgiveness. He hath written much and eloquently against our enemies; it is he who hath brought credit to our faith, which fell into disrepute through the zeal of foolish persons.



PRESENT SITE OF THE ORIGINAL BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN

He hath met his enemies with a smile, but with a firm determination from which he was not to be moved, acknowledging only God in his conscience.

"His interest in the New World came through a curious chain of circumstances. In 1673 Lord Berkeley sold his half-interest in New Jersey to one John Fenwick, a Friend, to hold in trust for another Friend, Edward Byllinge. Fenwick was a litigious and troublesome person; a dispute arose between him and Friend Byllinge over their respective rights to the purchase. It was referred for settlement to Friend William Penn, who ruled that Byllinge should have nine-tenths and Fenwick one-tenth of the whole. At first Fenwick was sorely dissatisfied with the award and refused to abide by it, whereat he was gravely rebuked by Penn. Meanwhile Byllinge became insolvent. Presently Fenwick yielded and made over nine-tenths to William Penn, Gewaine Laurie, and Nicholas Lucas, as trustees for the benefit of Byllinge's creditors.

"In 1675 Fenwick sailed for the Delaware River with a party of colonists, and founded the town of Salem. You must remember that there was a dispute between the duke of York and Sir George Carteret, concerning the proprietorship of this land, owing to a confusion in the original grants. Andros, governor of New York, considering the settlement at Salem to be a trespass upon the duke of York's territory, seized Fenwick and carried him to Fort James, when Fenwick refused to tell him by what authority he occupied the place.

"Meanwhile, the boundaries between Carteret's and Berkeley's holdings, which latter were now in the name of Byllinge's trustees, were settled in England. In the summer of 1677 Gregory Marlow came with two hundred and thirty passengers in the ship *Kent*. As they passed down the Thames King Charles met them and gave them his blessing.

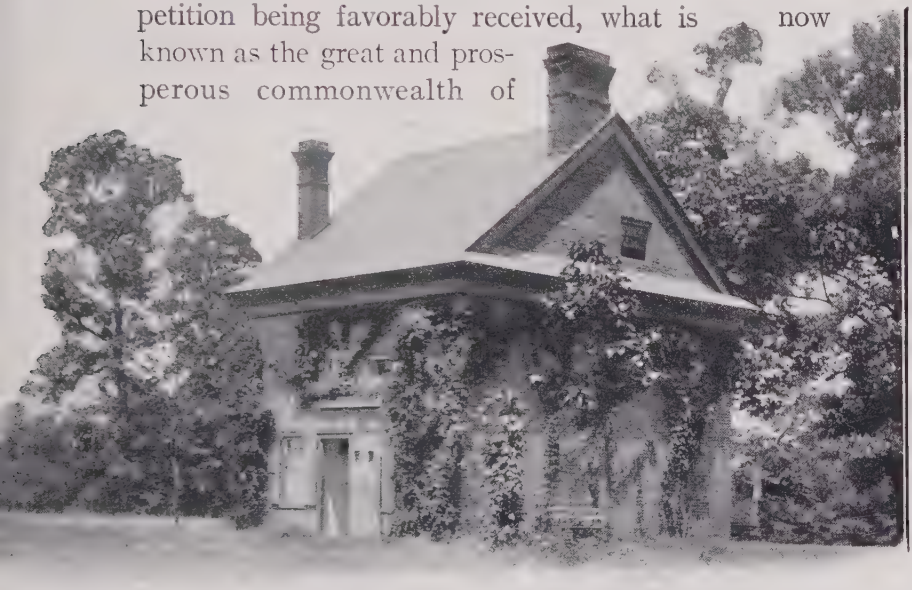
Kent went on to New York, where Andros demanded their credentials, which they had neglected to provide. He refused to recognize Carteret's warrants to Marlow, but they came to terms, after much bluster on the part of Andros, Marlow promising to send to England to obtain the required authority. Sailing then to the Delaware, they settled a town above Rankokus Creek, which they called Burlington.

"Andros still maintained that our people were mere land-owners in the Jerseys, and that they were under the sovereignty of the duke of York. It was not until 1680 that York released West Jersey to the trustees for Byllinge, being induced to do it by Friend Penn, who pointed out that by so doing he would gain credit with the people of England, whom he hoped to rule as King, on the death of Charles II.

"It was thus that Penn's attention first became fixed upon America; it was thus that the idea of his holy experi-

Old Swedish Houses, Philadelphia

ment came into his mind. He desired to try whether a Commonwealth might not be established where perfect religious and civil freedom should prevail. When he inherited a claim of £16,000 against the Crown, he petitioned that it might be paid to him by a grant of a tract of land. The petition being favorably received, what is now known as the great and prosperous commonwealth of



PENN'S LETITIA HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, NOW STANDING IN FAIRMOUNT PARK

Pennsylvania was awarded to him, under a charter providing that all laws passed by the province should be submitted to the Crown for approval, and that Parliament, instead of the proprietor, had the right to impose taxes.

"Penn, who is of Welsh descent, desired to call the colony New Wales, but, King Charles demurring, he named it Sylvania. The clerk who transcribed the name to the records prefixed Penn. When our leader objected on the ground of modesty, the King made a witty answer. 'We will keep it,' he said, 'but not on your account, my dear fellow. Don't flatter yourself. We shall keep the name

to commemorate the admiral, your noble father.' I have heard Friend William laugh over it, arguing that since in the Welsh tongue pen means hill, the name of the province was rightly called Pennsylvania, or Wooded Hills. I have heard it said, I know not how truthfully, that Penn's name came from an ancestor who was called in the Welsh John Penmunnith, which means John on the-Hilltop, because he lived atop a mountain in Wales.

"In spite of the few limitations of the charter, Penn was permitted great latitude in his policy of government. He guaranteed absolute liberty of conscience to everybody; he declared that governments were for the people; and that punishment of criminals should be for their improvement and reform and not for vengeance. Quite a contrast to the principles of our Governor Berkeley of Virginia, say you not, Mallory?

"In April, 1681, Penn sent his cousin, Friend William Markham, to be deputy-governor of Pennsylvania. Already there were a number of Swedes and Dutch in the territory of which he had become proprietor and governor. To these he wrote a letter. I have a copy of it about; let me find it. 'T will show you well what manner of man he is."

Anthony, going to a cupboard, found the paper and returned with it.

"Thus it reads," he resumed: 'My friends: I wish you all happiness, here and hereafter. These are to let you know that it hath pleased God, in His providence, to cast you within my lot and care. It is a business that, though I never undertook before, yet God has given me an understanding of my duty, and an honest mind to do it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your change and the King's choice, for you are now fixed at the mercy of no governor that comes to make his fortunes great; you shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free,

PENN'S TREATY MONUMENT, PHILADELPHIA

and, if you will, a sober and industrious people. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. God has furnished me with a better resolution, and has given me His grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with, and in five months I resolve, if it please God, to see you. In the meantime, pray submit to the commands of my deputy, so far as they are consistent with the law, and pay him those dues that formerly you paid to the order of the governor of New York for my use and benefit, and so I beseech God to direct you in the ways of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true friend, William Penn.'

"I was present when this letter was read to the assembled inhabitants; you may be sure that it was received with great joy and gladness. Great preparations were made to welcome him; but he did not come within the five months, being detained and delayed by the business of his colony: making out grants of land, devising a frame of government, sending out instructions to his deputy, and the like. But many colonists came; in the first year we had more than twenty ships, bringing three thousand passengers anxious to live in the asylum promised by our great leader. I must not forget to tell you that all this time he was preaching our faith, in spite of continued persecution; or that he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, a high distinction for a Quaker, say you not?

"At last he came, arriving on board the ship *Welcome.* A hundred souls sailed with him, but thirty died of smallpox on the voyage. His wife and children he left at home. Toward the end of October it was when he landed at Newcastle, greeted by the shouts of Dutch and Swedes, and a pretty spectacle it was, with the men in leathern breeches

and jerkins, and the women in skin jackets and linsey petticoats. You may believe that my voice was as loud as any, for, though I am neither a Dutchman nor a Swede, and was not at that time one of the Friends, yet had I learned by bitter experience how great a blessing was a man like this to rule over a people. I was one of the two inhabitants that performed livery of seisin when he presented his deeds of enfeoffment, by handing over to him water and soil, a turf and a twig, in token that the land was his.

"From Newcastle he went to Chester, then called Upland, where there had been a colony for some time. He changed the name of the place, and stopped there, at the house of one Sutherland, where on November fourth was held an assembly that passed sixty-one statutes, known as the Great Law of Pennsylvania. Markham meanwhile had selected this site for the city Penn intended to found, and bought it from the Swedes. It was then a wild piece of land, with only one house on it, in which lived a man

THE OLD TREATY ELM (*From an early engraving*)

named Drinker. The site commended itself to the wise Markham, for it was wide and level, lying between two rivers, and covered with a luxuriant growth of chestnut, walnut, spruce, cedar, pine, oak, elm, and many other trees and shrubs.

"Hither Friend William came after visiting New York and Maryland, and here he at once laid out a town, with streets at right angles, calling them after the names of the trees that had been hewn down to make way for them. A man named Guest built the first house, which is now the Blue Anchor Tavern, whence many witty persons make a play of words; which is so frequently heard that the jest hath lost all pith to us older inhabitants. Building went forward apace, but could not keep up with the increase in immigrants, many of whom were forced to live in caves on the river-bank until they could be provided with more suitable habitations. In the first year of our new City of Brotherly Love twenty-eight ships brought settlers; by the end of 1683 there were three hundred and fifty-seven houses; in two years' time there were six hundred. You will see that all of them are substantial, well built, and comely, and that many are of red brick, like our own."

"Very like," murmured Barbara, as Anthony stopped in a moment of pride. She had in mind the difficulty their guide had found in picking out the right house when he brought them.

"One of the first things our great leader did, and one of the best for our colony, was to make peace with the Indians, who are of the tribe known as the Lenni-Lanapes.

"He stood beneath the huge elm at Shackamaxon, in what is now the north end of our town. The chiefs were in a large semicircle before him; the old chiefs in front, the middle-aged behind them, and the young men in the last row. Behind lay forest and wilderness. In the savage heart

was hatred of the English. They feared them, and fear is hate. Penn was beautiful as he stood there. He was dressed in the simple dress of our people. His face was a benediction. The savages waited to hear what tricks this Englishman would utter. Shall I ever forget the look of attention that passed around that circle of red men? First they were eager. Their hard faces softened. Kindness, confidence, frankness, gladness, enthusiasm followed each other on their countenances.

"Penn spoke in a soft voice. 'We meet,' he said, 'on the broad pathway of good faith and good will: no advantage shall be taken on either side. All shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust, or a falling tree might break. We are as if one man's body were to be made up into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood.'

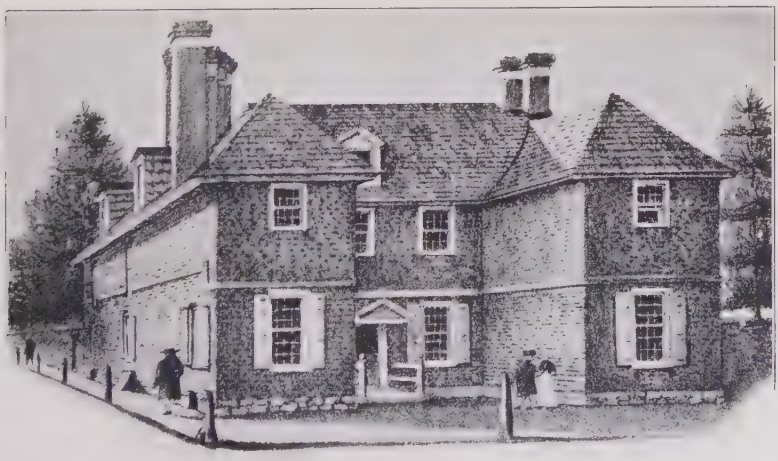
"I shall not soon forget the sight; for I was there. There was a mighty feast, prepared by each party for the other. Friend William endeared himself to the dusky savages by eating of their burnt acorns and hominy; and when they fell to dancing in their fervor for him, he sprang up too, and outnimbled the best of them, to their great delight and admiration. Perhaps 't was unseemly on the part of one of our faith, but it was a wise and gracious thing to do, and events have justified it; for from that time the Indians have been on closest friendship with us. We have paid them for all their lands, and treated them as brothers. They call Friend William by the name 'Onas,' which is a strange comparison and an unconscious pun; for their word Onas means 'feather' or 'quill,' they thinking that Friend William's name is that of the writing instrument.

"We have lived in great peace and prosperity; our laws

are generous and mild; authority among us, being respectable, is respected; we have no quarrel with our neighbors, and have had none, save a discussion with Lord Baltimore concerning our southern boundary, which did not give us outlet to the sea, but which has been adjusted in England. We have here people from England, Holland, Sweden, and Germany, living side by side in loving harmony. Men may worship God as they will; their rights of conscience and of person are inviolate. Work is plenty; wages are high; we have schools; and now we have a printing press, set up in 1685 by William Bradford. Our only grief is that our beloved founder is not with us, having returned to England in 1684, with the hope and intention of coming back to us soon with his wife and family; but the trials through which our brethren there are passing have kept him longer than he would. 'T is a grief to us all, for he was greatly beloved. To-morrow I shall take you to see the house in which he lived." He ceased from his tale and turned to Mallory with a tender look.

"Ah, my brother, my joy at seeing you is great! Now shall we dwell together in this city of brotherly love until God wills it that we should be gathered unto Him. This is a happy day! This is a happy day!"

With many tender words the company parted for the



PENN'S SLATE ROOF HOUSE (*From a print*)

night, for it had grown late as they talked. On the morrow father and daughter were established in the household, where they remained throughout the winter. For such as they Penn had opened an asylum in the New World, and here had gathered the children of misfortune. Penn's Holy Experiment is one of the most beautiful incidents in the history of the age. "Beautiful," said Frederick of Prussia, when he read the account of the government of Pennsylvania, a hundred years later; "it is perfect if it can endure." When Peter the Great of Russia visited a meeting of Quakers in England, the semi barbarous reformer could not but exclaim, "How happy must be a community instituted on their principles." Here, then, father and daughter found refuge. Here they could have been happy with their kin, but there was ever present the fear of Thorne. Mallory Stevens was still his slave in right, and could be claimed. They would have pressed on to put greater distance between themselves and the planter as soon as the weather broke in the spring had not the expectation of Hubert kept them at Philadelphia. Now they waited only for him.

But they were not to wait for him. Fate interposed. Barbara, returning one evening in March from an errand at the market, took her father aside and told him she had seen Thorne and Saint-Croix in the streets.

"They came from the docks," she said. "They had just landed, apparently. I was behind a stall as they passed through the streets. I heard them stop and inquire for the residence of Anthony Melville. Slurk was with them. The man told them where we lived. They will come in the morning. I heard them planning. They will set Slurk to watch the house to-night. We must leave at once. Slurk may be at the door even now."

Gathering together such of their apparel as they could

carry with them, and sending one of the brother's sons first to reconnoiter, they slipped through the door and glided beneath the shadow of the walls, till they came to a path that led among the chestnut and walnut trees, and so on to the highway that ran through the Jerseys into New York. It was agreed that in the morning Anthony would procure horses, if he could without detection, and follow them with that assistance.

Anthony, returning home after leaving them well on their way, saw a slinking figure steal across the street from peeping into the windows of the house, and knew that the watch was on. Without a word or sign, he entered the doorway, thankful that the fugitives would gain that time.

CHAPTER XIV

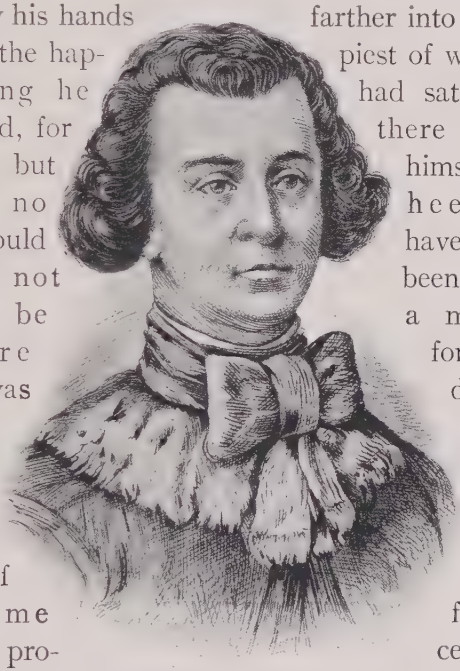
THE PARIAH MEETS MANY STRANGERS

A YOUNG man sat in the rain on a log by the side of a muddy, rough, distorted road. One end of it wound around the foot of a hill, and so out of sight in that direction. The other end disappeared in a dull, dank forest in the opposite quarter. Yet the patch of road between seemed to lead nowhere. It was a solitude, shut away from the rest of the world; a solitude that bore the appearance of always being rained upon. Underfoot there was nothing but yellow, sloshy, slippery mud; overhead nothing but leaden skies pouring out a dismal rain. On either hand were firs and spruce, oaks with their seared leaves still clinging to them; beeches that had not yet leaved out, and looked as though they never would; bushes whose slovenly appearance suggested that they had become discouraged, and decided not to grow up.

The young man sitting on the log seemed himself to entertain some doubts about the advisability of growing up. At his feet was a small packet tied in a cloth, a stick thrust through the knot. His arms were folded across his knees, and he was folded across his arms. His limp hat hung about his ears, adhering soppily to his cheeks. His doublet was wet through all along his back, on which the rain continued to fall with its characteristic lack of discrimination. Water dripped from the edges of his clothes, which were shiny and shabby. It ran down his nose and spouted from his chin. His curly hair was meshed with it. Drops stood in his eyelashes. He had clearly been much in the rain that day.

The young man would have been handsome had not his face fallen into the general atmospheric softness, and hung drooping in the last possible degree of dejection. He paid no more heed to the rain than did the dead piece of wood on which he sat. Now and then, when the drop on his nose tickled, he puffed it off. Occasionally he sopped his lips with his tongue. At intervals his lids would close over his gloomy eyes, and open again, slowly. Once he tried to draw his hands farther into his sleeves, too short in the hap- piest of weather.

How long he had sat there will never be told, for there was none could know but himself, and he had paid no heed. How long he would have sat there if he had not been disturbed must ever be a matter of conjecture for in course of time he was disturbed.



GOVERNOR THOMAS DONGAN

Two people on horseback, splashing through the yellow mud, appeared at the end of the road which came from the forest, and proceeded slowly toward that other end which went around the hill. One of them was a woman. Both were wrapped more scantily than was comfortable in such weather, and their heads were drawn between their shoulders for better protection from the rain. Their horses were jaded and unhappy as they struggled along, slipping and sluicing through the treacherous footing. The riders, their faces buried in their cloaks, would have passed

by the young man without seeing him. He, gazing dully upon them, would not have hailed them, being too downcast to make the effort. But one of the animals, catching sight of the figure sitting on the log, snorted and started, rousing his rider to look for the cause of the demonstration.

"Halloo!" cried the woman, reining in, for it was her horse that had shied. Her companion drew up beside her, without a word, being in no mood for speech.

"Halloo," responded the youth, without any interest whatsoever in the remark.

"What are you doing here, my lad?" inquired the woman, kindly.

The boy looked at the sopped sleeve on one arm, and at the sopped sleeve on the other, before he replied.

"Getting wet," he said, in the same indifferent tone.

The woman laughed. There was no impudence in his answer.

"But where do you live, and where are you going?" she pursued.

"I don't think I will go there!" answered the boy.

"Where were you going?" She passed over the irrelevancy of his observation.

"Philadelphia."

"It 's a long way afoot. Where did you come from?"

"New York."

"And what are you doing, tramping around in the rain?"

He looked at her for a long time without answering. Her face was a beautiful face, dark, strongly featured for a woman, with intelligent eyes in which appreciation took the place of impulsive charity. He tried to think whether it were possible that he had ever seen that face before. It recalled something to him. He was sure of one thing: he liked both it and the woman. He grinned gradually, as

The Old State House, Philadelphia

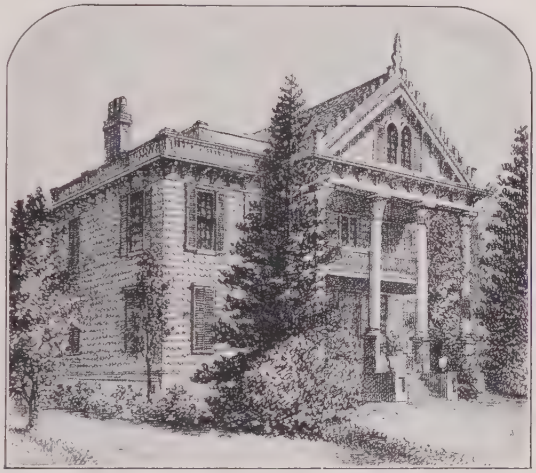
he looked into the comprehending eyes. His grin was broad and grim, and had brought forth a smile on her lips, when he made answer.

"I 'm out seeking my fortune," he said, and chuckled in spite of the rain and the mud and everything else. It was good to see some one who seemed to know.

The young woman laughed quietly, with deep enjoyment of the lad's spirit.

"You don't seem to have met with much success," she observed.

"I 've met with everything else, except a dragon, and I think one must live around here," he rejoined, grinning again.



GOVERNOR DONGAN'S HOUSE

The man at her side grew impatient, and bade her continue the journey. She signaled acquiescence to him, and took up her lines.

"How far it is to New York?" she asked.

"Ten miles to the river, and eternity to get across."

"Don't you think you 'd better come back with us? Won't you perish in this weather?" It was a passing civility, but she more than half meant it.

"I was going back anyway!" he exclaimed, jumping up. "I don't want to go to Philadelphia. I 've had enough of religious folk to last me for a long time."

"Come, climb up here behind my saddle," urged the young woman.

The youth declined.

"Your horse is tired. I can keep up afoot," he explained. "But I 'll tell you what you can do. You can carry my portmanteau!"

He handed her the stick with the tiny bundle dangling from it. She took it with a laugh, but turned a look of keen interest and pity upon the young wayfarer.

"What is your name?" she asked, abruptly.

"Charles Stevens," he answered. "I lived in Salem, Massachusetts."

The two riders interchanged a quick look.

"You know the name," observed the youth, seeing the play.

"We knew some of that name in Virginia," the woman explained.

"I 've heard father talk about them. They were in Bacon's rebellion; I wonder what has become of all of them? They have disappeared. You are not some of them, are you?" demanded the boy, with a quick turn.

"Our name is Melville," answered the girl, casually. "This is my father, Hugo Melville."

Thus it happened that Charles Stevens and Barbara, his remote cousin, fell in with each other on a bleak stretch of life. Thus, too, it further befell that they cast their lots together, all three of them, when they reached New York, and lived happily by mutual assistance during the summer that followed,

Leisler's House, New York

which was the summer of 1688, and the winter following that.

Since the peaceful revolution which resulted in the final surrender of the Dutch at New Amsterdam, New York had seen several changes of administration. Conciliation was the watchword under the first governor, and no better person could have been selected to carry out such a policy than Colonel Richard Nicholls. But for his unfailing tact and moderation, this bloodless conquest could not have been made. New York was prosperous under the rule of Nicholls' successor, Francis Lovelace. But in the years that came under Sir Edmund Andros, the same that now governed New England, the peaceful inhabitants of New York looked back on the four years of Nicholls's administration as a kind of a golden age. He was sent by the duke of York, to whom the province was awarded by his brother, Charles II. Andros conducted the government in his habitually despotic manner, and his name has left behind it in America many harsh and jarring memories. He levied taxes, and laughed at the protests of the colonies. He exercised an arbitrary authority over them, denying them the right to assemble for legislative purposes.

Popular representation was dear to the colonists, however, and they pressed him so hard for the right that he was constrained to write to the duke of York advising acquiescence. That thick-headed prince replied that legislatures were seditious and dangerous, that they stirred up trouble, and that he could see no use for them. The settlers were forced to forego their liberty for the time.

The grant to the duke of York included the territory between the Connecticut River and Maryland. Andros attempted to exercise his authority over Connecticut, sailing there with armed sloops in 1675. He sailed back again, with no result beyond a familiarity with the scenery of the

edge of the province, and a knowledge of the temper of the provincials. He had not even been permitted to read the embossed commission that he held from the duke of York.

He met with little better success in the Jerseys. West Jersey was settled largely by Swedes, and East Jersey by Scotch Presbyterians, refugees from religious persecution. Andros issued a proclamation asserting his authority. He followed it with a decree that ships sailing from Jersey should pay excises in the New York custom-house. This was openly resisted. The bullying governor attempted to frighten the legislature of Jersey by arresting the deputy-governor, Philip Carteret. The Carterets and Berkeley held the grant of the territory now claimed for the duke of York. They took refuge behind Magna Charta, and stood out against Andros. Their rather tempestous career came to a peaceful issue when the three counties west of the Delaware were sold to Pennsylvania in 1682, and the rest amalgamated with New York a number of years later, after York had become King.

Encouraged by the liberal principals upon which Philip Carteret and William Penn founded their respective governments, the struggle for the right to be represented continued in New York. Memorials were sent to York. He was uncertain what to do. Andros was soon to return, and Colonel Thomas Dongan was going out to govern the province. It was time for a change, if a change were to be made. York sent William Penn, who was then in Pennsylvania, to study the problem and give advice. The duke had half a mind to sell the country to anybody who would offer a fair price for it. "What," cried Penn, "sell New York! Don't think of such a thing. Just give it self-government and there will be no more trouble." James concluded to take the advice. Dongan accordingly came out in 1683 with authority to call a general assembly. The people

met in New York in October, 1683. October 17, they adopted a constitution, their charter of liberties. Dongan was a Catholic, and an Irishman of broad, statesman-like mind. He possessed all the personal magnetism that the Blarney stone is said to impart. Dongan was a striking improvement over Andros. He was just, vigorous, and

JAMES II RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE LANDING OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

loyal to the interests of the province as the first interest of his master. He administered local affairs as satisfactorily as they could be administered by a servant of an autocrat, albeit he sometimes lost his temper. But his greatest work, of an importance far beyond the boundaries of the province, of consequences that ramify through the entire history of the country, lay in his resistance to the encroachments of the French along its northern borders. With a policy almost prophetic, he made a stand against the insinuating influence of French exploitation.

France already, consciously or unconsciously, dreamed of western empire. Her missionaries and her explorers were reaching afar. She was striking root all down the

Mississippi Valley. In the fullness of time, she would hem the English into their little strip along salt water. La Salle was even now journeying from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Settlements had already been scattered in the great central valley of the West by this father of colonization. It was part of their dream, and a vigorously conscious part, to crowd New York. The English and the Five Nations of Iroquois were allies. The savages were a buffer between the two civilizations. The French attempted by persuasion, intrigue, and attack to bring the Iroquois to their side in the struggle.

It was this phase of the problem that Dongan met and successfully handled. His position was peculiarly delicate. The French were attacking the Iroquois, in threat and in fact. The Indians had been declared subjects of the English King, and demanded his protection. Charles II was in secret intimacy with Louis XIV, having sold his kingdom to the French King, to get money with which to keep up his profligate court. To afford protection to the Indians against the French would offend the close friend of Charles; perhaps to embroil the two nations. To refuse succor would alienate the powerful tribes, and permit France to continue her policy of self-aggrandizement. Dongan adopted the larger policy, giving the Indians such moral support that they had no room left for complaint, and spurning all advances of the French. In 1683, at Albany, in a council between the Indian chiefs and Governors Effingham, of Virginia, and Dongan, of New York, the alliance was permanently cemented.

With the accession of York to the throne as James II, in 1685, the policy of government of the province was changed. The legislature was dissolved. There was a reversion to the old forms of abuse. In 1688 James consolidated all the English colonies north of Pennsylvania

WILLIAM III, PRINCE OF ORANGE
(Photograph of the original painting in Kensington Palace)

into a single province, which he called New England. Over this he set Andros as supreme governor, recalling the sagacious Dongan. Charles Stevens witnessed the arrival in New York of Andros, where he published his commission on August 15, 1688. Sir Francis Nicholson was left at the head of local affairs, as deputy governor.

His rule was intolerable. Stupid, violent, intolerant, he sought only to oppress the colonists, believing that such a method was not only pleasing to his superior, but that it was also the best way to keep the people under proper subjection.

To understand the attitude of the governors toward the governed at this time, it must be remembered that there had been for years a drift in England toward the idea of absolutism,—a supreme power vested in the sovereign. Charles II had had no other purpose in life than to establish it as a principle of government. James II doggedly followed in the footsteps of his brother, with some attempts at finesse. The school found a large following. Certain temperaments love the idea of personal authority, the more so when they themselves partake of the authority. There grew up a coterie of men ready to do the King's will against the will of his subjects, from sincere convictions that tyranny was right. It was a duty, a glad privilege, to work his purpose on them. Such a one was Andros, and such was Nicholson.

The disaffection among the people of the province found expression in sporadic agitations. There were mutterings, expostulations, petitions, complaints. Charles Stevens, who had joined the train-band, or militia, heard much of it. Young, impulsive, enthusiastic, he grew into a violent partisan, preaching sedition. In vain did Melville attempt to induce him to moderation. In vain did Beatrice try to laugh him away from his heated humor. Their efforts only raised a barrier between them.

In due time came the crisis. December 11, 1688, James II stole from his palace and escaped into France, fearing lest the popular hatred he had stirred up against himself would destroy him. William, prince of Orange, husband of Anne, elder daughter of the abdicating King, had been invited by prominent leaders to ascend the throne. Landing in England, he had issued proclamations, and the English were flocking to him as their savior. He promised them their liberties and political freedom.

The news reached the British colonies in America. It was the signal for a popular uprising against the creatures of James. Andros, in Boston, was deposed and imprisoned. In New York the militia took matters into their own hands; Jacob Leisler, an officer of the militia, a Dutchman who had come to America as a soldier and had subsequently become rich as a trader, assumed control. His lieutenant was Milborne, his son-in-law, a shrewd Englishman who was the brains of the revolt.

The first move was to take possession of the garrison, which Leisler did in the name of the prince of Orange. The act was followed by days of intense excitement in New York. The militia and the citizens were uncertain which side to espouse. Dongan, the retiring governor, embarked on a vessel in the harbor, postponed his sailing to await the outcome. Nicholson, lieutenant-governor, bullied and threatened; Leisler argued and pleaded. Popular decision was in abeyance, when word came that three vessels were approaching with orders from Prince William. The news was erroneous, but it had its effect.

That rumor decided the public. Most of the militia signed a declaration in which they covenanted to hold the garrison until authority should arrive from the prince. Nicholson absconded in the night. Leisler was supreme. He sent a messenger to William with an address setting

forth what the colonists had endured, and what steps had been taken against the creatures of James. They recognized William and Mary as King and Queen, and declared allegiance to them, asserting that they only held the garrison until the arrival of authority from the new King, who acceded to the throne February 13, 1689.

Charles was a member of the company of forty-nine that first occupied the garrison, and one of the most ardent of the number. But as the movement became more popular, and the great majority of the citizens joined it, he lost interest in part, feeling that his share of the work was done, and that the glamour of unruliness was gone from it. Nevertheless, he remained at his post in the garrison throughout

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BY THE GREATNESS OF THINE ARM THEY SHALL BE AS STILL AS A STONE
TILL THY PEOPLE PASS OVER O LORD WHICH THOU HAST PURCHASED THE
CHARTER OF PENNSYLVANIA RECEIVES THE KING'S SIGNATURE-MARCH 4 1681

FROM COPLEY PRINTS, COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CURTIS & CAMERON, BOSTON

FULFILMENT OF PENN'S DESIRE

the summer, visiting the house where he lived with Barbara and her father less and less frequently.

Returning thither on a day late in August, he found the house empty. There was a note lying on the table, informing him that they had been forced to leave abruptly, and expressing a tender hope that they would see him again. There was no intimation of the direction they had taken. He could find no trace of them by inquiry among the neighbors. He returned to the fort dejected, and uncertain what to do. He had grown unconsciously to depend upon their sympathy and company. His grief was great.

PETER SCHUYLER

Looking out across the harbor in melancholy humor, Charles saw a ketch loitering up the channel before a faint

breeze and a flood-tide. Having nothing better to do, he watched it as it came abreast of where he was sitting and cast anchor. The figure of the man at the tiller struck his attention. He roused from his depression and looked keenly. It was Hubert! He ran to the water's edge, waving his arms and shouting his brother's name. His joy was great when Hubert answered him.

Presently a small boat put out from the ketch, bringing Hubert and Benjamin ashore. The three brothers laughed and shouted with joy over their meeting, exchanging hasty accounts of their adventures. When Hubert learned that Charles was involved in the insurrection, he was alarmed, and prevailed upon him to give it up. Charles, at the moment, was in the mood to do so. Before the afternoon was finished Hubert had obtained his brother's discharge from Leisler, whom he knew well, having had many trades with him.

In three days they all set out up the river in the *Matilda* to Albany, where Hubert had dealings on hand.

CHAPTER XV

THE TYRANT'S FALL

MANY were the adventures that Hubert had been through since he had seen Charles in Salem four years before. Many and long were the tales told as they progressed slowly up the Hudson. Journeys into far seas, escapes from pirates, storms, hunger, thirst, and the thousand dangers of the sea were subjects that held long on the voyage. Hubert told of the rescue of the Melvilles from the plantation in Virginia; of his delay in returning for them to Philadelphia; of his failure to trace them further than New York, and his inability to find them in the city, because he could never safely stay long enough to make diligent search.

Charles, listening, told his brother that he had lived with the fugitives for a year, and that on the very day of Hubert's arrival, they had surreptitiously left. Whereat they both marveled much, wondering whither they had gone, and suspecting that Thorne was on their trail. They were powerless to help them. They did not know that the two figures that they saw crouched in the bottom of a little sloop which they passed off Poughkeepsie on a night when the moon hung low in the sky, were Beatrice and her father, fleeing ever from the shadow that followed. For Beatrice, on the day of their leaving, had seen Slurk in the streets, and he had seen her. Whether the master was about or no, there was too great danger in remaining.

The skipper brother had much news from Salem, where he had spent the previous winter. Waitstill Sparhawke was still the epitome of all Christian decorum. Hubert

ALBANY, NEW YORK (*From an old engraving*)

had heard rumors that the good soul, out of zeal for the welfare of the community, had whispered suspicions that Goody Lawrence had not renounced Satan altogether, but that he had offered to amend matters by providing himself as a husband for Jane. There was a ferment of superstition in the town, Hubert said, which made the saner citizens anxious for the final issue. Samuel Parris, the pastor, was the inspiration of most of it. Factions were rising over the witchcraft sensation, which followed closely the lines of the factions that formed over the election of Parris to the ministry of the church.

Jane was as beautiful, demure, and sweet as ever. She had much attention from young men, but paid no heed to them; a piece of information that raised the spirits of Charles beyond measure. Her mother was well, but worried over the whisperings against her. Some of the old neighbors had died, some new had moved into the town. There had been marriages and births, and the even-tenored events of the village life, but nothing of consequence.

Nothing, that is, outside of the political situation, which was built up about the administration of Andros, and was in no wise local. Andros continued to practice every form of tyranny, petty and gross. The resentment of New England continued to rise against him. Property belonging to individuals under the charter and title of purchase from the Indians he confiscated and presented to his creatures. Some who resisted him before the law, not only suffered the loss of their property, but were persecuted in petty ways for their temerity in questioning the governor's acts.

A more intense feeling was stirred against him, though it was unjust in itself, in the matter of an expedition against the Indians who threatened in Maine. During his absence in New York, when he went to assume the added jurisdiction, the magistrates of Boston, alarmed by demonstrations of hostility on the part of the savages along their northeastern border, organized a force and sent it into the country for the protection of the settlers. Hearing of this, Andros forbade them to set out, and recalled such as already were under way, believing that the Indians could be placated.

Failing in his subsequent efforts at mediation, Andros himself set out with 600 men, whom he distributed between

Fort William Henry, Pemaquid, Maine

eleven forts in Maine. But the expedition was ill-considered. Sickness and hunger visited the force. It was conducted in such a way that a popular prejudice grew that Andros had deliberately betrayed the soldiers into unnecessary dangers and hardships, which, in their opinion, gained them nothing. His principal result was the strengthening of Fort Pemaquid.

Before he returned to Boston, he learned of the agitation in England to call William of Orange to the throne. He issued a proclamation to his officials, warning them to be prepared to resist the invasion of any hostile fleet. He purposed holding New England for his King, whatever might befall in England.

Immediately upon returning to Boston, he was guilty of an imprudence, at least, which swelled the popular belief in his treachery. Two men of Sudbury, Browne and Goodenow, hearing an Indian say that the governor had hired the savages to kill the settlers, brought the man before the justice of the peace of Watertown with the story. Instead of punishing the Indian for the calumny, Andros prosecuted the two officious witnesses to the point of persecution, and moved against several other men of Sudbury who had professed a belief in the Indian's story. They were held in heavy bonds to keep the peace.

Before the people of Massachusetts had ceased to discuss the Sudbury incident in all its bearings, another event occurred of greater consequence. A young man named John Winslow arrived at Boston from Nevis with a copy in his pocket of the declaration issued by William of Orange, on his landing in England. He had given four shillings for it, in order that the people of New England might speedily know what deliverance they could expect. Sir Edmund Andros sent the sheriff to demand it of him. Winslow refused to surrender the paper, and was clapped

into jail for bringing traitorous and seditious pieces of news into the country.

The news of William's proclamation, and the treatment of the bearer of the news, aroused the blood of New England to a higher fever. For two weeks there was prolonged and anxious secret debate among the leaders. The time seemed propitious to pluck their liberty out of the hands of their oppressors. Yet the matter was fraught with grave dangers. William had only newly landed. Angry as were the people of England, time only would demonstrate whether their anger would lead them into arms against their King. He was all-powerful, with an army and navy at his call. He was held in dread. The clergy had long been preaching the doctrine of passive non-resistance to the Monarch. If Orange failed, all those who cast their lot with him would go down in a ruin that would be greater, more terrible, than that which had followed in Monmouth's wake.

It was Thursday, April 18, 1689. Hubert Stevens had come from Salem to prepare for the season's work, and was stopping at the Blue Anchor. He was aroused in the morning by a stirring in the street. He went out, half-dressed, feeling an agitation in the air. Men stood about in groups, talking excitedly under their voices.

"Men are arming in the North End," said one.

"They are preparing to move against Andros in the South End," observed a second. "The governor has taken refuge in Fort Hill."

"Little good it will do him, if the citizens hold together," commented Hubert.

"Captain George, of the *Rose* frigate, was taken by a body of patriots when he was ashore this morning, and is under guard."

"This is lecture-day in First Church. The town will be full of men from the country. Now is the time."

THE TRAIN-BANDS SIGNING LEISLER'S DECLARATION

Hubert hastened back to his room, donned his clothes, and came forth on the street as quickly as he could. Drums were beating through the town. An ensign was set afloat on the beacon. Presently Captain Hill marched a company up King Street, escorting Bradstreet, Danforth, and others of the old magistrates to the council chamber. Randolph, the trouble-maker, Justices Bullivant and Foxcroft, and many more of the governor's partisans were put in jail. The jail-keeper himself was thrown in among them. His functions were assumed by Scates, a bricklayer. The rebellion was of a popular nature.

About noon, the gentlemen who had been conferring together appeared in the eastern gallery of the Town House, and read to the assembled people a declaration; a document which was to have a successor in years to come that would change the face of civilization and move man forward into a new age. The declaration recited the many sins of Andros, and concluded with a resolution to "seize upon the persons of those few ill men which have been (next to our sins) the grand authors of our miseries," expressing the fear that the province would else be surrendered by the present governor to an enemy. The declaration contained phrases of praise and expressions of loyalty to the prince of Orange.

Andros sent the son of Chief Justice Dudley to the ministers and some prominent citizens, requesting a conference with them at the fort. The invitation was declined. Meanwhile, the streets filled with companies of troops, and across the water at Charlestown bodies of men mustered from the countryside, having seen the beacon and heard tales of the events in Boston. A summons was sent demanding of Andros the surrender of the fort, threatening to assault it unless he complied.

The lieutenant commanding the *Rose*, hearing the news,

flew his pennants, opened his ports, and thrust out his guns ready for a fight. He sent a boat ashore to fetch off the governor. The crew was seized, and the boat held. John Nelson, who had borne the summons to the governor and captured the boat, now surrounded the fort with his men, and brought cannon to bear upon it. The soldiers within were daunted. The governor sent a message to the directors of affairs at the Town House. The reply to the message

CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS, IN 1743 (*From an old print*)

decided him to leave the fort and pass before the patriots assembled.

Andros was conducted, under guard, to the house of Mr. Usher. Others of his party were sent to the gaol to be presided over by Scates, the bricklayer. By a threat that he would be turned over to the mercies of the people whom he had misruled for two years and a half, Andros was prevailed upon to order the surrender of the castle. All the guns of the castle and the fort now being brought to bear on the frigate *Rose*, Captain George pleaded that he might be spared surrendering her, as that would forfeit the wages of his crew. He accepted the conditions that her topmasts should be struck and brought ashore, along with her sails.

Andros himself was transferred to the fort. He nearly effected his escape on the first night of his incarceration. Dressed in women's clothes, he passed two sentries, when a third was struck by the appearance of the shoes worn by the supposed woman. Their soles were thick. Their size was over-large. He stopped the masquerader, and discovered Andros. Dudley, who had lately had the impudence to tell the people of New England that the only liberty left them was that of not being sold for slaves, against whom feeling ran high, was absent on circuit in Long Island at the commencement of the movement against the government. On his return he was confined under guard at his home in Roxbury.

The first phase of the rebellion had come to a successful issue. The tyrant was in durance, and his government broken. But in its place there was nothing. A committee of safety was organized, but it held authority at no hands. The people had neither chosen its members nor the King appointed them. Bradstreet, now eighty-seven years old, was elected president. Wait Winthrop was placed in charge of the militia. A convention was called. The convention decided that the governor and magistrates who had held office when the charter was revoked should continue in their respective offices.

This had scarcely been done, when a ship came to Boston with an order to proclaim King William and Queen Mary. Three days later, amid great ceremony and pageantry, the thing was done. The happiness of the people of New England knew no bounds. They were to have a Protestant King and Queen in place of those who had fled. They were to have their rights and liberties restored. Ten days later Sir William Phips arrived from England with word that the temper of William III was propitious. He was followed by an order from the Crown, deposing Andros

and authorizing the former officers of government to take temporary charge.

It was from such scenes as this that Hubert was fresh when he sailed into the harbor of New York, and discovered his impulsive brother engaged in a home-made amateur rebellion at that place. It was his close observation of the mental annoyance involved in such political paroxysms

NEW YORK FERRY HOUSE IN 1746 (*From an old wood engraving*)

that made him incline toward some other form of activity for his brother, and prevail upon him to go along in the *Matilda*.

It was not many days before they both rejoiced in the change that had come over his plans. Leisler, less in intelligence and influence than those at the head of the Massachusetts affair, and not sustained by the long traditions of a united people, did not achieve the success of his prototype. His committee of safety was not sure of its own safety.

When Charles and Hubert arrived at Albany, they found the place frankly rebellious against the rebel. The

citizens of Albany chose that they should be the saviors of that community to William and Anne, and so declared in convention assembled. They looked upon Leisler as an upstart, and their social inferior. Peter Schuyler, mayor of Albany, was the leader of the rebellion within a rebellion.

The air was even then so full of threats that a body of armed men was on the way from New York to invest Albany.

It was now October. Hubert, desiring to be absent from the arena of difficulties that did not concern him, decided to return at once and winter in Boston. Charles, loving mild adventure, was to remain at Albany, and quietly gather together furs for a voyage in the spring, to whatever point to which it might then seem advisable to transport furs.

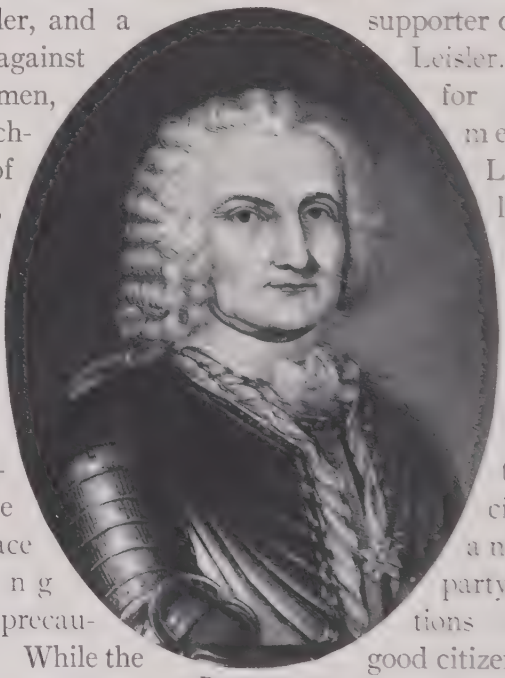
It was under this understanding that the brothers parted again at the wharf on the Hudson River, at Albany, on the last day in October, 1689.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FRENCH GIVE A PARTY

CHARLES, learning that a force under Jacob Milbourne was on the way to compel the submission of the assembly to Leisler's rule, left Albany for Schenectady, a settlement and fort fifteen miles northwest on the Mohawk River. He was now as lukewarm in the matter of the rebellion as he had been hot.

He made the journey thither in company with John S. Glen, chief magistrate of the town. Glen was an adherent of Schuyler, and a supporter of the convention against Leisler. His fellow-townsmen, for the most part Dutchmen, were partisans of Leisler. Glen, learning of the approach of Milbourne, hastened to Schenectady from the convention, to prevent any concerted action between the citizens of that place and the invading party.



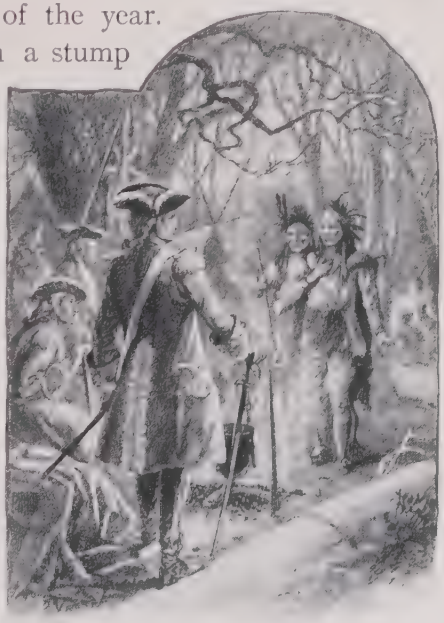
BIENVILLE

His precautions were unnecessary. While the good citizens of Schenectady, over their pipes and schnapps, grunted their heavy approval of the course of the militia

captain, they carried on a fireside campaign only, and did not lend a hand. Glen, perceiving that there was no danger, hastened back to Albany to be present in the crisis there.

The crisis was high comedy. Milbourne, with a small rabble, arrived in front of the capital, and saw the fort filled with men. He therefore resorted to oratory, obtaining permission to harangue the citizens in the assembly-room. The citizens shook their heads, and he shook his fists. Leaving the platform, he mustered his army of a handful of men, and marched with fixed bayonets in the general direction of the fort. Schuyler, who commanded the garrison, had difficulty in preventing the soldiers and Indian allies from firing on the advancing host. When Milbourne felt that he had come near enough for moral effect, he turned about and marched back to New York, in the pleasantest time of the year.

Charles was sitting on a stump without the gate of the oblong enclosure which was Schenectady, talking with a French *coureur du bois*, when Glen returned from this scene. He was surprised when he saw that the magistrate was accompanied by a man and a woman. He was more than surprised when he saw that the two were Hugo Melville, and Beatrice, his daughter. The young man ran forth to meet



SCHUYLER AND THE SCOUTS

them. There was a glad welcome between them, and brief explanations as the party walked toward the gate. Father and daughter had come there to hide for a space.

As they approached the gate, Glen's face lighted up, observing the courier who still sat on the stump.

"Ah, Monsieur Dautray!" he exclaimed, "you are early here!"

The Frenchman arose, with a shrug of his shoulders and spread palms.

"It was desire to look once more upon your countenance that brought me here out of time," he replied, with a smile that showed gleaming teeth between his heavy whiskers and mustachios. He was a handsome man, with bright eyes, expressive, mobile features, and a massive back that lost its bulky look when he stood; for he had great height.

Glen grinned pleasantly.

"'T is not my countenance you come so far to look upon, I warrant you, Monsieur de Leon," he observed, in a bantering tone; whereat the other laughed and shrugged his shoulders again. "Do you stay long?"

"I go in two days, monsieur. If you permit me, I will visit you before I go?"

"By all means, Dautray. . . . . He is a bold French *voyageur* and fur trader," Glen explained to his companions as they journeyed toward his house, which stood across the river from the stockade, on a hill, half a mile distant. "He loves a girl in the town, and comes frequently to see her, though how he chances to be here in the fall, when he should be setting out on his trappings, I know not. He is a bold fellow, at the least, to come among the Iroquois as he does. Already he has been once at the point of death at their hands. I had great labor in persuading them to spare him."

They spent the first night at Glen's house. Barbara

THE GLEN-SANDERS HOUSE, SCHENECTADY

continued to live with the magistrate's family, it being impossible to find room for her and her father in any house in Schenectady, and Glen being unable to accommodate more than one guest. Charles and Melville found shelter in the block-house at the east end of the enclosure, where were eight Connecticut militiamen, under Lieutenant Talmage. In this manner they settled down to pass the winter; Charles happy in the novelty of the life, the other two happy in a feeling of security from their danger.

There was little chance that Thorne or his evil agent, Slurk, would come so far, either by chance or intention. Schenectady was the outpost of the colony of New York, practically in the heart of the untamed wilderness. Beyond lay interminable forests reaching past the Great Lakes. Indians roamed these in primitive wildness. French trappers traversed the untracked gloom of the woods, bringing their furs to Albany at intervals. A few Englishmen, hardy, rough, reckless, engaged in the same dangerous and romantic business.

If Albany was the bearing-point of the friction between the two colonial empires of France and England, Schenectady was the pivot. In the very air there was the electricity of tension and pressure. From the beginning of things there was inevitable and necessary conflict between the two civilizations. Whenever they came into contact, sparks flew. It was in the nature of things that this should be so. Their basic principles differed so fundamentally and widely that it was impossible that they should ever lie reconciled, side by side.

This irrepressible conflict between the two mother countries was not only for the possession of North America, it might properly be called a "Seventy Years War" between Absolutism and Individualism,— between that system of government with supreme power exercised by a ruler un-

restrained by any constitution or laws, as was Louis XIV with his famous assertion, "I am the State," and the spirit of liberty which produced communities that governed themselves in town meetings.

Of course such a conflict could have only one ending, but it is interesting to trace to its source one of the powerful influences which resulted in the final domination of North America by the Anglo Saxon. Three generations before a little skirmish took place on the banks of Lake George between Champlain and a small band of Mohawks. Not more than a dozen Indians were killed, but it kindled a flame of deadly hostility between the French in Canada and the powerful tribe of the Iroquois. Following this incident and while Champlain was on his way homeward, the Half Moon sailing slowly up the Hudson, her English captain by friendly intercourse with this same tribe winning for England the friendship of the deadliest foe that the Frenchman was destined to encounter in North America.

WILLIAM III, PRINCE OF ORANGE

British America, in spite of the Mother Country's efforts.

to repress her, was in her several provinces a country for the people, governed by the people. That was the irresistible tendency that ultimately found expression in the Revolution and the United States of America.

New France was a territory to be exploited for the profit of its King and the glory of God. The administration of its affairs was always directly in line with these compelling ideas. France was to spread herself over the vast country at the expense of the country, for the good of France. No hardship was wrought upon any one by this system, for all the immigrants in Canada were mere instruments and agents of the government for such purposes. They were on the side of the oppressors, and none was oppressed because there was nothing to be oppressed save posterity. With these fundamental points in antagonism, nothing could avert the conflict which smoldered through a century, breaking out at last into the war known as the French and Indian War, which settled forever the problem of empire over seas, and fixed the destiny of America as a political power in the world's history.

At this time there was a man at the head of affairs at Quebec who did more to mold the policy of the province and promote her interests toward successful issue, than any other who had ever been there, or who ever came afterward. This man was Comte Louis de Baude de Frontenac, French soldier, scholar, courtier, and, in the better sense, adventurer. It is whispered that he came to America, teeming as it was with dangers of man and wild beast, a barren wilderness offering nothing but hardships, to escape the vigorous temper of his wife. Twice he was sent out by Louis XIV. From 1672 to 1682 he ruled the province with a firm hand. Recalled in 1682 through intrigues of his enemies, who were many, he was sent out again in 1689 in times of great stress, and was energetically restoring

the colony to such health as it could expect in its body politic.

Frontenac was full of faults. He was domineering, arbitrary, intolerant of opposition, irascible, vehement in prejudice, often wayward, perverse, and jealous; a persecutor of those who crossed him, yet capable of fits of moderation and a magnanimous lenity; gifted with a rare charm — not always exerted — to win the attachment of men; versed in books, polished in courts and salons; without fear, incapable of repose, keen and broad of sight, clear in judgment, prompt in decision, fruitful in resources, unshaken when others despaired; a sure breeder of storms in times of peace, but in time of calamity and danger a tower of strength. His early career in America was beset with ire and enmity; but admiration and gratitude hailed him at its close; for it was he who saved the colony and led it triumphantly up from a threatened abyss of ruin.

At the time he arrived, the Iroquois Indians, the five tribes of New York, had been stirred up. They alone of all the American Indians with whom the French came in contact still adhered to the English. De Barre, who had followed Frontenac's first governorship, had moved to attack them seven years before. Since his time, Denonville, his successor, had kept up bitter strife with the Indians. He enticed a tribe to Fort Frontenac, seized them and sent the men to France as slaves. He marched against the principal town of the Senecas, who burned it before him.

In retaliation, the Indians stole upon the settlement at La Chine, seven miles from Montreal, and massacred the French there. For two months they prowled about the French settlements on the Saint Lawrence, which had been the hunting grounds of their fathers since the time of Cartier and Champlain, killing and destroying. It was this warfare in which Dongan, governor of New York, took a part

more active than was consistent with the friendship existing between his Monarch and Louis of France.

But a greater enemy than the Indians was to be feared. England and France were again at war. James Louis, who received the fugitive in his palace of Saint Germain, declared him still to be rightful King of England. William, on the other hand, who had spent most of his life resisting the imperial ambitions of Louis, was eager to swing the aid of England into a coalition that might crush the power of France forever. Germany, Austria, Holland, and England now united against the French Monarch. War was declared by England in 1689, shortly after Frontenac reached Quebec.

Statue of Frontenac by Hébert

Knowing that Canada could be overrun and overwhelmed by the English colonists, should they start in unified motion, he determined upon the expedient of striking the

first blow, in the hopes that the moral effect of it would save his province from invasion. Three war parties were organized along the Saint Lawrence in the fall and early winter of 1689. One, consisting of 160 French and ninety Indians, under D'Aillebout de Mantet and Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène, Le Moyne d'Iberville and Le Moyne de Bienville, was to move along Lake Saint Sacrament, afterward called Champlain, and attack Albany. A second under François Hertel de Rouville, of twenty-four French and twenty-five Indians, was to move against the settlers on the Piscataqua, starting from Three Rivers. The third, leaving Quebec with fifty French and sixty Indians under Captain Portneuf, a Canadian, and Lieutenant Courtmanche, was to strike a blow against Fort Royal on Casco Bay, and the other settlements there.

It was midwinter when the expeditions set out. Those whose objective was Schenectady traveled on snowshoes down Lake Saint Sacrament on the ice. It was bitter cold. The snow was piled in huge drifts. They reached a point where the paths diverged, one going to Albany and the other to Schenectady. The Indians of the party had demurred against attempting to attack Albany. The men were worn by hunger and nearly perishing with cold. Without a word the leader turned down the path leading toward Schenectady.

The January thaw set in before they came near Schenectady. The march was horrible. They waded knee-deep through slushy, melted snow mingled with ice, mud, and water which froze on their legs whenever they stopped. It was nine days before they reached a point two leagues above the settlement. The men were half dead with cold, fatigue, and hunger. The weather had changed again. A biting storm whirled the snow down the valley of the Mohawk. It was the afternoon of February 8, 1690. They found a wigwam containing four Mohawk squaws, whom they took prisoners. The party crowded about the fire to warm their hands, numb

with the cold. At 4 o'clock they set out for the stockade. The captured squaws showed them a way across the river. It was 11 o'clock when they looked at last through the trees and beheld the houses in the settlement, plastered with the spinning snow that drove against the log walls.

All was quiet within the stockade. None were abroad in the bitter cold. There was no guard. The community, torn with dissensions over the Leisler affair, paid no heed to external dangers. The soldiers in the block-house, whom Glen had repeatedly warned of danger from the Indians since the beginning of hostilities in Europe, only laughed, glad of a chance to discredit their political antagonists. In derision, they placed a statue of snow in each gate, at the opposite ends of the enclosure, to do the duty of sentinels. Even the gates were left open, so great was their stubborn sense of security.

Melville had been taken into the household of Glen. Charles was still in the garrison in the block-house, at the eastern end of the enclosure. There had been holiday early in the evening; but now all was dark and still, save for the whistling of the wind, and the crackling of the frozen trees. Those within kept no guard without, preferring to risk the chance of a surprise rather than court death in the storm.

The plan originally was to make the attack at 2 o'clock in the morning, but the condition of the men was such that it was imperative to strike at once, else they all would perish. They were desperate, frantic with cold and hardship. Almost they would have surrendered to the enemy they came to annihilate, for the sake of sharing the warmth that lay behind those snow-draped walls.

But there was another way to come into the warmth. They would first put it to the test. There was soft talking in the howling storm. The talk ceased. A swarm of black shadows, ominous, stealthy, silent, crept to the open gate

and looked in upon the snow man that stood between the sleeping settlers and eternity. At the gate the party divided. Sainte-Hélène at the head of one file, Mantet at the head of the other. They stole in, and wound each around opposite

THE ATTACK ON SCHENECTADY (*From a drawing*)

sides of the enclosure, leaving men as they went, and continuing until they met at the farther gate. The houses were surrounded.

A shouting in the deathly stillness of midnight. A wild, shrilling, curdling chorus of warwhoops! Axes beating sharply upon oaken doors! Axes beating dully on the skulls of men and women, staggering from bed sodden with sleep, numb with fear! Screams of women who watched their babes being dashed against the stones of the hearth, or felt the keen knife sink into their flesh! Groans of strong men stricken down to gory death! Wails of children aroused from sleep crying for the mother who lay sweltering beside the bed, a great, red, raw, dripping blotch where her soft tresses had been the night before, when she rocked the child to

sleep! The massacre was on! War was brought home to the subjects of William of Orange, King of England.

Charles heard the first yelps of the Indians. They came into his dreams. He awoke, wondering how it happened that Jane came to make such a noise; for he dreamed of Jane. The tumult of horror was brought into his ears when one of the soldiers opened the door to see what went forward. He leapt to his feet. The blanket which he had wrapped about himself when he lay down caught his knees and threw him to the floor. He struggled to rise. The blanket twisted and writhed like a live thing as he clutched at it frantically. He got upon his feet. He was stamping it away from his legs. He was almost clear of it when the air was shattered into a million tingling fragments, leaving a black and empty void into which he sank, softly, with a great inexplicable joy rising about him.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BLOW IN THE NIGHT

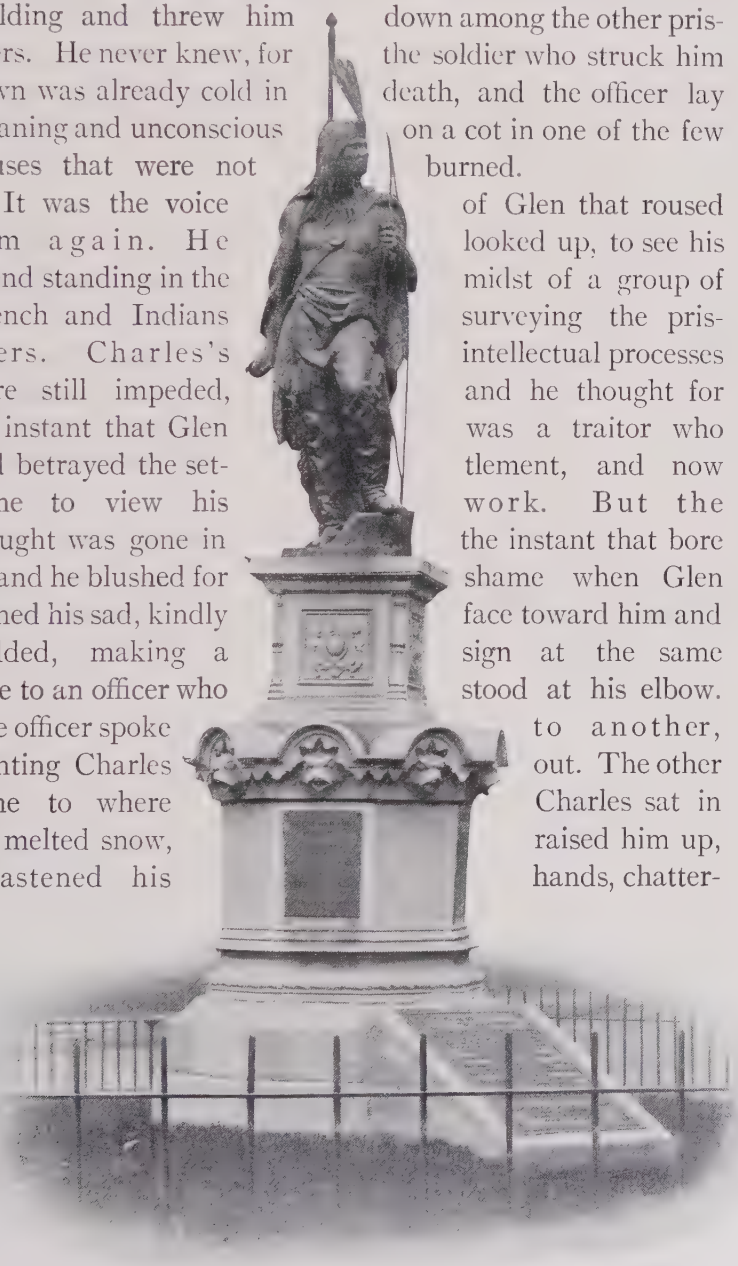
SLOWLY, imperceptibly, Charles slid back into consciousness. By degrees he became aware that his head was numb and throbbing, that his hands ached, that his limbs tingled, that he was cold, lame, stiff, miserable. He tried to raise his hands to his head. They were tied. He opened his eyes. Snow blew into the lids and drove them shut. His feet were so cold that they had lost all sensation. He felt a warm breath against his cheek. He drew away from it with a horrible, half-delirious fancy that some one came to eat him. The warmth grew. He opened his eyes again. A red glare burst upon his sight. All about within the stockade the houses were burning.

A number of men and women stood about him, their hands tied at their backs. French soldiers stalked around the group, guns cocked, bayonets set. They were without the stockade, close by a gate. The warmth from the burning houses revived him. He struggled into a sitting posture, the better to look about him. Inside the gate he saw scattered bodies, scalped. Through the red glare of the fires ran painted savages, skipping and dancing in mad, excited joy, brandishing knives, flaunting scalps, rushing from the burning houses with loot. His heart turned sick, and he lay back again in the snow, wondering vaguely how he came there.

He never knew that the blow that laid him low was from the musket of one of the soldiers within the block-house, who, aroused suddenly, saw him trampling on something and struck him down in the frenzy of fear and excitement

that possessed him, believing him to be an Indian. He never knew that when the block-house was stormed, a French officer, finding him still alive, bore him out of the building and threw him down among the other prisoners. He never knew, for the soldier who struck him down was already cold in death, and the officer lay moaning and unconscious on a cot in one of the few houses that were not burned.

It was the voice of Glen that roused him again. He looked up, to see his friend standing in the midst of a group of French and Indians surveying the prisoners. Charles's intellectual processes were still impeded, and he thought for an instant that Glen was a traitor who had betrayed the settlement, and now came to view his work. But the thought was gone in the instant that bore it; and he blushed for shame when Glen turned his sad, kindly face toward him and nodded, making a sign at the same time to an officer who stood at his elbow. The officer spoke to another, pointing Charles out. The other came to where Charles sat in the melted snow, raised him up, unfastened his hands, chatter-



THE INDIAN MONUMENT, SCHENECTADY

ing French the while in a kind voice, and led him at last to Glen.

The act of moving cleared away the mists in Charles's brain, and the evident sympathy of one so lately an enemy restored his shattered courage; besides it became immediately evident that Glen possessed some sort of authority.

"Is there one whom you would save?" asked Glen in Dutch, of which Charles had acquired passable knowledge.

"What mean you?"

"If there is one among the prisoners, or two, whom you have any reason to cherish above the others, speak the name; but make no sign. I have the privilege from these French to pick out my kinsfolk."

Charles, confused still, understood enough of the situation to blunder out the name of the young woman whom Dautray loved, and whom he chanced to descry, sobbing and disconsolate, at the back of the group of prisoners.

Glen signaled her as one of those he would save.

On the Mohawk River

"Is he cousin to all the people of the town?" grumbled an Indian who stood near.

Glen paid no heed to the remark; but desisted from discovering more cousins in the group of prisoners. Charles went with the others to Glen's house, where he found the Melvilles and learned this story. The French and Indians came to the house in the morning. Glen, with his attendants and tenants in the house, which was loopholed and blockaded, was ready to give them warm reception. They made signs to him that they desired a parley, which he cautiously gave them. They had instructions from Canada not to harm him or his family, and to permit him to rescue all of his kinsfolk from the massacre. This because he had frequently saved the lives of French traders from the Iroquois, with whom he had strong influence.

At noon the marauders left. Schenectady was in ashes, save some houses that Glen had begged of them. Sixty persons were killed, of whom ten were children and twelve women. Twenty-seven were conveyed as prisoners to Canada. About sixty old men, and some women and children, were left unharmed to placate the Mohawks. Reinforcements arrived from Albany after the war party had left. They reported that many who had fled through the night had perished on the way.

The thoughts of Charles now turned toward home. The cry for his own people made itself heard. For more than two years he had smothered it with more or less success; but he was not one who could bear malice indefinitely. He was the more ready to return to Salem because of anxiety for Jane and her mother. The gossip Hubert had told him had grown to assume fantastic proportions.

He could not prevail upon the Melvilles to undertake the journey in the winter, and he was not willing himself to wait until spring. He left them in the middle of February,

with many a kind farewell, and a half-promise on their part that they would come on to Salem in the spring on the *Matilda*, which was expected at Albany. At that moment it did not seem to Charles to be of much consequence if Hubert would fail to find a single pelt at the end of his voyage.

Charles traveled as far as the Connecticut River with a messenger who bore a plea from Schuyler to the assembly in Connecticut, asking for help. Thence he made his way, not without great hardships and some risk, to Boston, and so to Salem, arriving there early in April.

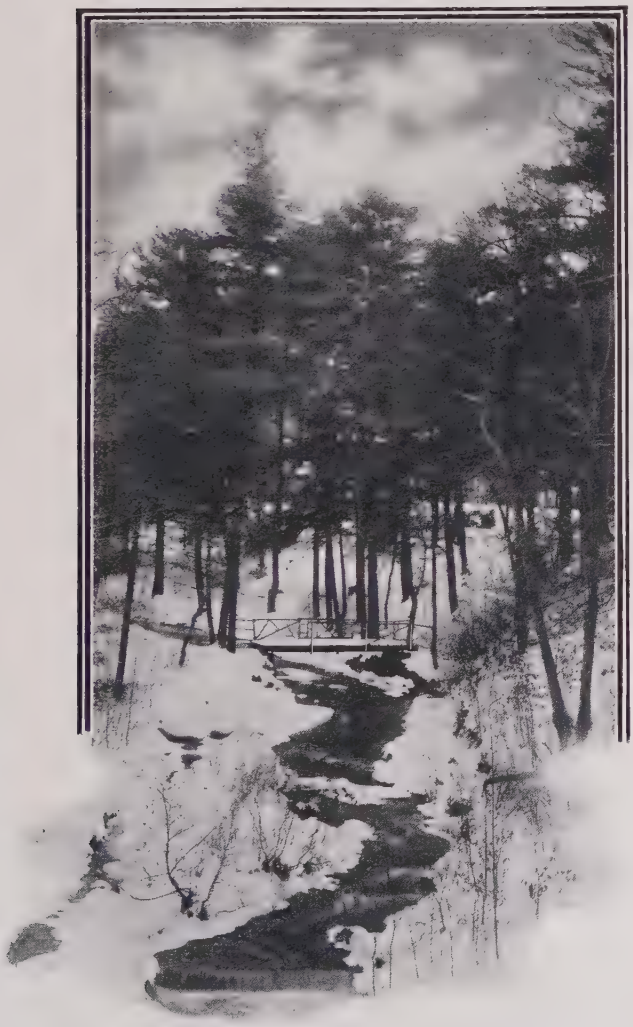
His heart leapt when he came to the top of the hill whence he had had the last view of Salem two years and more before, on the dismal morning when he went forth to seek his fortune. It came over him abruptly that he had then given himself two years in which to gather together the riches of the world and return for Jane. He felt a little heavy under the recollection. Here he was, trudging back through the mire and water of many miles, without the coach of which he had seen many visions, without money, without position, power, or prospects, a fugitive from Indians, a turncoat rebel, a disastrous failure!

He searched the view for a sight of her cottage, thinking perhaps he might catch a glimpse of it through the trees when they were not in leaf. But although he could distinguish the chimney of his father's tavern, and other familiar buildings, he did not find the humble little roof he looked for. He turned out of the highway to pass through the strip of woods where he and Jane were wont to gather flowers in the spring, where they had wandered that afternoon after school when they first mutely told their love, and he had played the trick on Louder and Fry which promised to bring such evil consequences.

He paused to look around before he entered the wood,

lest some one should see him and laugh at him for his sentiment. Once out of sight, his pulse quickened at the familiar sights in the woods. He remembered each tree and stump, each low-sweeping branch, each grape-vine twisting up the boles of the trees, and swinging through the air in graceful loops. He paused, as he went, to search for the early flowers, poking about beneath last year's leaves for violets to take to her.

He found several, and was admiring their timorous petals of blue, his tender thoughts mingling with their slight perfume, when he heard the sound of an approach. He concealed the flowers hastily and assumed an innocent look, as though he had been on the threshold of being detected in heinous crime. It was a gentle foot that pressed the soft mold. It was a slow foot, too. He watched in the direction whence the sound came for a long time before he saw any one. At last he caught sight of



INDIAN TRAIL BETWEEN ALBANY AND SCHENECTADY

THE MABIE HOUSE, THE OLDEST IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY

a dress between the boles of two elm trees. In an instant a girl appeared in sight; a beautiful girl, with blue eyes and soft, golden hair that sprung from beneath the bonnet she wore as sunlight springs through the clouds in the evening. He looked again. It was Jane!

She had not seen him. Her head she had bowed down, from the moment when she had glanced up to seek out her direction and he had caught sight of her face. She was coming near him in the course she took. He waited with trembling knees and pounding heart. She came quite close, and yet did not see him. He feared he should frighten her. He rustled some leaves, broke a twig with his heel, and whistled softly one of the old tunes. She looked up swiftly, like a deer that is startled.

"I have been finding violets for you, Jane," he said, holding them out to her, a smile on his face that was filled with the joy of all violets, and eternal spring and singing birds, and life, and love.

She came to him wide-eyed, with arms outstretched, without a word, and sank into his embrace, sobbing, weeping, laughing, whispering. He kissed her as he had kissed her before in that same wood, save that this time his lips passed her cheek and sought her lips. Then did they two know that all the anxiety, all the sorrow, all the disappointment, fear, danger, hardships, heartache of the years that had intervened were as nought, and that forever after they should be as nought compared to this great thing that had arisen between them.

She had been through much trouble. Waitstill Sparhawke, now the schoolmaster and a respected member of the community, was besieging her to marry him. There were whisperings still against her mother, which Wait said he could silence if admitted to the family. Parris was her violent enemy, for reasons she was unable to surmise. The witchcraft hallucination had grown in the town. There was strong talk of it, and Parris was fostering the delusion with sermons. There was a feeling that he was using it as an instrument of punishment against those who had opposed his selection as minister at Salem. Her mother was well, but distressed in mind and unhappy. Charles stopped to encourage her, though she was already inspirited at sight of him.

His father received him kindly enough, but without enthusiasm. He had taken another wife, and already was becoming diverted from his older children by one of the least possible age, which had arrived only the week before Charles. His brothers and sisters, according to temperament, held him in awe, or contempt, or hero-worship, all of which were equally disappointing to one whose soul hungered for demonstrated love. Hubert had gone a month before, taking Benjamin with him. Charles regretted that he had not arrived in time to save him a futile voyage.

Salem was in a state of tremendous excitement. The Andros affair was scarcely out of their mouths when the war came on; and close upon war followed news of French expeditions against the outlying settlements. They had already heard of the massacre at Schenectady, though Charles was able to supply them with a fund of detail that went far toward restoring him entirely in the good opinion of the citizens, and changed completely his father's attitude toward him. He had become a source of profit to the Black Horse; an advertisement, a drawing card.

Charles learned for the first time the details of the sporadic warfare that had been going on among the Abenaki Indians in Maine for two years before the recent attacks on the settlers. The trouble was a lingering anger that had endured from King Philip's War, which had ravaged New England a dozen years before. The Abenakis had never been reconciled to the peace that was then made.

Their smoldering hatred of the English was fanned by the belief that the whites were the enemies of God, which was a part of the faith which they had learned from French missionaries. The spark that set the flame was applied by Denonville, then governor of Canada.

The first alarm came in 1688. It was this alarm that caused the magistrates of Boston to send soldiers into Maine, which move displeased Andros. Becoming alarmed himself, Andros went into Maine in the winter, garrisoning the forts that he found there, and strengthening Fort Pemaquid. The soldiers were withdrawn, in large part, early in the spring by the committee of safety, which took charge of the government when Andros was deposed. It was a fatal mistake. They had no sooner left than trouble began.

The first blow fell at Dover. Two squaws came in the evening and begged lodging of Major Waldron, eighty

Pemaquid Harbor, and Ancient Settlement

years old. He traded with the Indians. He was in the habit of buying skins by weight, placing his hand in the scale of the balance to weigh a pound against the skins. It was well to accommodate their squaws. In the night the women arose and opened the gates, admitting the savages. They bound the aged soldier in a chair, after a terrible fight. After long torture, in which they cut off the hand that he used in his trades, and cast it in the scales before his eyes to see if it weighed the pound that he claimed for it, they killed him with his own sword. It weighed more.

The chief event of the war was the capture of Fort Pemaquid, occupied by thirty soldiers under Lieutenant Weems. The Indians, by a sudden rush, got possession of a number of houses behind the fort, from which they kept up a close fire. The next day Weems surrendered, on condition that there should be no massacre, and that himself and certain others should go free. The pledge of the savages was kept, with the exception of the butchery of a few as they left the gate of the fort.

The war ran swiftly through Maine and New Hampshire after the taking of Pemaquid, sixteen fortified houses falling into the hands of the savages. A hasty levy of troops was made in Massachusetts and Plymouth, and sent against the Indians, who were defeated in a long, scattering fight on Casco Bay; after which the soldiers withdrew, fancying they had secured the country against further depredations.

But the security was fancied. It was only the next spring when Hertel de Rouville with his band of French and Indians descended upon Salmon Falls, surprising and taking a fortified house and two stockaded houses, or forts, and devastating the surrounding farm-houses. Thirty were killed and fifty-four taken to Canada as pris-

oners. Hertel, in his retreat, was overtaken by a body of English, whom he beat at a bridge crossing a swollen river.

Arriving at an Abenaki village on the Kennebec, he learned that the third expedition which had set out from Canada had lately passed on its way to the settlements. Hertel hastened to join them. The force, by the constant accession of Indians, was increased to between 400 and 500 men when it camped, late in May, near Fort Loyal, situated on a little hill which now lies at the foot of India Street in the city of Portland, Maine.

Captain Sylvanus Davis was in charge of the men, who numbered about a hundred, scattered about in near-by houses. Around lay rough and broken fields stretching to the edge of the forest, half a mile distant. The alarm was given by the Indians themselves, who fell upon a Scotchman, yelping their scalp-song. Lieutenant Thaddeus Clark, ignoring the authority of Davis, set out with thirty men to find the Indians. Four of the thirty, desperately wounded, managed to get back alive to the fort.

The forces were joined together in the fort. In the morning the French, after burning the houses, set to work to dig trenches up to the palisades. In three days they had progressed so far that they were able to place a machine, carrying a tar barrel and other combustibles, against the wooden wall, when they demanded a surrender. Davis, learning that his assailants were not all Indians, agreed to surrender on condition that they should be given good quarter, and be permitted to go under guard to the next English town.

This the French agreed to, and the garrison, together with the women and children, marched out. They were immediately abandoned by the French to the Indians, who butchered some with torture, and carried others captive to Canada. Davis, expostulating against such treach-

ery, was told that he and his followers were rebels against their true King, James II, then a fugitive in the court of Louis, and had no rights that obliged respect.

The news of this disaster came to Salem when Charles Stevens had been home for more than a month. Before the receipt of the news, a project was on foot to make a combined attack against Montreal. The idea originated with the Iroquois. In May a congress of delegates from the New England governments and New York met in the city of New York to perfect arrangements. Colonial militia, to the number of about 1500 men, were to rendezvous at Albany, and proceed up Lake Champlain against Montreal. There was much jealous quarreling among the delegates, but it was finally agreed that Fitz-John Winthrop of Connecticut should have charge of the band. Massachusetts and the other seaboard colonies were invited to attack Quebec by sea at the same time.

Massachusetts was at first not in the mood. Her treasury, like the treasury of every other colony, was depleted from the expenses of King Philip's War. She was also engaged on another enterprise which was of more immediate consequence to herself. Her commerce had suffered during the winter from French cruisers that found convenient refuge in Port Royal, on the Bay of Fundy, in Acadia. The colony brought together seven vessels, 288 sailors, and 500 militiamen, and sent them, under command of Sir William Phips, to reduce the French fort

Historic House in Schenectady

This expedition returned on May 31, covered with glory and plunder, from a completely successful venture. News of its achievements had preceded it, obedient to a fixed policy of the commander. When he returned, he found Boston alive with martial spirit. The people, stirred by his prowess, were bent on taking Quebec single-handed and alone. The preparations were already under way. A number of vessels had been impressed, and volunteers had been enrolled for the military force that was to accompany the expedition. Phips was at once chosen commander, and the activities of preparation redoubled.

The colony sent to England asking for arms and ammunition. The request was refused. The home government did not give the province so much as encouragement. Nevertheless, the people had determined upon the capture of Quebec, which would be a highly profitable venture in a financial way, as well as one resulting in honor and security. They did not believe that God would let them fail thus to smite the Catholics, and went about it very bravely.

They needed more men than the volunteers who had offered, or the first levies afforded. It was necessary to impress some to complement the force. Charles would have gone at once had it not have been for Jane, who feared to have him leave her and her mother again. She had exacted from him a promise that he would stay at home. He resisted her only far enough to lull his conscience. For the rest, he was glad enough to remain quietly at Salem, strolling through the woods or along the seashore with Jane in the evenings, spending many hours by her side.

It was July. Preparations were all but completed. It only remained to gather together a few more soldiers. The recruiting officers were in Salem. Charles, seeing them in the streets as he walked with Jane, told her teas-

ingly that he had decided to go. She took it playfully, and they made themselves happy over it during the rest of the evening. Only when Charles left her at the door to go home did she grow serious and make him promise once again that he would not leave her. Even then, in a spirit of mischief, he refused to tell her that he would not go to war. When she pressed him closely for an answer, he stopped her with his kisses, and left her with a laugh.

He was crossing the field to the tavern, a little stricken in conscience lest he might have caused her some uneasiness. He was on the point of turning to make her mind free, but dismissed the idea as foolish. To-morrow would do. She could not take it much in earnest. The night was dark. There was no moon. The black clouds of an approaching storm shut away the slight illumination of the stars. A heavy shadow from some of the outbuildings fell across his path. Charles, of keen sensibilities and quick feeling, feared the dark; but the very qualities that made him fear it made him brave to ignore the fear. He walked into the shadow with a mad desire to scream and take to his heels, but with an even breath and a slow step.

A blinding flash of red throughout the sky! A ringing of ten thousand strident bells; the roaring of a mighty sea! The crown of his head went numb; the bones of his neck struck together; he fell senseless within a stone's throw of his home, with Jane's kisses still warm on his lips, struck down with a bludgeon.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SELF-MADE MAN

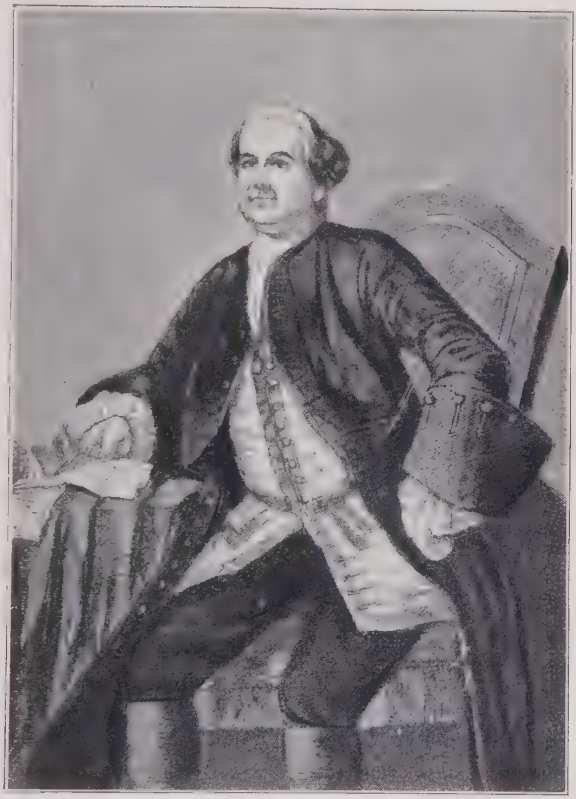
WHEN Charles revived, he felt the swing of the sea beneath him, and knew that he was in a boat. His head was interlaced with vibrant pangs. He was nauseated. Outlined against the pale grey of the sky was the figure of a man bending over him.

"Ecod, Philander, you hit him an uncommon crack on the sconce," he heard the man say to one whom he could not see. "Truly, it will serve him in good stead when he comes to be a soldier. Ha! He opens his eyes! Here, my man, take this."

A bottle was put to his lips. A spout of fiery raw brandy filled his mouth and throat, gagging him. He gulped it down. The myriad pains in his head quickened. He lapsed again into unconsciousness, and soon developed a fever. They brought him to Boston, delirious, and placed him in a tent, where they cared for him in rough, soldierly fashion. For three weeks he knew nothing of himself. At last the fever abated, leaving him weak and confused. He realized by degrees that he was in camp at Boston, impressed into service in the expedition against Quebec. In a week he was able to be carried aboard ship. He could get no word to Jane meanwhile. The thought of her anxiety, the fear that she would think he had gone willingly, disobedient to her wish and his promise, distracted him. But there was no hope for him. As he grew stronger he nerved his courage, compelling himself to become reconciled to his fate as a duty to her and to himself.

The fleet sailed from Narraganset on August 9. The

ship on which he had been taken was the one that carried Sir William Phips, commander of the expedition. The departure was delayed by waiting for the return of the ship that had gone to England in the spring asking for help. At last, fearing to lose more time because of the advanced season, Phips set off without word from the home government. The fleet consisted of thirty-two trading-vessels which had been pressed into service. The largest was the ship *Six Friends*, of the West India trade, carrying forty-four guns.



Sir William Phips (*From Windsor's "America"*)

Sir William Phips, the commander, was the prototype of the American self-made man. He was born at Woolwich, a rude settlement on the Kennebec, in 1650. One of twenty-six children, in his youth he herded sheep. His ambition reached for high things, however, and he learned the trade of ship-building, removing to Boston, where he further advanced his fortunes by marrying a widow with some prop-

erty, and a social standing higher than his own. He promised her that one day they should have a "fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston," at that time a fashionable residence district.

For several years he met with nothing but reverses. In the hope of acquiring fame and fortune at once, he conceived the idea of fishing the treasure from a Spanish galleon, wrecked fifty years before in the West Indian seas. Going to England, he prevailed upon the Admiralty to furnish him with a vessel for this purpose. He there met with many adventures which served to develop his resources and prove his mettle. His crew mutinying and demanding that he turn pirate, he laid about him with his fists, and beat them into submission. A second mutiny was likewise quelled.

He returned without the treasure, but with information that encouraged him in the belief that he would be more fortunate another time. He brought the duke of Albemarle to the same opinion. The duke, with other noblemen and gentlemen, gave him a second ship. This time he succeeded, recovering gold, silver, and jewels to the amount of $1,500,000. Having got the treasure aboard, his crew conspired to take it from him and divide it among themselves. He prevented them from doing so only by promising that they should have a share, even if it had to come out of his own spoil. He was true to his promise. When he had discharged it, only $80,000 remained to him. But that was a fortune in those days; and his financial disappointment was more than compensated by his being raised to knighthood, an honor that was dearer to his heart than the possession of the fair brick house which he purchased in the Green Lane of Boston upon his return.

He returned from England at the time when William and Mary had just ascended the throne. Before he returned, he was effective in high circles in bringing royal favor upon

LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC (*From an old print*)

the rebellion against Andros. In this work he assisted Increase Mather, who had gone to England to plead the cause of the colony. The romantic story of his adventures, the important work accomplished by him at court, and the psychological moment of his arrival at Boston brought him fortunately before the public. When the expedition against Port Royal was planned, he was chosen to command it.

Phips, like the self-made men of all time, rose through his aggressive egotism and self-reliance, augmented by good luck. He had little more than his energy for capital. He was not of a high intellect. He had little tact, no finesse, no statesmanship. His education was faulty to a degree, he being scarcely able to read or to write his name. His signature was that of a peasant. He was a man of physical action rather than mental. He was rude, bold, bluff, prompt, choleric. He broke through the stiff punctilious formality of the nobles who helped him to rise with a blunt frankness of address that appealed to their human nature.

The affair at Port Royal did him little credit. The garrison at that point made no resistance. He displayed a scandalous rapacity which was not consistent with his acknowledged integrity in his personal affairs. He seemed to consider that the conditions of war released him from the practices of common honesty. It is alleged that he robbed Meneval, the French commander, of money he had had given into his hands for safe keeping. He looted the citizens who refused to take the oath of allegiance to William, profaned the churches, and carried off the commander and some of the priests.

The expedition against Quebec first showed his limitations. He proved himself incapable of rising above the adverse circumstances that intervened to thwart his plans. The fleet made a long voyage to the mouth of the Saint Lawrence. News of their approach was brought to Quebec.

Frontenac gathered together the forces he could command, and strengthened the fortifications. Reaching a point three days' sail below Quebec, he spent three weeks in idle councils of war. Phips had made prisoners of Madame Lelande and Madame Joliet, the mother-in-law and wife respectively of Joliet, the explorer, who told him that the fortifications were out of repair, the guns dismounted, and only 200 sol-

PHIPS'S NECK: THE SITE OF SIR WILLIAM PHIPS'S BIRTHPLACE

diers present to make a defense. In spite of this information, and the need for prompt action owing to the lateness of the season, he wasted much precious time.

The fleet at length proceeded to the basin below Quebec, finding the shores alive all the way with Canadians and Indians who prevented any landing on Canadian soil. Passing from behind the Isle of Orleans, one of the grandest scenes on the western continent opened before the eyes of the invaders: the wide expanse of waters, the lofty promontory behind, and the opposing heights of Levi; the cataract of Montmorenci, the distant range of the Laurentian Mountains, the warlike rock with its diadem of walls and towers, the roofs of

the Lower Town clustering on the strand beneath, the Château Saint Louis perched on the brink of the cliff, and over it all the white banner, spangled with the fleur de-lis, flaunting defiance in the clear autumnal air.

At 10 o'clock a boat bearing a flag of truce put out from the admiral's ship. An officer brought a message from Phips, demanding the surrender of the fortress and city, in the name of King William.

"Tell your general I do not recognize King William," he said. Continuing in courteous and elegant speech, he leveled bitter sarcasm upon Phips for his conduct at Port Royal. The subaltern bearing the summons asked for a written answer.

"No," returned Frontenac, "I will answer your general only by the mouth of my cannon, that he may learn that a man like me is not to be summoned in this fashion. Let him do his best, and I will do mine."

The messenger was blindfolded and surrounded constantly with a hubbub when on his errand, to impress him with the strength and activity of the defense. He was several times permitted to see about him. Each time that the blindfold was removed, he saw files of soldiers, not knowing that they were the same files that he had seen before, drawn up again for his second inspection. Phips, receiving the haughty reply of Frontenac, was at a loss what to do. He was not afraid, but his egotism had deserted him, and he felt that he was not equal to the task. He called another council of war. Many plans were debated, among them the landing of troops above the city, in the cove where Wolfe landed seventy years later, to take the city in the rear.

"Too far! Too far!" ejaculated Phips, pacing up and down the cabin with his arms folded and a scowl on his brows. "What? Place a force there without support and expose it to annihilation? It is a wild scheme!"

It was; and it took a wild, bold, desperate spirit such as Wolfe's to accomplish it. At last, late in the afternoon, it was agreed that Major John Walley, second in command, should land at Montmorenci, cross the Saint Charles at a ford of which French prisoners told them, scale the heights of Sainte Geneviève and attack in the rear, while Phips moved his ships close to the town to divert the defense with a bombardment and an attack on the barricades that blocked the way from Lower Town to Upper Town. But even as the plan was formulating, the opportunity of putting it into effect passed away. They heard the sound of beating drums and shrilling fifes from the town. Phips rushed on deck, his eyes rolling and his hands clenched.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed Granville, a French prisoner, "you have lost the game. It is the governor of Montreal with the people from the country above. There is nothing for you now but to pack and go home."

The next day was stormy, and Phips made no move. At eleven o'clock on the following morning Major Walley with 1300 men landed at Montmorenci. Charles, recovered in body, was of the number. The French came to meet them, firing upon the compact body of troops from the thickets that lined the bank. The New England troops charged, driving the enemy. There was desultory fighting among the trees and shrubs. In the evening, having cleared the ground, the English advanced and posted along the Saint Charles, where they were to be met by boats with supplies and ammunition. A deserter came into camp with the news that there were 3000 armed men now in Quebec.

Meanwhile, Phips, growing impatient at last, made a premature movement with his fleet, and engaged the forts with his heavier ships before the time was ripe. During the afternoon, when Walley was coming to his position, there was a furious artillery duel, which resulted in no damage to the

fort and considerable discomfort for the ships. In the morning the bombardment was renewed; but the boats which were to sustain Walley failed to come. The individual commanders, impressed on the expedition, had no relish for exposing their vessels, and withheld.

Deserted by his support, marooned on a hostile shore with a force of trained and desperate fighters confronting him, Walley and the raw troops in his command were in an uncomfortable predicament. The commander returned to the flagship to explain the situation and take counsel.

MONTREAL (*From a drawing*)

When he was gone, the troops, fired by zeal, made an advance along the banks of the Saint Charles. There was random fighting throughout the day.

All night they lay on their arms, anxious and sleepless. The day dawned grey and sick. A dismal rain obscured the wild country in which they were drawn up. Walley ordered three companies, among them the one in which Charles served, to beat up the bushes and drive out the Canadians. Through the cold, raw morning, through the dull noontide, until the afternoon, with the rain beating into their faces and chilling their hands, the New England recruits advanced, without discipline, without definite knowledge of what was expected of them, into the thickets which sheltered death.

The formation of the surface, the thick brush, the scattering fire of the enemy, broke up their ranks. Scrambling through the jungle, peering into the grey mist for

enemies, stopping to fire at moving bushes or fleeting figures, Charles rushed forward. He was sick at heart. A gnawing loneliness came over him. He was not a coward in body or mind, but the hopelessness of it broke his sensitive spirit, already bent by the tragedy of his coming there and heavy thoughts of the helpless girl he had left in Salem. His tears streamed down his cheeks, mingling with the rain; yet he pressed forward with a courage that is greater than the bravery of him who feels not danger or depression and knows no dread.

He looked about him for his friends. Some at a distance gathered into a group behind a clump of bushes and fired frantically across his path. In front of him there burst out a rattling fire. Soft splotches of smoke leapt into the air above the thicket a dozen paces away, to melt in the mist. He turned thither and fired through the branches that obscured his target. Reloading with feverish haste, peering into the tangle ahead of him, he saw the feathered head of an Indian, saw the dull gleam of a rifle-barrel through the grey gloom, looked into the muzzle of a musket, watched a swift puff of smoke, and sank to the ground beneath a sharp sting that pierced his shoulder.

He was glad. He had done what he could. The end had come. The suspense was over. Jane, — well, in the end, God was good, and Jane would not suffer. He lay passive and serene. The men from Massachusetts swept past him. He could see them in the rain surging in front of a stone house where the French and Canadians and Indians had made a stand. Unconscious of pain, oblivious to the desperation of his situation, he propped himself against a rough stone and watched the fight, as he might have watched a play, or a painting. He watched until his friends withdrew, two hours later. He was far from their path. If he had been near them, he would not

have thought to call out. Even as they went, their lines began to dance in his eyes so fantastically that he smiled.

His head was turned toward them and away from the thicket from which his wound had come, when he heard steps on the shardy ground. Without interest in the pro-

Site of Old Fort Oswego

ceedings, he turned back again, faintly curious to see who it was that came. An Indian, closely followed by a Frenchman, was within twenty feet of him. The Indian raised his gun to fire. Charles smiled at him, wondering vaguely where the bullet would strike, and whether it would give

him time for sensation. The companion that followed the savage, looking over his shoulder, beat down his gun, and stepped ahead, running toward the wounded man. Charles, seeing him, looked again. There was something familiar about him. In an instant, he knew that it was Dautray, his friend of Schenectady, whose sweetheart he had saved from the Indians.

"*Bon jour, monsieur,*" he said, smiling brightly and attempting to nod his head. The attempt was ludicrous, and he laughed aloud at his failure; for his head rolled disobediently upon his breast for a moment before he could hold it upright.

"*Mon Dieu, est ce toi?*" cried Dautray. "What evil fortune brings you hither?"

"'T is never an evil fortune that brings me to thee, Monsieur Dautray," answered Charles, in the bantering tone of politeness with which the two had been wont to address each other.

Dautray sharply commanded the Indian, who a moment before would have done murder, to help him. They bore Charles by easy stages to the ford, where there was other aid to convey him to the city.

Charles, whose health had never recovered entirely from the blow on the head dealt him by the press-gang, sank again into a low, lingering fever, aggravated by his mental condition. He was nursed back to health gradually by the nuns of the Ursuline Convent. Phips, withdrawing from the attack, loitered for a week in the river below before he set sail for Boston, under an exchange of prisoners. Charles could not be moved, and was left at Quebec. It was well for Quebec that the self-made man departed when he did; for famine already began to pinch the defenders. Their number had been so greatly increased for the defense that there was no provisions for them. At

Quebec, the church of Our Lady of Victory was built in Lower Town in commemoration of the event.

When Charles recovered fully it was midwinter. Dautray was gone on his fur hunting. Charles, as a prisoner of war, was confined in the fort. It was impossible for him to get word to Salem. His mental anxiety was intense. He despaired for Jane, and fretted himself into low dispirit during the long period that he waited for release. Dautray did not return in the spring, as he was wont, and as he had left word for Charles that he would do. It was near autumn, in the year 1691, before the *voyageur* put in an appearance.

He came at last with a story of adventure with the Iroquois. They had plundered him of his furs and taken him prisoner the year before. He had only just escaped them now, through a fortunate circumstance which put it in his way to save the life of the chief's daughter. The gratitude of the Indian was as certain as his vengeance. He had been released by his captors after his refusal to marry the chief's daughter and become one of their number. He showed a token which had been given him, with which he could conjure help from any member of the Five Tribes, but his narrow escape had turned his thoughts toward the simple life. He was resolved to go to Albany to get his sweetheart, and then to journey to South Carolina, where his family lived, Huguenot refugees.

Dautray, because of his loyal services years before to La Salle, when that explorer was on his trip down the Mississippi, had some favor in the eyes of Frontenac. He resolved now to put it to the test in an effort to free Charles, having learned the part his English friend had taken in rescuing the sweetheart at Schenectady. Accordingly, he sought audience with the governor, and appeared before him with Charles to plead the cause.

Frontenac listened to him, his fiery, restless eyes passing

swiftly from one to the other, his fingers beating a tattoo on the arms of his chair.

"Thou lovest this heretic, then, Dautray?" he asked, briskly, before the speaker had reached his peroration.

"If it pleases thee, monsieur, I love no heretic," responded the petitioner, meeting the gaze of the governor boldly. "This my friend is a man first, and a heretic afterward. Who knows but that Dautray may still cure that?"

"Thou sayest it well, Dautray, and I owe thee full as much as thou asketh; for certainly thou didst prove true to the Sieur de la Salle, God rest his soul in peace! Thou mayest have thy wish; but the fellow must swear never to take arms against the French again."

"I swore not to this time, *monsieur le gouverneur*," interposed Charles, whose spirits had risen to highest pitch during the interview, and whose long restraint now burst forth in a desire to be merry. "In very

Church of our Lady of Victory

truth, they drove me to it with a blow on the head. For my part, I had as lief fight an angel or the devil, as a Frenchman!"

He said it all in jocular vein. Frontenac, glancing swiftly at him, was amused at his spirit.

"Had I known that thou wert a fellow of such jest, I should have had thee much about me; for the time comes frequently when these lying, tricking knaves make me hungry for mirth."

With a gracious wave of his hand, and a smile on his face, the governor dismissed them from the audience, giving orders that Charles should be freed and provided with passports. In a week, they started on their journey, taking canoes to Montreal. Thence they were to proceed up the Saint Lawrence to Lake Ontario, stop at Fort Frontenac, cross to the south side of the lake, strike into the chain of lakes emptying into Lake Ontario at the present site of Oswego, follow them to the portage into the Mohawk, and so down to Schenectady and Albany. It was a circuitous route, but Dautray chose it for two reasons: he had affairs to conclude at Frontenac, and there were fears that an expedition against Montreal would be encountered in the Lake Champlain route.

Embarked at last, Charles lived again. As they were borne by the tide gently past the heights above Quebec, past the towering cliffs overhung with vines and shrubs, past the rich green slopes on the opposite shore, past fields of wheat and little villages that huddled down to the water, his spirits rose. The beauty of the scene, the delights of the motion of their craft through the smooth waters, the hopes that loomed high ahead of him, thoughts of Jane filled his heart and he burst forth into whistling. Dautray, sitting in the bow, said no word, for his heart, too, was full.

CHAPTER XIX

SIEUR DE LA SALLE

THEY made an easy journey the first day. Charles, unused to work with the paddle, grew tired early. They camped where a little point thrust its shoulder into the current. When they had eaten, they sat on the grass bank in silence, watching the stars sparkle through the long twilight, each filled with his own thoughts. Below them, the ripples of the river rustled among the flags that grew in its margin. The gentle breeze awoke whispers in the forest trees above their heads. A thousand insects in the fields behind made soft noises, filling the stillness with a flood of sound that left it more silent than silence. Far off, in the flanking woods, an owl hooted, and a fox howled. Charles breathed deep the brisk, cool air of late summer, sighed, and was happier than he had been since the night he had last seen Jane.

JEAN BAPTISTE COLBERT

Dautray was the first to speak.

"*Ma foi*, then, is he dead?" he said, softly to himself, knocking the ashes from his pipe and placing it in the leather pouch hung about his neck. "Well, then, he is dead; and God rest his soul in peace."

"What you say leaves much to be desired by the listener," observed Charles, quizically. "Your remark would apply truthfully to a number of people. Who is it that chances to be dead now?"

Dautray started from his own thoughts at the sound of Charles's voice, annoyed at his levity.

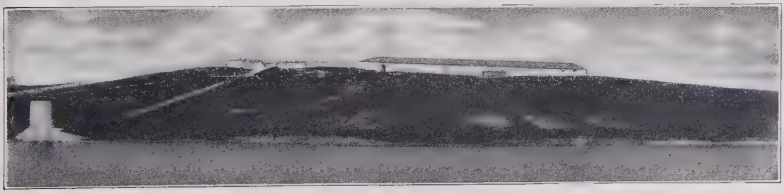
"*Mon Dieu*, but you are saucy, as they say in English," he ejaculated. "But it is Monsieur Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, who is dead, slain by the craven hand of one who should have loved him. It is well for that one that he went also to death, else I should have followed him till death would have been his best friend."

"Is he dead, then? How came that about?"

"They thought him a madman, these shallow pates," continued Dautray, bitterly, ignoring the direct inquiry of his companion. "*Ciel!* but he was too much like God himself for them to know what manner of man he was! I tell you his soul was so great that they could not know the fringe of it. 'T was as though they gazed upon the sea from its edge, and said that the waters that they saw came never to other lands. What could they know of him, miserable, twisted dwarfs?"

Dautray, leaping to his feet, paced the sod impatiently. Charles, desiring greatly to hear more of this man whose history was so clouded in fantastic tales, said nothing. He had his reward.

"It was on such a night as this I saw him first," continued the voyageur, sitting on the grass again and drawing out his



Fort Frontenac

pipe. "Shall I ever forget? It was at Fort Frontenac. I had lately come from France, where I had — but it is of no consequence what I had done. I was a fool, that is all. He was then dreaming of the great project. Beyond him in unknown dangers, was a great river that flowed — somewhither. Joliet had seen it. Joliet, the great explorer, had passed up Lake Michigan, across to a river that ran into the father of all rivers, and far down the stream. Père Marquette, brave, generous, godly, brother of the Society of Jesus, was with him, and had died beloved among the savages he had found along the lake, on a little river that flowed into it from the eastward.

"Now he, the giant of them all, the great soul, would go forth and build up an empire along its mighty waters, from the lakes to the sea, for the glory of God and King Louis. He had been to see the King. Colbert was his friend, the wonderful Colbert, the minister with eyes a hundred years into the future, nay, a thousand years! He had a grant to all the country there. He had money from those with much faith. He would go forth to build his empire.

"*Ciel!* if they had known the man that he was! But how could they know, they of little souls? They thought him proud, bold, haughty, cold, reserved, a tyrant! He stood alone in his greatness! He was too big for their compass; they were too small for him to grasp. There was no way he could come at them. He longed to be fellow with them who proved his enemies, but the gulf between them was too wide, too deep, to be spanned. His haughtiness was but the sensitiveness of his spirits: his dignity was but shyness, not knowing how to think as they thought, to feel as they felt. Do I not know? Have I not followed behind him when he broke a path through snow waist-deep, with all his world tumbled about his ears, knowing nothing of fatigue, knowing nothing

La Salle's House on the Lower Lachine Road

of how to fail, borne forward by his purpose where others would have sunk down to miserable death.

"But I go too fast. He was of the best of the French. He came to America to have room for his great soul. He had a mighty fort, which you shall see, at the outlet of Lake Ontario. Here he conducted a business in furs. He had the best of the trade, being nearest the country where furs were taken. For his profit, think you? But no! For means to build his empire! He made a journey down the Ohio River, learning that it emptied into the big river. That was — *ma foi*, but that was twenty years ago! That was before the fort was built. The fort was built four years later, by Frontenac, and given to La Salle. Then it was that all the little men of Canada, save those who sought to profit by him, turned against him. They did not know! They thought that all he sought was what they fought over — wealth. They thought that he wished only to reap the profit of his vast plan in the Mississippi Valley. They did not know that it was because he was made to rule, to command, that he desired the vast empire for himself, and for his King. They turned against him, and strove to undo his plans. Even his brother, Abbé Jean Cavelier, priest at Saint Sulpice, meddled in the big affair and did much harm. What think you? Some of them tried to poison him, putting hemlock and verdigris in his salad!

"For two years he stayed at Frontenac. Then he visited France again. On his return he had money and royal approval for his great project. And he had with him another soul, great enough to know his own. It was Henri de Tonty, an Italian driven to Paris by his enemies. He was a man of one heart, and that was La Salle's. He had lost an arm, which was replaced by a hand of iron, with which he used to smite the savages when they threatened. They thought him a medicine-man, and well they might. Then it was when

I saw him, for the first time, after his return. Heaven, but he was handsome! Tall, strong as the sea, with great eyes that saw visions! From the first I loved him. I had tried all in France, and had come here to find new things. I begged to go with him. He nodded his head. I went.

"He built a great ship at the foot of Lake Erie, out of logs taken from the forest and hewed into planks. With bent back, I helped, singing in my love for the man. He called it the *Griffin*, which was borne in the arms of Frontenac. Frontenac ever cherished him and helped him. We sailed. A great storm arose. Saint Anthony answered our prayers and saved us. We reached Michilimackinac, which bristled with anger against the man. He heeded it not. Loading the ship with furs, he sent it back for more things needful on our voyage, with orders that it meet us at the head of Lake Michigan.

Old Block-House at Mackinac

Never again was that ship seen of man. That was the eighteenth of September, 1679.

"We went in canoes along the western margin of the lake, pulling our craft through the breakers to shore every evening, sleeping in our wet clothes with the cold wind searching out our marrow. We passed the bottom of the lake, and so on to the east shore, where we entered a small stream, the Saint Joseph. Here the great man paused to build Fort Saint Joseph of logs hewn from the forest.

"But I go too fast. In the beginning, La Salle had sent out traders with trinkets to gather furs for him. They robbed him, purchasing furs for themselves. Tonty he sent with twenty men to take the furs from such as could be found. Tonty was to return to us here. He did not come. For twenty days we waited. It was late in November when he came, without all of his men. The *Griffin* should have been back, but we could not wait longer. We set out in our canoes to ascend the river, which was already flaked about its weedy edges with films of glassy ice.

"We passed many miles up the river, looking for the portage into the Kankakee. We had a Mohegan hunter. He would have seen it, but he was hunting along the banks. La Salle went alone to find the path. He was lost all night, sleeping on a bed of dried grass in a snow-storm which came. On the second morning we shouldered our canoes. It was five miles to the headwaters of the Illinois. We walked through a desolate plain, half-covered with snow, strewn with the skulls and bones of buffalo. All around were clumps of alder bushes. The ground was soft and oozy. A man following La Salle raised his gun to shoot him, becoming weary of the venture. I struck him down and would have killed him had not my leader forbade me. At last we came to a lazy, black stream, and placed our canoes in it. It was the Kankakee, which we sought.

"We paddled through boundless prairie, barely lifting itself above the weedy banks of the stream. We floated through a voiceless solitude of dreary oak barrens. In the distance was the light by night of Indian fires. We lived on deer and a buffalo which we found mired by the river's edge. We ran between ranges of woody hills, with boundless prairie behind them. We came to stately woods. We floated beneath a high cliff. Each night we camped ashore, making our fires on ground hardened by frost, and sleeping out in the cold air. It was the work of men! It was a great soul that held the cravens to it!

"It was New Year's Day, in 1680, when we came to an Indian village of one hundred and sixty huts, built of poles and rushes, with arched tops. The Indians had gone on the winter hunt. We took such corn as we wanted, thinking to pay for it later. Father Hennepin, a Recollect friar we had with us, made a speech. *Mon Dieu*, we were as happy reaching that deserted village as we should have been reaching France! We went on, ever toward the great stream, ever toward the mighty project. We came to the Indians of the Illinois. La Salle, when they threatened, held the fear of the Iroquois over them, telling them that he would save their tribes from their dreaded enemies if they proved our friends, promising them his protection of France. But in the night his enemies came, tracking him in their hate even to this wilderness, to tell the Indians that he sought to betray them to the Iroquois. One Indian told him of the secret visit; and in the morning he held another council, and proved to them his honesty, about a great feast.

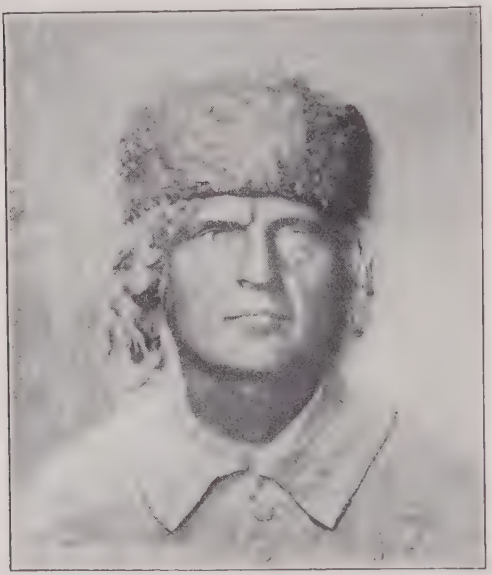
"Then it was that some of the cravens deserted him. They did not know what manner of man he was, in their warped, shriveled souls, and left him. They were an evil, roistering, lawless lot, whom he despised, for they were not men. Yet was he patient, having his eyes on the

future and knowing his need of them. A half-league below the village we built a fort, Fort Crèvecœur; for his heart was broken by the loss of the *Griffin*, which was then certified by her failure to come back. She had on board much that was needful to the enterprise. It was necessary to return to Fort Frontenac. He left Tonty, the brave, the true, and started afoot many a mile, a thousand miles, to the fort. He sent Hennepin in a canoe to ascend the Mississippi.

"I went with La Salle; I, and the Indian, and two others. It was the third of March. The ice blocked our canoes. We hid them, and struck out afoot, La Salle in the lead, breaking a path for us through the deep snow. Shall I ever forget it? His broad back arched, his legs like the legs of a war-horse, his eyes ever on the grand project of empire. The sun grew warm at noon. We walked through prairies of mud and melted snow. The nights were cold. Our clothing froze stiff about our limbs.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT SAINT ANTHONY'S FALLS

It was more than small souls could stand. We gave out, one by one, delaying him. It was needful that we build a canoe. But how? There was no birch-bark. What think you? He built a fire, heated water, threw it on the elm-trees, and peeled the bark, little by little, as the hot-water softened it, so that he could build a canoe. I alone of the small souls was strong now. We launched our canoe, our hospital ship, on Lake Erie at the last, and so to Niagara. There I too failed him; but this man of more than flesh and blood went forward. It was near two months since we left the banks of the Illinois. What think you he learned there? That a ship bearing merchandise to him from France, and men to go with him, had been wrecked.



Louis Joliet

"He had no money. He had no goods. He had no friends, save a few. His agents had plundered him. Those who lent him money had taken his property. Yet in a week from the time he reached Montreal he was started again, with supplies and new men. At Fort Frontenac they told him that those whom he had left on the Illinois had deserted Tonty, burning that fort and the other at Saint Joseph, seized his furs at Michilimackinac, plundered the magazine at Niagara, and were now advancing down

Lake Ontario, intending to kill La Salle to escape his punishment. It should have broken his heart; but he turned his face to the West, met the marauders, arrested a number, placed them in the fort, and went on. I had come, meanwhile, to Fort Frontenac, and was again with him.

"I will not tire you. We reached Lake Michigan, and crossed as we had crossed before. It was now summer, in 1680. When we came to the Indian village near which the fort had been, there was a horrible sight. The Iroquois, those barbarous, wild savages, had been there. There were no corpses. The Illinois had escaped. But the other savages had despoiled the graves, taking the bodies down and scattering them to the winds, bone by bone; dried shred of flesh and hard strand of sinew, all, everything, cast about beneath the staring sky. And nowhere was Tonty!

"Now should not La Salle's great heart have broken? Now should not he have cast himself down to die with a groan? Nay! Leaving men behind to bear word for Tonty, should he come, he pressed on down the stream. By the grace of God, I was with him. We came at last to the mighty flood of yellow water rolling awfully between its distant banks. *Ciel!* but I was afeared of it. He turned back, and we made weary way to Fort Miami, on the eastern side of Lake Michigan. But that was a weary way! It was winter again, and we passed on foot over a plain where was no tree or shrub. Nothing but the naked earth, and the wind blew down upon it out of a naked sky. We slept beneath it at night, well-nigh naked ourselves.

"Lying there in that fort, ruined in purse, beset by triumphant enemies, he planned anew the grand project. He would ally all the Indian tribes of the valley and the Great Lakes in defense against the Iroquois; build his empire about them; rule, protect, and trade with them for their

good and his. There were councils with the Indian chiefs, and they warmed to this great soul.

"When the ice cleared, we returned again to Frontenac, going by way of Michilimackinac. There we found Tonty. He had escaped the ravaging Iroquois, and fled up the west bank of Lake Michigan to the Pottawotamies, on Green Bay, he and his men living on onions, or things dug from the frozen ground. He had seen Father Hennepin, who had been up the great waters as far as a fall, which he named the Falls of Saint Anthony. The reverend father had fallen into the hands of the Sioux Indians and been held prisoner, enduring many things and surviving much danger and hardship.

"Once more he was in Montreal, beginning again. This time we passed up the Humber River, through the Georgian Bay, and so into Lake Huron. It was October ere we reached there — October, 1681, nearly ten years ago. Well, we were a wild party; Indians, French villains and

Starved Rock, on the Illinois River

cutthroats, a priest, a surgeon, adventurers; all of small souls but Tonty. We stopped at the head of Lake Michigan, at a place which was much better for a portage than any we had seen. The Indians called it Chegago. Then, in triumph, we dragged our canoes many miles over frozen rivers, till we came to open water.

"We floated down the grand stream to the Gulf, passing many strange tribes of Indians, who loved our leader. *Mon Dieu!* but it is a wonder, that river! So broad that you could not shoot with your musket from one bank to the other. So deep that the greatest ship would float in it. Ah, but it would have been a great empire."

Dautray ceased speaking. The evening had worn into night. The moon, slightly past the full, was low in the eastern sky. There were the noises of silence, making the solitude more solitary. Dautray breathed heavily, and turned to his companion.

"Do you sleep, Englishman?" he asked, knocking the ashes out of his cold pipe.

"Sleep," ejaculated Charles. "Think you I could sleep through such a tale? Come, tell me more. Say you the man is dead?"

"Ay; the man is dead! He returned to France, ascending the river as he had gone. There he was fitted out by royal favor with four ships in which he was to sail to the mouth of the river, there to build a fort against the Spanish, to hold both ends of his realm in his hand, and make a more convenient road from old France to his new France. But his enemies defeated him. Beaujeu, commander of the squadron, would not obey. Inflamed by envy, Beaujeu breathed nothing but bitter, inveterate hostility, at a time when it could breed nothing but evil. He missed the mouth of the river, landing far beyond it in a barren land.

I have heard the tale from one who was with him. There was mutiny among his followers. One of the vessels was taken by Spanish buccaneers. Another was missed in a fog. A third ran aground where they landed. The fourth was sent to France, leaving the expedition ashore, on the beach of Matagorda. There were a hundred soldiers, a Canadian family, and some women, huddled together in a fort constructed of the fragments of their shipwrecked vessel. They fell into evil times. La Salle went often to find the Mississippi River, wandering many leagues. His men were angered against him. At last, when he had but a few friends who remained loyal, conspirators lay in wait for him and shot him. Assassinated and left on the prairie, naked and without burial, to be devoured by wild beasts! *Mon Dieu!* That I had been there then! Out of the party left on shore, only four survived. They made their way to Fort Frontenac, up the river; and one of them I saw as he lay dying from the exposure of the trip."

"But what of the empire?"

"The empire is for little souls to build."

"Nay, never fear for the empire, Dautray; for, mark my word, the empire will be built up by my English brethren!"

Dautray made no answer, being lost in reflections. Charles turned in his blankets, and presently knew no more, save that he dreamed all night of going to the great river with Jane, and founding the empire himself.

CHAPTER XX

A RACE WITH DEATH

MANY days they traveled through the cool days of late summer. Charles was gay and merry. The sense that all the labor he was undergoing was for Jane's sake, the marvel of the great, wild country through which they passed, the adventure of it all revived his spirits. He observed with keen interest the French settlements along the banks of the Saint Lawrence, the trace of the Catholic missions, so different from the religion that he had known, and felt that it must be a grand thing to be a part of a religious organization that was so strong and united, of such deep significance to its votaries.

They stopped briefly at Montreal. Dautray showed him where the river ran in from the west which La Salle had taken in his last trip, coming out in Lake Huron through the great bay that was a lake in itself. He saw the high stone walls of Fort Frontenac. Almost he expected to see the great figure of La Salle tramping the parapets. They crossed the foot of Lake Ontario in a boisterous breeze. He would have feared for the life of their frail canoe had he not had experience of the skill of his companion. The waters seethed and muttered about them, the spray wet them to the skin, the craft tossed on the tops of the wave dizzily; but Dautray, a song on his lips, alert, cool, made light of the turmoil.

"Call you this bad, Englishman?" he said, with eyes ever across the waters in search of threatening seas. "*Ciel!* but you should have seen it the day we left Michilimackinac on the first voyage. *Sacrebleu*, but I thought our man of God, Père Hennepin, would have drowned! He had with

him a great hulk of a carpenter, who knew no more of a paddle than I of a bodkin."

From the lake their journey lay up rivers, through lesser lakes, over portages, and down the Mohawk. It was a land of marvelous beauty. Sloping hills, tawny from the lateness of the season, rose gently from the banks of the stream. Great oak forests covered their tops and overflowed down their sides, sometimes coming in a broad head to the water's edge. In the meadows lying between the hills herds of deer grazed on long grasses, stopping to stare as the voyagers passed silently down the stream.

Amid all the riot of wild life, there was hardly a trace of man. For days they floated down the quiet stream in an utter solitude. It was as though they two alone survived in the whole world. When they came infrequently to an Indian village their hearts bounded with the joy of seeing human beings again, so strong is the man-hunger in the race of man. Dautray's Iroquois token was indeed a charm, providing them with elaborate entertainment when they stopped, and an embarrassment of provisions when they departed from their savage friends. Yet it was necessary that they take minute precautions against being slain by strolling Indians.

"Our charm is well enough when we come to talk with these red devils of Iroquois," Dautray had observed; "but it would do us little enough good if one of the skulking villains should put a ball in our backs before he saw it. We cannot go through the woods shouting that we are friends; therefore, my beloved heretic, it is to be careful."

Once Dautray, in the bow of the canoe, arose to his feet and hallooed in the Indian tongue, his eyes fixed on a clump of brush on a hill above the stream. Charles, looking closely, saw the brush stir and caught a glimpse of an Indian slinking off through the trees.

"'T is well that I saw him," remarked the Frenchman, sitting in the bow again and plying his paddle swiftly.

They were not many days now from Schenectady. Dautray, borne up by the love that awaited him, pulled fiercely, sending the water in a seething wake behind them. Far into the evening he paddled, despite the protests of Charles, whose strength was unequal to the prolonged strain.

"Set down thy paddle, then, Englishman," Dautray would say to him, when he complained. "What do you know of paddling — and love!"

One night they continued to travel long after the sun

THE FATHER OF WATERS

had set, long after the three-day's moon had followed into the forest behind their back, long after the noises of the solitude had hushed into the silences of deep night. Charles had thrown down his paddle an hour before, fatigued and disgusted, hungry and sleepy. At last his patience could stand it no longer.

GOVERNOR SLOUGHTER SIGNING LEISLER'S DEATH WARRANT

"Heavens, Frenchman!" he cried, "will you go forever? Do you never tire?"

"*Mais, non pauvre Anglais,* I shall go but a little distance now, to a spot I know of where you may rest your gentle bones. And yet," he continued, half to himself, "and yet you talk of your brother English who are to build up the empire within. *Mon Dieu,* but they will never do it! Tell me, can your brethren steer a canoe a thousand miles through trackless wastes of water, alone, with no soul to speak with in all the way, eating nothing but roots and moldy flour, and now and then a morsel of raw flesh from some small animal killed along the bank; without fire even for the pipe, finding his way where there is no way; with a bundle of wet and bloody skins across his knees, paddling alone under the

sun and the stars, and not go mad? Talk you of empire? *Pouf!*"

Charles made no other reply than a grunt of displeasure. Dautray, paddling in silence for a space, broke out into song.

"*Tout les amants*
Changent de maitresses.
Qu'ils changent qui voudrout.
Pour moi je garde le meinne.
Le bon vin ni endort
L'amour me reveille."

His rich, sonorous voice rolled over the placid waters, and rolled back to them from the wooded hills, subdued, softened, mellifluous. Charles's displeasure passed from him under the spell.

There came another voice, not an echo: "*L'amour me reveille!*"

Dautray ceased paddling. "*Voila! Qui vive?*" he shouted.

"In the name of God, I cry your succor!" came the response, in a tone of distress, from the dark bank beneath a hill.

"What have I said?" exclaimed Dautray, turning to Charles. "Even now one of your brethren, here in this lady's stream, needs the help of a Frenchman."

He turned the nose of the canoe toward the spot whence the voice had come, Charles picking up his paddle to hasten their progress. The shell grated on the gravel. They leapt out, dragging their canoe to the ground. A groan of pain reached them from the depth of the shadows. Dautray, fumbling in his pouch, brought forth flint and tinder and struck a light, gathering some leaves and twigs. As the glowing circle widened, it included the form of a man lying on the sand. He turned his face toward them. It was Hugo Melville!

His joy at seeing Charles knew no bounds. It revived him more than the wine which Dautray gave him — the last they had. It was better for him than the hot venison steak which the Frenchman cooked, or the flour gruel.

"I should have perished, I should have perished," he repeated, hysterically, as he ate.

In the end he was so restored that he slept peacefully through the night. When he awoke in the morning he told them his story. After the massacre at Schenectady, Hubert did not come with his vessel, as he promised, and had not been there since. Beatrice remained with Glen, and he took up the business of gathering furs, in partnership with Glen. He had made much money at it, traveling far into the Great Lakes. He was then on his way out. Illness had seized him as he paddled in his canoe, and he had gone ashore to fight it. Too weak to secure his canoe on the bank, it had floated away and was lost. For days he had lain there, no one passing by. He had heard the song of Dautray, and called out in a last hope. In another day he would have perished with starvation.

It was two days before he was able to travel again. Dautray's woodcraft stood him in good stead. He made tea of herbs which strengthened the sick man. They made room for him in the bottom of their boat. As they journeyed down the stream, he told them of the events in the province since Charles was there.

"'T is well for you that you left the Leisler movement," he said. "The man and his son-in-law came to an evil end. There is a new governor, Colonel Henry Sloughter. His lieutenant, Captain Richard Ingoldsby, arrested Leisler and Milbourne in New York, and took possession of the fort. The rebels, as they were called, asked to be permitted to surrender to Sloughter, who arrived March nineteenth. It was denied them. Ingoldsby had no authority for his

THE RE-BURIAL OF LEISLER

actions, either from the King or the governor; but the royalist legislature was behind him, and Leisler capitulated. Judge Dudley, chief justice of New England, presided at the trial, found them guilty of treason, and condemned them to be hanged. Sloughter was reluctant about signing the death-warrant, desiring that they should have the benefit of an appeal to the Crown. But they plied him with drink, and he signed when he knew not what he did. On the sixteenth of May, before the governor had recovered from the stupefaction of the wine they had given him, the two were hanged!"

"Surely," observed Charles, "that Dudley is an evil man! He has betrayed his countrymen to the King more than once. It was a foolish impulse that led me into the affair. I knew nothing of the significance, yet I liked Leisler, and am grieved to learn of his fate."

"What have you English done with that expedition for which our Frontenac was preparing such a warm reception?" asked Dautray.

"It came to nought. There was jealousy and quarrel from the first. Smallpox broke out, so that the Iroquois would not take part. The colonies distrusted each other, and New York was divided by the Leisler factions. Winthrop was charged with betraying his trust as commander, and withdrew, after getting as far as Lake Champlain. Schuyler proceeded to Canada and made a local raid, killing or capturing twenty-five at La Prairie. That was all. For the rest, the governor has renewed the treaty with the Iroquois, meeting the five sachems in grand council at Albany this summer. The royalist legislature has surprised everyone by passing a resolution against arbitrary taxation, and another declaring that the people should have a share in the government."

They reached Schenectady early in October. Charles

loitered there for a month, awaiting the departure of a party from Albany that intended traveling overland to Boston. In the end their plan was changed, they going down the river to New York without his knowledge. He passed a few more days with his old friends, undecided whether to undertake the journey alone or to follow to the city. At last the lateness of the season determined him upon going below, and he set out in a canoe which Dautray gave him.

Beatrice, whom he had not seen for four years, had changed little, save that she now wore homespun and was one of a frontier household, spinning, weaving, and helping her host in the care of the house, which showed her hand in many pretty little embellishments. She seemed unhappy, though she made a valiant and successful struggle to conceal the fact from her father.

Charles hoped to be able to find a vessel at New York sailing for Boston, but failed. He learned that his brother, now in command of a larger craft, a brig, would be in New York early in the spring, and resolved to wait for him, having no means of getting to Boston in the winter. He found employment, passing the time until spring in a contentment which his volatile temperament made possible, in spite of many pangs of his conscience, which told him that he should have gone on to Jane.

He argued that since she had probably given him up for dead, a delay of a few months would not add to her distress; that in earning money he was doing her high service; and that he might be able to get a foothold in the city which would make it possible for him to bring her and her mother to this place, away from the dangers that beset them in the superstitious community in which they at present lived. It was sophistry, and he knew it; but it served in a measure as a salve for his inaction. He did not write, feeling that it would be more difficult to convince her than himself.

Spring came. He had advanced into prospects which he desired to make more secure. He permitted several opportunities for passage to go by, waiting for Hubert. When his brother came at last, it was May. Hubert brought terrible news from Salem. The fury of witchcraft had broken out. Sarah Good, Martha Corey, Rebecca Nurse, Sarah Cloyse, George Burroughs, who had

Major Ingoldsby's Attack on the Fort

been the rival candidate for the pulpit occupied by Parris, were in jail, together with a hundred others, having been cried out against as witches. George Jacobs was arrested, to be tried later, condemned, and hanged on the gallows. Samuel Parris was preaching violent sermons against witches. Tituba, his servant, half Indian, half negro, was making wild declarations and charges, and confessed to being herself a witch.

Abigail Williams, niece to Parris, Anne Putnam, and

other young girls held that they were afflicted by witches, and did unaccountable things, having convulsions and being unable to look upon the accused without becoming distressed. Waitstill Sparhawke was zealous in the crusade against the devil. There were harsh mutterings against Goody Lawrence. Jane was wretched. Waitstill had produced proof that Charles was dead, and the girl was in despair. No one dared make a stand against the accusers. No one, save a mysterious man who had chanced to come to Salem during the winter, and who had cured one of the complaining girls by stinging her with a switch. He was popularly credited with being the devil himself, so that his friendship for the accused brought them no benefits.

Hearing this, Charles bitterly reproached himself. He was so greatly distressed that Hubert, who was now master outright of his vessel, consented to take him at once to Salem to see what might be effected. Without further delay they left, making all haste to sea.

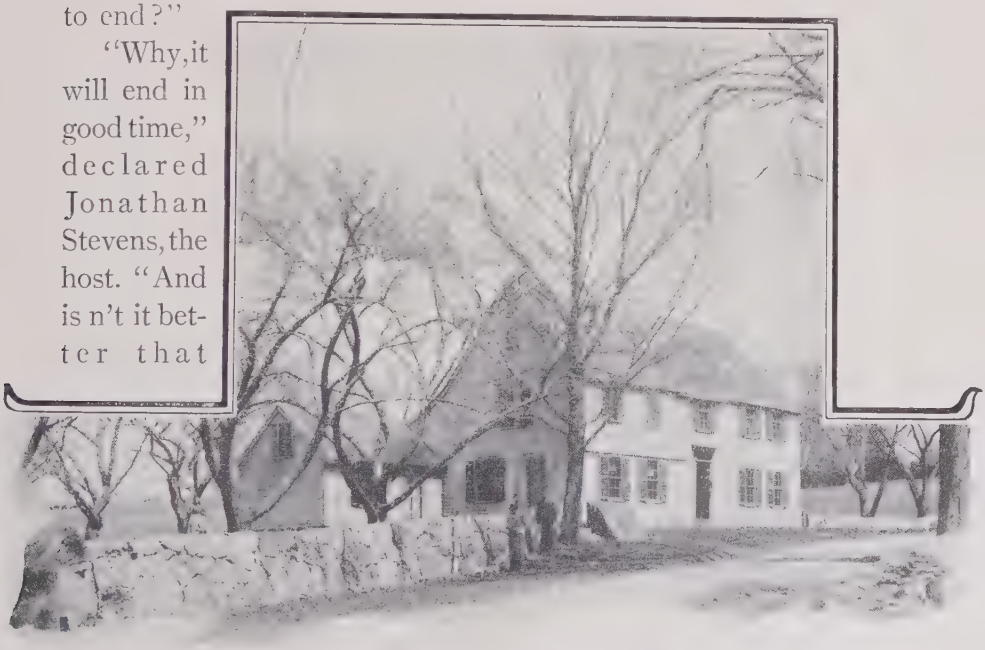
CHAPTER XXI

THE WITCH-MOTHER

GOODMAN RUGGLES sat with extended legs at a table in the tap-room of the Black Horse, on a summer evening in the year 1692. The responsibilities of the universe rested heavily on his shoulders. It seemed to him that God had abandoned as hopeless the task of bringing mankind to a satisfactory condition, leaving him alone in the undertaking. He was stimulating his soul and taking counsel of numerous glasses of flip, the while expounding to his host the lamentable state into which things in general had fallen.

"What with nineteen witches already hanged, and a hundred more in jail, and people crying out against Minister Hale's wife, and whispering against Lady Phips herself, why, no one is safe," he moaned, resting his chin in his neckcloth. "What I want to know is, when is it going to end?"

"Why, it will end in good time," declared Jonathan Stevens, the host. "And is n't it better that



THE SARAH OSBURNE HOUSE

perhaps one or two who are not witches should suffer, than that any who are should escape? I am sure that it has been proved in every case that the one accused was a witch. Did not Tituba, Minister Parris's servant, tell all about the devil, and how she herself was a witch? Would she have said it if she were not one? I am sure that any one who saw Abigail Williams, and Anne Putnam, and those other little girls that day in the meeting-house when Sarah Good and Sarah Osburne were cried out upon, would have believed the women were witches. Did they not screech, and bark, and mew like kittens when the women cast their evil eyes upon them? And did they not cry out and say that the women were sticking pins in them?"

"Ay, that they did," spoke up a man sitting beneath the window, gazing out upon the road. "But I can assure you, gentlemen, that they would have sung a far different tune had the beadle but laid his rod across their backs. A little physic for the afflicted children would have sooner put a stop to this terror than the hanging of a score of

The Anne Putnam House

innocent old women. Who but a benighted, misguided enthusiast could look upon the face of Goody Nurse and say that there was anything of evil there, or upon Goody Cloyse, or Minister Burroughs, or above all on this last unfortunate creature, this woman of delicacy and feeling, who came helplessly among you, and whom you now horribly accuse, and who goes to the gallows to-morrow? Permit me to tell you again, gentlemen, that it is horrible, wicked, abominable; the children who brought the storm upon you are hysterical, carried out of their heads by the attention which they have drawn upon themselves."

The speaker was a man of some thirty-odd years. He was large, bearing with him the effect of mental and moral force as well as physical. His nose was aquiline, combative. His sensitive lips were thin and firm from self-restraint, his eyes were blue, his brow high and wide, his chin square. There was a repose, a self-possession, a consciousness of his own superiority in the man that subordinated to him those with whom he came into contact in this little town. He was a stranger who had come there early in the spring, ostensibly in search of some one. He had remained, without obvious reason. His activities in behalf of the accused, especially in the cause of Goody Lawrence, had brought him into evil repute.

Ruggles, finding himself allied to the stranger, immediately changed front.

"You cannot say, surely, that there are no witches, stranger?" he cried. "Minister Parris has preached often to show that the good book says there are, and good Cotton Mather says there are."

"Shall I tell you somewhat about your good Cotton Mather, as you call him," returned the stranger, wheeling in his chair to look Ruggles in the eye. "He is good, surely. He is virtuous. He is wise after his own manner.

But he is one of such towering vanity that if he should chance to say that black was white, black would thereafter be white against the whole world, and unless you agreed with him, you would have no hope of his Heaven. He is so ingenuously conceited, that he believes that what he says must be true from the circumstance that he has said it; and he chanced to say that there were witches. I know your Cotton Mather, and respect him; but I know, too, what his faults are. As for this vile little rat whom you call Parris," continued the man, rising in a passion, "he is utterly a villain. Mark you how each of the victims in the first was one who opposed him in his church? Mark you how Burroughs fell, the gentle, lovable Burroughs, whose sin before God was that he desired to teach the people of Salem in place of this fiend of hell?"

"Those are bold words for a stranger," interposed Stevens.

"Bold words? Ay, bold they may seem to you, and others of this whipped-cur community. If there were one among your slinking crew that dared be a man — bah!"

The stranger stalked out into the air, clutching his hands to keep his wrath within bounds. The two left behind looked fearfully at each other when he had gone.

"'T is the devil himself, friend Stevens," whispered Ruggles. "How came you to permit him here, a stranger?"

"Alas, I knew not what manner of man he was," returned the host, mournfully, "and now I dare not tell him to begone."

"What seems his business here?"

"That I know not, unless, as you say, he is the devil, and seeks to help those who have sold themselves to him. He hath striven hard in the matter of Goody Lawrence."

"The wretch; I will bid him begone for you," ejacu-

House of George Jacobs, Who with His Wife and Daughter was Imprisoned for Witchcraft; He was Hanged

lated Ruggles, made bold by much flip and the absence of the man of mystery. "If there ever was a witch, it is Goody Lawrence; and that pert-faced child of hers, with the curls. Who but a child of the devil would have curls? I know them both for witches. I had talk with John Louder and friend Fry. Once the girl came to them invisible in the woods and left them the book to be signed, into which those put their names when they would sell themselves to the devil. They saw her after she had taken back her form and was running away. Goody Lawrence has ridden them all night, turning them into horses. Bah! She is a witch, and hangs justly to-morrow."

The fury of witches had indeed broken over the heads of the citizens of Salem. Witchcraft was a thing believed in by the superstitious, whose knowledge of natural laws was slight; it was accepted as a fact by the Church and preached against; it was recognized before the law in statutes providing the penalty of death for any one convicted of it. The belief found ready soil in the colonists of New England. Their souls were harrowed by a religion filled with fear of the devil and eternal damnation. Their sensibilities were worked upon by the vast wilderness that came to their very dooryards, filled with the mystery of the unknown beautiful.

The acute state of the hallucination was introduced into Salem by Tituba, the half negress, who frightened the children of the Parris household into hysterics with her weird tales and incantations, in which she undoubtedly had faith herself. From that point it ran wild. Every unaccountable illness was credited to some witch; usually to a woman against whom the family of the afflicted entertained some preconceived dislike. It is worthy of comment that the frenzy originated in the house of Parris, the minister; that it was fostered and fomented by his

sermons; that among those first accused were women prominent in a faction which existed in his own church against his ministry; that the principal witnesses were from his household and immediate circle of friends. However, the resulting fury cannot be ascribed entirely to him, but to the psychological processes by which a mob is bereft

TRIAL OF GEORGE JACOBS FOR WITCHCRAFT
(*From a painting in the Essex Institute, Salem*)

of reason, and led to frightful acts, from which each of the mob would individually recoil.

Witchcraft at Salem was the most stupendous operation of lynch law that has ever disgraced the continent.

Nineteen women and men, most of them old and helpless, were hanged on a hill near the village for being witches, convicted on testimony that now appears utterly absurd. Children cried out in the trials against the accused, charging that the witch was even then sticking pins into them or pinching them. They fell into convulsions at sight of the prisoners; they barked and screeched and mewed

Men testified that the several accused had come to their beds at night, changed them into horses, and ridden them to witch orgies, where babes were slaughtered and their blood drank by the members of the mystic circles. Some of the accused, seeking to be spared death, confessed, implicating others for the sake of revenge, or for no purpose other than to give greater semblance of truth to their naked statements. The most fantastic inventions which their inflamed imaginations could devise were soberly narrated in court, and as soberly accepted as fact, against the denials of the defendants.

The court was presided over by Stoughton, hard, obstinate, narrow-minded. He was appointed by Sir William Phips, who arrived in New England in May with a provisional charter for Massachusetts, under which he was made governor. Stoughton, who had recently been received again into tentative good favor by his fellow-citizens, after somewhat compromising activities in the Andros administration, seized the opportunity to display his zeal. So aggressive was he in the matter, that when Rebecca Nurse was acquitted, he sent the jury back again to reconsider. She must perish. On the next communion day she was taken in chains to the meeting-house to be formally excommunicated by her minister, and was hanged with the rest.

Nineteen were hanged. Fifty obtained pardon by confession. One hundred and fifty now awaited trial. The first of a reaction was setting in. In the beginning, those who had not believed the charges were straightway cried out upon. Later, some who had first believed and had later discredited the evidence, and deplored the convictions, were haled before the court. Now the accusers, emboldened, had taken a step too far in accusing certain persons who were too high to be smirched.

There was a lull, an uncertainty. The pendulum was ready to swing back.

The government of Massachusetts was now in the hands of Sir William Phips, nominally, as governor. Upon his return from Quebec, he went to England, seeking a charter for the colony. Increase Mather, president of Harvard College, was there as agent for the colony. Phips returned with a charter that was not what the people wanted, and with a commission as governor. His term demonstrated again his unfitness for a position which required insight, judgment, diplomacy, and personality. He was honest and earnest, but was engaged in work for which he had no natural fitness. In his sense of insecurity he permitted himself to be misled. Throughout his term, he was the tool of the Mathers.

The stranger of the tap-room, leaving the tavern, walked slowly and cautiously across the meadow, behind the outbuildings, toward the house of Widow Lawrence, where the bereaved daughter had been alone for more than a month.

The Old Witch House, Salem

Passing close by the side of the little cottage, he paused abruptly, hearing voices. He listened for an instant to learn whether he had best reveal himself. Having listened for an instant, he crept closer to the wall, where the shadow hid him, and listened to the end. It was the voice of Waitstill

Gallows Hill, Salem

Sparhawke that he heard. The sound of it caused him to bite his lips, and extend his hands in suppressed wrath.

"But I tell you, Jane, he is dead!" He heard Waitstill say. "Has not the minister preached his funeral sermon, and is he not stricken from the town rolls? He is surely dead, else he would have come back to you. The man who told me of it was right. He would not dare to lie, — unless Charles told him to. I might have saved your mother at one time. I would have lost my soul to the devil, no doubt, for your mother is a convicted witch. But I love you, Jane, and even now I would do much for you. If you will marry me,

I will try what I can do. We have until the morning, before the witches are hanged. There will be three to-morrow, counting your mother."

His reference to her mother as a witch while proposing marriage did not seem strange to Jane. Her heart was dead. She stared at him, expressionless.

"If I could save her, would you marry me?" asked the model of all deportment. "I do not say that I can, but if you will promise me I will try."

"Save her first," said Jane, in a hollow, dry voice.

"Will you, will you kiss me, Jane?"

"No! Go! Save her first!"

Waitstill, turning on his heel, walked solemnly down the lane and out of sight. When he had gone, the stranger entered the room, making a soft signal first, so that Jane would not be startled.

"Is there any chance?" asked the girl, looking at him with dry, hot eyes.

The man took her hand and pressed it with tender sympathy. He shook his head. "God is still in Heaven," he murmured. "Come, we must hope. This thing cannot happen. I know not how it will be, but I am sure that —"

Jane sprang to her feet with a wild scream, pointing to the window and clutching at her hair, utterly terrified.

"Look! Look!" she shrieked."His ghost! His ghost!"

The stranger feared she had gone mad. He turned involuntarily, grasping the girl's arms firmly the while, lest she do some violence. As he turned, he saw a face leave the window.

"'T is no ghost," he said; "it was human."

As he spoke, Charles Stevens appeared in the doorway. Jane, with a mad laugh, swooned into the arms of the man.

CHAPTER XXII

OUT OF SALEM JAIL

THE man, supporting Jane in his arms, looked earnestly at Charles, who stood confounded in the doorway, not knowing what to think of the other's presence there, or at seeing Jane in a swoon.

"Are you he?" asked the stranger, swiftly.

"I know not who 'he' may be," replied Charles. "I am Charles Stevens. What do you here?" he demanded, fiercely.

"You are come in good time to see her mother hanged to-morrow," returned the man, bitterly, ignoring his question. "Where have you loitered these years? Come, stand not there thus; fetch water."

There was command in the other's voice that made Charles feel like a child before him. He hastened to do as he was bid, his heart wrung by the reproof for his absence, and by the reproaches which his conscience added. The two worked over the girl in silence, laying her gently on the floor, chafing her hands, sprinkling water on her brow. At last she opened her eyes. She looked at Charles, fear and wonder in her expression.

"Charles! Charles! Is it you? Have you come at last?"

"Jane!" His voice was choked with tears as he knelt beside her, caressing her. The man stood apart until they were more calm.

"What brings you here?" he said then to Charles. "How come you? What do you intend doing? Have you any plans?"

Charles made no immediate answer, first questioning Jane with a look.

"He is my one friend," the girl explained, reading his question. "He has been all kindness. He will help if there is anything that can be done."

"My brother is here with his brig," Charles hurried on. "We shall take you with us. Where's your mother?" She shut her eyes in complete despair.

THE MATHER TOMB, COPP'S HILL BURYING GROUND, BOSTON

"She is in jail," interposed the man, beckoning him to be silent. "How many have you with you?"

"Ten."

"Where are they hidden?"

"They are hiding near the landing." Turning, he bolted the door and closed the shutters before he spoke.

"Come," he said. "There is only one way."

Surrendering themselves to his direction, they prepared to leave the house.

"Wait!" he said, arrested by an idea as they were about to depart. "Come! I have it. Fetch sheets, and such old gowns as you can find quickly," he added to Jane.

She did as she was bid, hastily gathering together a bundle of clothes and linen. Dividing the stuff between himself and

Charles, he led them through the back door, leaving the candle burning in its socket.

"They will not know we are gone," he explained. "Lead us to the hiding-place."

Although it was still early in the evening, they had no difficulty in reaching the rendezvous without an encounter, for the streets were already deserted. Coming near the water, Charles whistled softly, and his brother appeared.

"Are your men true?" asked the man, without preliminaries. "Are you ready to risk much?"

Hubert hesitated to answer the stranger.

"He is a friend; he will help us," whispered Charles, understanding.

Hubert, coming closer, recognized the man as the stranger whom he had seen at the tavern.

"My men are true and bold. They will venture anything," he said.

"Good! There is but one way. We must break into the jail!"

For a moment there was silence. Interchanging a look, Charles and Hubert each grasped the stranger by a hand, sealing the compact without a word.

"What have you there?" asked Hubert, seeing the bundle of goods the two carried.

"You will see when the time comes," the man replied. "Take the girl aboard. Fetch bars and axes; anything with which we may beat in the door. Let the men be armed, in case of need."

His firmness inspired them with trust. They did as he bade them, taking Jane to the craft which lay at anchor close to shore, and returning with a spare spar, some irons, capstan bars, and belaying-pins. The party concealed themselves again in a clump of trees near an empty warehouse at the water's edge.

Midnight! Wild clouds scurrying across the stars, mak ing the night dark. From the clump of bushes beneath the wall emerged a file of shadows. Any who might have seen them as they made their stealthy way along the edge of the street beneath the shadows of the trees would have shrieked and run for his soul's life. They were a band of ghosts and witches, robed in the sheets and garments which Jane had brought from the house, some astride of sticks they found, others shrinking themselves to the semblance of goblins and imps. The strange man, their leader, had caught the idea from Jane's fright, she thinking she had seen a ghost when Charles appeared to her. He was making the most of it to work upon the superstition of the citizens, should any see them. On any other errand they would have laughed at their comical appearance. The absurdity of it, in the circumstances, only made it the more impressive.

Swiftly, silently, beneath the elms of Salem, close to the walls of houses behind which slept witch-ridden settlers, they took their way to the jail. The streets were empty. There was no one to cry out "witches" upon them, as they passed. No one, save a solitary figure that they saw slinking away between tree-trunks, and running in mad terror when he thought he had got beyond their vision.

They were before the jail. They gathered about the threshold. There was no sound but their tense breathing. The heavy oaken door stood solid before them. Within, they heard the prayers of those who were to die on the morrow. Charles shuddered and sobbed with excitement. Twenty stout hands grasped the long spar. The leader, the strange man, stood beside the hinges of the door, ax poised. Charles stood opposite, another ax in his hands. The man gave a signal. A rush of feet; sharp exhalations; a deafened crash of wood on splintering wood; fast, furious blows of steel ringing against the

A Picturesque Old New England Mill

iron bolts that made the door stout; a horrible screaming from the prisoners; a bellow of terror from the jailer!

"Once more!" shouted the leader.

Another blow of the ram! The door, shivering, opened and fell inward with a groan. Quickly the jailer was overpowered. Quickly the cells were thrown open by the keys they took from the keeper. In the space of a breath the terrified and screaming prisoners were hurried forth and delivered free into the dark night. Before the citizens, startled by the crashing blows and the mad shrieks of the accused witches, could leap from their beds and throw open their doors to learn what the tumult was about, the jail was deserted. Those who had been its occupants were fleeing in all directions, in little groups, by twos and threes, or alone.

The rescuers, casting off their disguises, hurried toward the water. Goody Lawrence, weak and dazed, was half carried, half dragged, between the stranger and Hubert. Charles, still robed in a sheet which he forgot to discard, was with the last, lingering behind to prevent pursuit. He saw again the slinking figure they had frightened away as they came. It bore a torch now. It was followed by two others. In the light of the torch, Charles saw that it was Waitstill Sparhawke who followed, and that it was Minister Parris and John Louder who accompanied him. A lust for vengeance seized him. He glided behind a tree, unseen of his companions or those who came after.

The town was astir. People rushed from houses, half clad, calling to each other, confused, not knowing what to do. Some came too close to the fleeing rescuers and were beaten back with bruised heads. They gathered by degrees into strength, running after the vanishing group that hastened to the water. Parris and Louder led them. Waitstill was no longer among them.

A group of men, one bearing a musket, came abruptly

around a house corner, directly in the path of the fugitives. The man with the gun, startled, fired it, without effect. Strong-handed sailors wrenched the weapon from him, beat him down, cast the others aside. They hurried on. The pursuers, shouting, firing guns, came behind, drawing nearer; for the widow Lawrence had fainted, and they were forced to carry her.

They reached the boat. Before they could clamber in and cast off, the citizens were upon them. Heavy,

Birthplace of Israel Putnam, Danvers, Massachusetts, Built 1648

dull-sounding blows of wood on fleshed bone filled the air for a moment. The men of Salem gave way before the strokes. The boat pushed off. Strong backs bent to the oars. The craft burst through the water, leaving the howling crowd rushing up and down the shore.

In a moment they were aboard the craft. The anchor leapt from the water. Sails sprang on the yards. The stormy wind, blowing from the shore, filled the canvas The water slipped away alongside as she answered her helm. Small craft, filled with angry men, put off from shore and struggled after them. The vessel gathered way. She heeled over before the breeze. The pursuing craft fell behind.

Mather-Eliot House, Boston. Built 1677

Goody Lawrence was safe! The morrow would come, and the morrow would go, but her fragile form would not swing from the horrid gibbet on the hill which even now they could see rising black and sinister into the night. She was below in the arms of her daughter, dazed, not comprehending, not caring for the present to comprehend. She only knew that she was safe, and that her daughter was with her.

The land fell away. They felt the swing of the open sea beneath their keel. With songs in their throats, the sailors manned the braces, and she squared away for deep water.

Jane, restored to partial calmness, ineffably happy, whispered falteringly to the strange man who stood below at her side. He came on deck, calling for Charles. There was no answer. He went among the sailors, looking for him. He searched out Hubert, asking for him. None remembered having seen him since they left the jail. The man called again, softly, lest he distress Jane. There was no answer. Charles was not aboard.

CHAPTER XXIII

BY VIRTUE OF VILLAINY

THE tumult had died out of the streets of Salem. Some loitered about the broken jail to hear the marvelous story the jailer told of the band of witches, led by the devil who had been in their midst, that had come to free the witch-children of the devil. Excited knots gathered in houses to discuss the marvel and shudder over wild rumors that ran among them. But the streets were vacant and quiet.

The Black Horse lay dark and somber by the side of the road. Its sightless windows, the eaves that hung above them, made it look like a great face, frowning in thought over the things that had taken place. A figure passed across the meadows from the cottage, where a light gleamed feebly between the chinks of the shutters, toward the outbuildings, huddled down to sleep. It passed among the smaller structures, through the dooryard, and knocked softly at the back door.

There was no answer. It knocked again, louder, and a third time. There was a stirring in the chamber above. The window-sash swung open. A head, half snuffed in a great white-peaked nightcap, was thrust forth. The

READING GOVERNOR FLETCHER'S PROCLAMATION

voice of Jonathan Stevens demanded who was there, in the tone of a host who thinks the night has brought him a traveler.

"Let me in, father, it is I," the figure answered, softly as possible.

"You? You? Who are you?"

"It 's Charles, father! Don't you know me?"

"Charles? Charles? No, no; it is n't you! Why, Charles is dead! God's name, is it you, then?"

The head disappeared. The light of a candle showed beneath the door. It was thrown open, Charles rushed in, closing it quickly behind him.

"Father, father, they 've gone!" gasped the boy, bracing his back against the door as though to keep out something that followed.

Jonathan Stevens gazed at him in astonishment.

"Who is gone? What do you mean? Whence came you? What is it? Tell me! Are you mad?"

"Why, the boat and the party and Jane and Goody Lawrence. I stopped to beat that scoundrel Waitstill, and they left me. What shall I do?"

The face of the father hardened. A glitter came into his eye. Charles was too distracted by his predicament to observe the sinister expression.

"Were you of the party that broke the jail, then?" asked the elder.

Feeling that he had blundered, Charles attempted to evade the question. It was vain. His grief, the hunger he had for love and sympathy, his need of aid, broke him down. He told his father all that had taken place, going through the tale from the time he had been impressed into the Quebec expedition, through his experiences on the way home, his arrival, the escape, all; save that he did not mention that it was Hubert's boat, or that his brother had

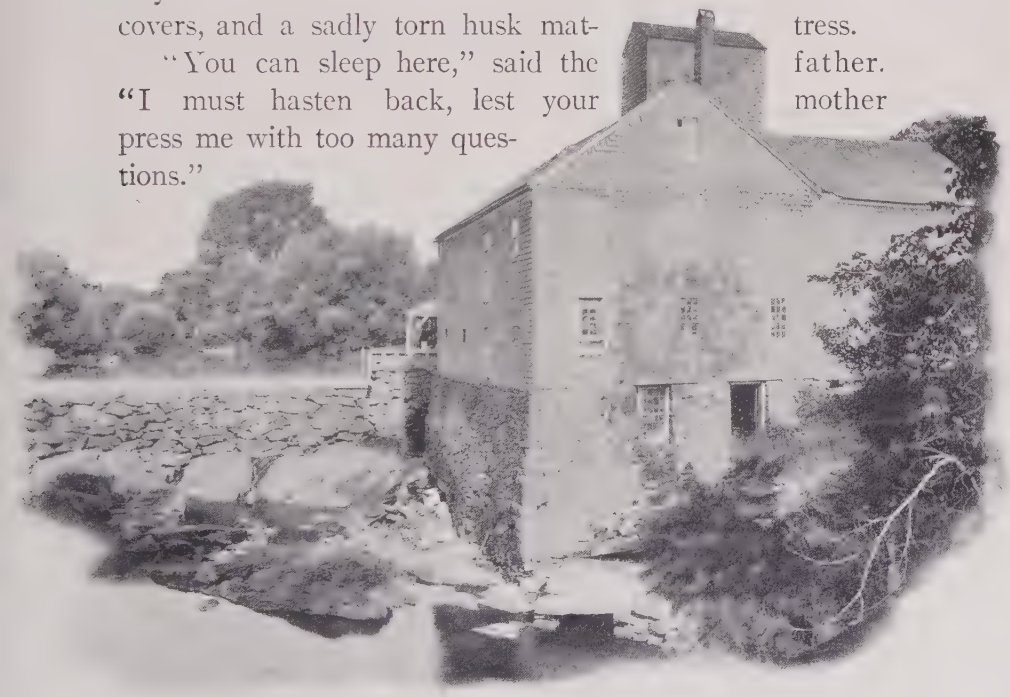
had a part in it. His father heard him through without a word.

"What shall I do?" asked the boy, again, when he had finished. "They are going to New York. That was agreed. I can make my way there if I can but escape. But Sparhawke knows I am here. Can you hide me until morning? Or let me have something to eat, and I shall go at once."

"Nay," said Jonathan. "Wait until morning. Come. I will bring bread, and hide you in the rafters."

The landlord brought forth a loaf which he gave to Charles, and led him up the stairs to a ladder that reached a small loft in the garret, beneath the ridgepole. It was divided off among the bare rafters by a partition. There was a door, with a narrow platform before it. Charles mounted, his father following him to light the way. There was no furniture but an old bed without covers, and a sadly torn husk mattress.

"You can sleep here," said the father. "I must hasten back, lest your mother press me with too many questions."



OLD TIDE MILL, PORTLAND, MAINE

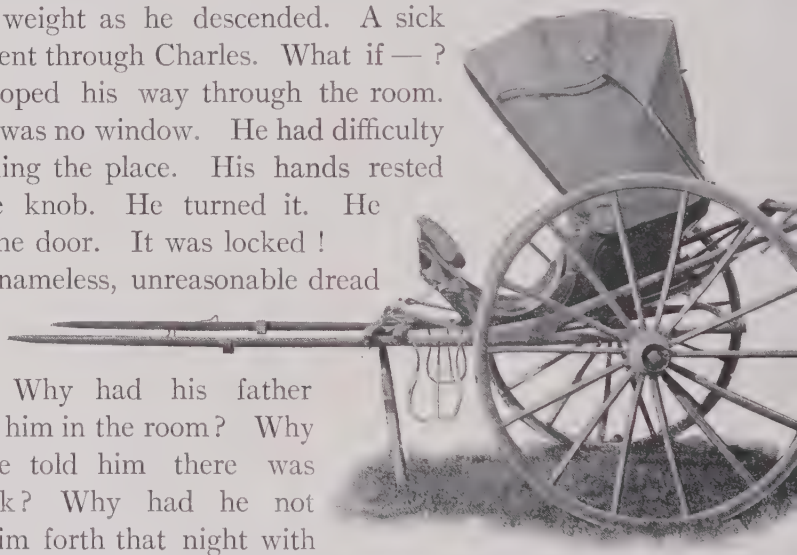
"Is there no key, so that I may lock the door?" asked the young man.

"There is no key, Charles."

"Did I not see a key as we came in?"

"Ay, but the lock is rusted. It does not turn."

His father departed closing the door, and leaving him in darkness. Charles heard his step pause at the head of the ladder. He heard a rattling of the lock, the squealing of a key. The steps of the ladder creaked beneath the man's weight as he descended. A sick fear went through Charles. What if — ? He groped his way through the room. There was no window. He had difficulty in finding the place. His hands rested on the knob. He turned it. He tried the door. It was locked!



Old Chaise of 1701

A nameless, unreasonable dread seized upon him. Why had his father locked him in the room? Why had he told him there was no lock? Why had he not sent him forth that night with food, to make the best of his escape? He stumbled back to bed, sitting there numb, with the loaf untouched in his hands.

A scratching noise, a gentle pressure on his sleeve, a prickling across his hand as the pressure moved there, a grating sound on the crust of the bread! His hand shook with terror. A rat scampered away. He cast the loaf from him. His thumping heart pressed against his throat; a great white light seemed to burst before his eyes. He fell over on the bed, and knew no more.

Across the delirious riot of his dreams there ever struck the discordant grating of the key in the lock. Amid a thousand frantic scenes, he heard that ominous sound. The sea could not drown it. The mountains of earth could not bury it. It was everywhere present. It pursued him, driving him he knew not to what.

He awoke with a start. It was the sound of the key in the lock that aroused him. As he listened he could hear it turning. And as he listened, he heard more voices than his father's muttering low on the landing without. A slanting plane of sunlight filled with dancing dust motes struck in through an interstice between the boards of the wall, telling him that it was day. The lock turned farther, squeaking with rust. The latch rattled. The door was cast open. His father stood there. Beside him was the constable. Behind them, Waitstill Sparhawke and Minister Parris. In his father's face he read accusation, reproof, stern judgment; he knew now the secret of the lock.

A Bit of Old Boston

They grasped him roughly, placing shackles on his wrists. He said no word. He made no sign, save to turn a look of bitter contempt upon his sire. He went with them, his head raised proudly, his eyes fixed afar, not deigning to

glance at any of the marveling rout that gathered to see the one who had come from the dead to free the children of the devil. For the story was about before the dawn, and the tale had grown, running from lip to lip. Waitstill Sparhawke followed behind in the procession to the jail, explaining such points as were obscure to the good people of Salem.

Charles, never in high favor among his townspeople, was now considered by them to be an atrocious criminal. It was not so much his offense that made him black; it was the thought that one of their own number should have transgressed. His crime was clear to them. Charles felt the sentiment against himself. It aroused his old rebellious resentment, strengthening him to bear his troubles. His father he forgave. He pitied him for that he had been so deluded as to turn against his own blood. His forgiveness, however, was entirely theoretical; for when Jonathan Stevens came to console and admonish him, the son would have no words with him.

For reasons which might be analyzed by a close study of mob psychology, the jail-break went far toward pricking the bubble that was already flattening out. No effort was made to recapture the escaped witches. The interruption of the trials, the absence of those accused and awaiting judgment, introduced an interval in which the fanatics, relieved from the excitation, settled down to their senses. A person in Boston brought suit for damages in £1000 against informers who were crying out against him. The people of Salem and other affected localities revolted from the thought that Mrs. Hale, wife of the minister at Beverly, was a witch.

The court of special commission, which had adjourned for two months shortly before the jail delivery, never met again, being superseded by the general court. When this court met in November it threw half the presentments out of court, found only twenty-six true bills, convicted but three

accused, and pardoned all of them. Stoughton, who had presided in the special court, withdrew from the bench in a fury over the pardons. Phips, frightened by the turn in sentiment, hastened to write to his masters, the Lords of Trade and Plantations, endeavoring to shift the blame for all the convictions upon Stoughton, whom he himself had appointed without due authority. The revulsion of feeling was nearly unanimous. Only a few still retained their belief in witchcraft. Among them were Stoughton and Cotton Mather, who believed himself infallible. Mather devised a case of his own in Boston when the Salem business lagged, to prove that he was right. He was permitted to indulge himself in the proof, and to let the incident close there.

First King's Chapel, Boston

Charles found his situation benefited by the change in public opinion. The charge against him was not witchcraft; but his offense was so intimately related with the other business, that he was included in the general sympathy that grew for those who had suffered. The tale of his misadventures at Quebec, the love-story of the two young people, the romance of his attempt at rescue, worked upon the people until they rose to open friendliness.

His father came to bring forgiveness. Charles, determined that he would never take his parent back into his heart, melted in spite of himself, and the two wept in each other's arms. Richard Stevens in Boston interceded with

Phips for the boy's release, and would have succeeded had not Mather, urged by Parris and Sparhawke, dissuaded the governor. As the sentiment grew toward him, it grew in the same proportion against Parris and Waitstill Sparhawke. The people began to read malice and conspiracy in the zeal with which these two still upheld the prosecutions and endeavored to revive the fury.

When the time of the trial arrived, there was a wish that the young man would be freed, which extended among all the citizens excepting those who were of the Parris faction. Charles was brought before the court, charged with breaking open the jail and liberating prisoners. He was defended by Alexander Stevens, son of Richard Stevens of Boston, a youthful but energetic and resourceful man of law. He brought with him several rough characters, to the amazement of the people of Salem.

Waitstill Sparhawke, on seeing the rough fellows march into court behind Alexander Stevens, turned white and passed his hand nervously in front of his mouth. The preliminaries were got through with, and the prosecution presented its case. Charles was identified by Waitstill and Parris, and several others, as one of those who had broken into the jail.

His father was obliged to tell of the confession the lad had made when he came to the tavern on the night of the affair. The case was pretty well established, when Alexander Stevens entered upon the defense.

He called one of the rough fellows, Philander Mason, to the stand. Did the witness know that man? pointing to Waitstill Sparhawke. Witness did. Had the witness ever had dealings with him in which he was financially rewarded. Witness had. Would he please state them to the court? Why, yes, he would. One night two years before, yes, more than two years ago — just before the Phips expedition — to be right in the matter, on July 2, 1690, that man, (point-

The Present King's Chapel, Boston

ing to Sparhawke) had come to him — witness was then engaged in recruiting for the expedition — he had come to him, witness went on to say, and offered him ten shillings if he would take the present prisoner away from Salem. He had hit him over the head that night, a little too hard, and carried him away, but had received only five shillings for the job, which he considered very small business on the part of Sparhawke.

The witness was excused. A great turmoil arose over the admission of the testimony, Alexander Stevens contending that he wished to show animosity against the prisoner on the part of the chief witness for the prosecution. He lost the contention, but not until each spectator present — and most of the town was there — had learned the deep iniquity that dwelt behind the Christian deportment of Waitstill Sparhawke, and not until that virtuous exemplar was in utter confusion and moral rout.

Next witness. Did witness know this man, Waitstill Sparhawke? Witness did. He had been concerned with him in a certain matter. Would witness please state the matter? Gladly. He was with Phips at Quebec, and had gone ashore with the troops under Major Walley; had seen Charles Stevens wounded; had been taken prisoner himself, and saw Stevens in Quebec before he, the witness, was exchanged. Coming back to Boston, he had met with Philander Mason, previous witness, who told him that Waitstill wanted to learn that Charles Stevens was dead; and warned him to collect first.

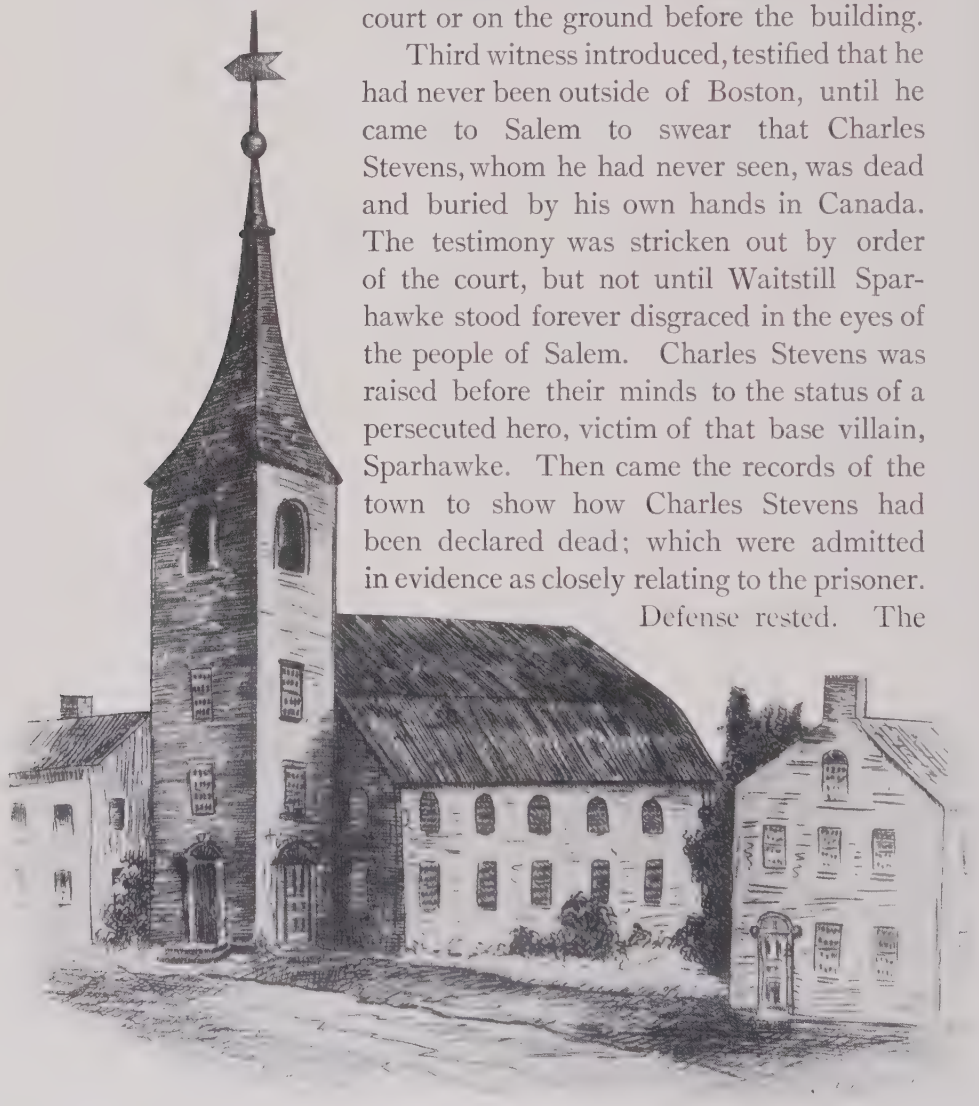
Witness came to Salem, bringing with him a friend — here he pointed to third rough fellow. They had gone to Sparhawke; had nearly failed to come together as to terms, when Sparhawke at last agreed to give them twenty shillings for the both of them; which, on his usual basis of settlement, they figured would amount to ten shillings, and

sufficient. He and his friend had thereupon sworn that Charles Stevens was dead and buried in Canada, and had received twelve shillings therefor; which was more than they expected, considering their customer.

Another struggle, resulting in the exclusion of the testimony, and the execration of Waitstill Sparhawke by all the citizens of the town, who had by this time assembled in the court or on the ground before the building.

Third witness introduced, testified that he had never been outside of Boston, until he came to Salem to swear that Charles Stevens, whom he had never seen, was dead and buried by his own hands in Canada. The testimony was stricken out by order of the court, but not until Waitstill Sparhawke stood forever disgraced in the eyes of the people of Salem. Charles Stevens was raised before their minds to the status of a persecuted hero, victim of that base villain, Sparhawke. Then came the records of the town to show how Charles Stevens had been declared dead; which were admitted in evidence as closely relating to the prisoner.

Defense rested. The



Old North Church

Crown made its speech. Alexander Stevens arose. Tremendous silence throughout the court and among those who crowded at the door and in the yard.

Counsel for the defense regretted that he had not been permitted to show the animus that inspired the prosecution of his client, the accused prisoner. He felt that if he had been allowed to introduce such evidence as he had wished to, he could have shown that one who would stoop to such a dastardly trick as the chief witness was guilty of; that one who would take advantage of the absence of a soldier fighting for his King to deprive that soldier of the innocent love of a beautiful creature; that one who heretofore had shown that he hesitated at no infamy to gain his ends; that such a one would be entirely capable of swearing away the freedom, yea, the very life, of the man who stood between him and the object of his base desires. All eyes were turned upon Waitstill throughout the passage, and there arose mutterings of brewing anger.

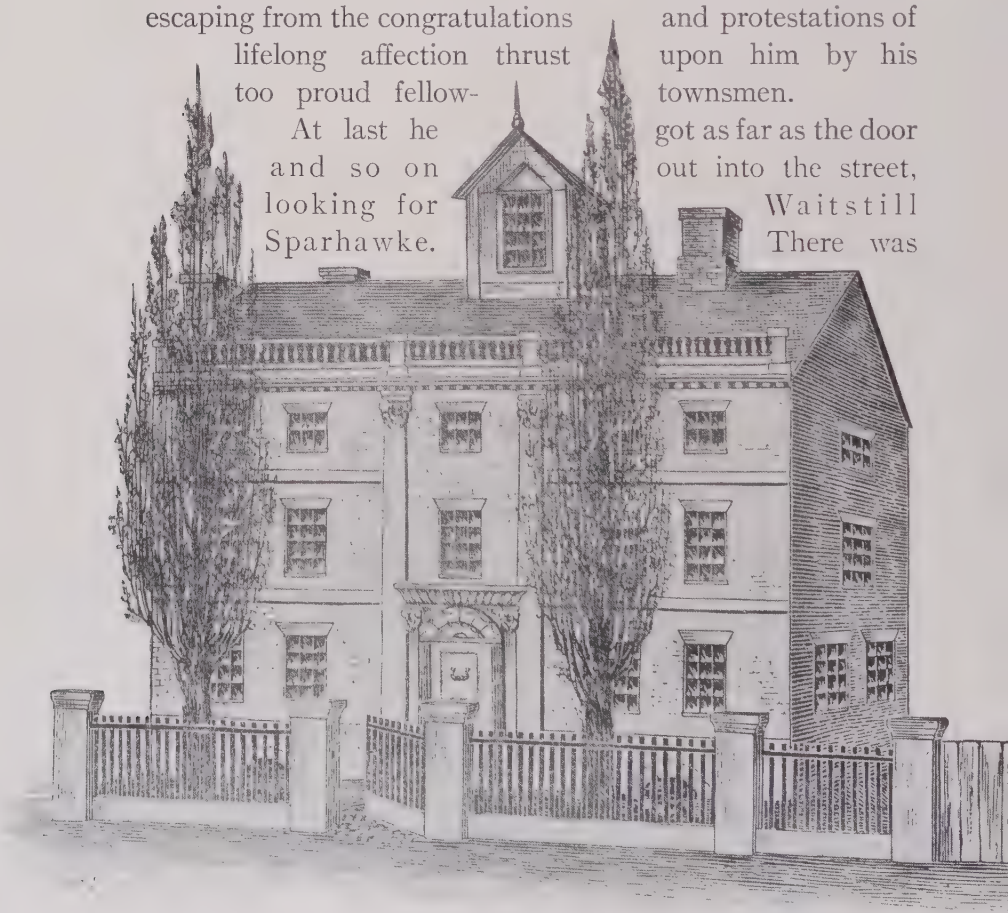
Counsel had hoped to be able to show all this, and thereby to prove that Charles was not one of those in the party which had broken into the jail; for his identification rested almost entirely upon the evidence of the malicious and unscrupulous man whom he had wished to reveal in his true light before the court — loud murmurs against the former model of deportment. Order called for by the bailiff. But since he could not show this, under the technicalities of law, he must seek refuge behind those very technicalities which were inimical on the one hand to the interests of the prisoner before the bar.

He maintained that the accused prisoner had not only been generally reputed to be dead, but that he was in law actually dead, having been erased from the official rolls of the village and the church as deceased; and having been buried by proxy from the church. That, having been

declared dead by the law, his person could not now be brought into jeopardy before the law; that having no legal existence, he could not be technically guilty of an illegal act. Wherefore, the honorable and wise court could follow but one course, and release the prisoner, without prejudice.

Without leaving their seats, the jury, wrought upon by Waitstill's deeds, seized upon the legal sophistry of the gentleman from Boston to bring in a verdict of acquittal.

Immediately an uproar arose in the court-room, which the constables tried in vain to subdue. Charles, from being an outcast, a felon, became a hero. He had hard work escaping from the congratulations and protestations of lifelong affection thrust upon him by his too proud fellow-townsmen. At last he got as far as the door and so on out into the street, looking for Waitstill Sparhawke. There was



Cotton Mather's House, Boston

a yearning in his heart to administer one more chastisement to that worthy gentleman before he undertook more important matters. But search as he would throughout the day, he was unable to find his pious friend. Neither did he discover him on any of the days that followed, so that when he left for New York a week later, he was obliged to content himself with the memory of the man-sized beating he had given him the night of the jail delivery.

Interior of Old New England House

CHAPTER XXIV

THE MISSING SHIP

CHARLES, having learned the cost of delay, set out for New York within the week that he was acquitted and freed. It was too late in the year to hope for a sailing-vessel, being well toward the last of November. He knew the hardships of the trip would be many and severe. He was alive to real danger from the weather. But it had already been months since Hubert set sail in the vessel for New York, and he must make all haste if he would find trace there of Jane and her mother.

New England at this time was in a political ferment. Her new charter, under which Phips was governor, was oppressive, restricting them in their familiar liberties. Phips himself was earnest and honest, desiring the good of the province above all things; but utterly unfit for his position. Made sensitive to opposition or criticism by his intense egotism, naturally choleric, trained to the quarter-deck rather than the seats of government, he fell into petty and violent quarrels with those with whom he dealt. These quarrels frequently developed into physical broils, in which he laid about him with his fists and his cane and his tongue in a manner eminently suitable to the deep sea, but not reassuring to the governed, or to those at home who sent him out. On one occasion he fought in the streets of Boston with Captain Stout of the frigate *Nonesuch*, which brought him to New England. He knocked the man down with his fists, and beat him with his walking-stick. Another time he beat an officer of court for failure to obey instructions he was not obliged to take from the governor.

The war between England and France called forth little activity among the colonists. Another expedition against Quebec was planned, in which the British fleet and 2000 British soldiers were to assist; but it miscarried and was not attempted. There was warfare carried on by the French and Indians in Maine and New Hampshire,

Old Garrison House, York, Maine

which was of no grave consequence save to those exposed settlers who chanced to be massacred and scalped.

Maine and Nova Scotia were occupied by the Abenaki Indians, a tribe little less fierce, though numerically weaker, than the Five Nations of Iroquois. The Abenakis were converts of the French missions, and were under French influence; but New England traders were much among them, till they began to relent toward the heretics, as they had been taught to call them. Fearing to lose their hold on the Indians, the French sent a force under Villabon, to

incite them to attacks upon the settlers of Maine and New Hampshire. The force occupied Port Royal, which was not defended by any English, and operated from that point.

In January, 1692, the savages marched against York, a small settlement on the seashore in Maine. February 4, they fell on the scattered houses, massacring all the inhabitants, or taking them prisoners. Devastating the surrounding country, they hurried back to the French, who now occupied a fort on the Saint John River, opposite the present site of Fredericton. In June, a force of 500, accompanied by Portneuf and his Canadians, Baron de Saint-Castin, and noted chiefs who were the terrors of the Indian border, crossed Penobscot Bay and marched upon Wells, a small frontier settlement.

The year before the Abenakis had ravaged the country, burning 200 houses and destroying the crops. Many of the refugees from these raids were gathered at Wells. On the approach of the Indians they joined forces in the fortified house of Joseph Storer. They were thirty men, under Captain Convers of the militia. The Indians attacked them with yelps and firing, but made no assault, that not being their method of warfare. For two days they threatened the house, demanding a surrender. Convers laughed at them, and they went away in disgust, in spite of the efforts of Saint-Castin and the other French to hold them.

Saint-Castin was a Frenchman who had a settlement on the Penobscot. He had an Indian wife, and was a man of consequence among the savages. His hatred of the English, always intense, was aroused to fanaticism by a raid which Phips caused to be made on the settlement two years before, when on the expedition against Port Royal. Next to one Thury, the colonists considered him their most dangerous enemy.

The activity of the Abenakis now subsided, for Phips

The Village of York, Maine

sent an expedition to rebuild Pemaquid. A stone fort was erected which defied savage attack. Situated as it was, on the outposts of the English colonies, the Indians could not make their forays without passing it and leaving it in their rear, a thing they had not the courage to do. For the first time in years the settlers of Maine and New Hampshire could go into their far fields in the morning with some assurance that they would be alive to return at night, and that they would find their families living and happy in an unburned log cabin.

The journey to New York was a continual hardship. Riding by day over rough, frozen roads, with the bleak winds of winter driving in his face, often through stinging snowstorms, sometimes through freezing rain, alone across long stretches of country where the houses were at great distances, stopping at night at poor inns where he had little to eat, sleeping on hard, rough beds, sometimes with a stranger for a bedfellow, more than once Charles would have turned back or waited where he was for spring, had he been impelled on the journey by any less a force than love for Jane.

Utterly wearied, he visited for four days with the Wadsworth family in Hartford, where he heard gossip of the politics of the province. Connecticut, as well as Rhode Island, was still under jurisdiction of the government of New England, which included them with Massachusetts. New Hampshire was under an anomolous government. Samuel Allen had bought the disputed rights of the Gorges to New Hampshire and left his son-in-law, John Usher, in in charge of affairs there. New Hampshire consisted of four towns along the Merrimac. The citizens desired that they be taken under the charge of Massachusetts; and there was continual struggle between them and Usher. Usher was a violent antagonist of Governor Phips of Massachusetts, and many disputes were threshed out between them.

When Charles reached New York, the province had been several months under Benjamin Fletcher, successor to Sloughter, who had died in New York early in the year. King William was determined to place all the territory between the Connecticut River and Delaware Bay under one government. Fletcher came with commissions which covered the country. He had nothing but the commissions. He was a bullying Englishman, who arrived in America with the idea that the settlers were stupid, ignorant, half-savages who must be ruled for their own good. He had not intelligence enough to change the idea when he saw those whom he was to govern, and made but a poor success of it. He visited Hartford in October, 1693, while the Assembly was in session, and demanded that the military forces of the colony should be placed at his disposal. In wealth and population, Connecticut was at least twice as powerful as New York, and these proposals were flatly refused by his stronger neighbor.

There is a tradition that when Fletcher ordered his secretary to read his commission to the train-bands of Hartford, drawn up before the place where the assembly was in session, the sturdy Captain Wadsworth ordered the drums to be beaten. Fletcher stopped the drummers, and the reading began again. Once more the drums resounded, and once more the governor silenced them. Then Wadsworth stepped forward and told the New York governor that if he interfered again, he would make the sun shine through him. At this the crestfallen Fletcher retired.

He tried to establish the Church of England by law in New York, but in the moment when he thought he had succeeded, the legislature interfered with a bill of toleration which left no church an advantage over others.

Arriving in New York at last, Charles went to a merchant with whom his brother Hubert had dealings. The

man had had no tidings of the vessel. He was watching for Hubert, too, on a matter of business. He said he knew every vessel that had arrived in port since the affair at Salem, and assured Charles that his brother's was not of them. Not satisfied, he pursued his inquiries along the water front, meeting many to whom both the vessel and the master were familiar. No one had seen her since the day she sailed out of the harbor with Charles aboard on her way to Salem.

Charles was utterly dismayed over the failure to find trace of her. It could not be possible that she had been detained so long on the passage. She would have been in months before, if nothing had happened to her. He dared not contemplate the possibilities. He persisted in believing that she had made another port in distress, or had been pursued and driven away from New York, and that she would come there in the end to keep rendezvous with him. He reviled himself again for the folly that had led him to seek vengeance on Waitstill and separated him again from Jane. He grew dismal: He had never brought her anything but trouble, and always through some folly of his own.

But, in any event, he would wait there as long as he could convince himself there was hope. If they could, they would come there. If they did not come there, why there was no chance that they would go elsewhere. He stopped at a clean, modest tavern near the Battery, so that he might be close to the water and watch for their ship. He had no companions. He sought out some whom he had known in the old days when he lived there. They had changed, and he was no longer the merry lad he had been. After one or two attempts to return to the old basis, he gave it up, and depended upon casual acquaintance at the tavern to relieve his solitude.

New Year's Day came. He was sitting at night by the fire in the tap-room, talking with a traveler who had come

from China. There was a blizzard without. The wind roared down the chimney, flapping great folds of smoke back into the room. Now and then a few flakes of snow would come down in the blasts that vanquished the smoke, to vanish in the blaze. Cold drafts came in through the win-

Old Jail, York, Maine

dows and beneath the doors, so that Charles, wrapped as he was in a shawl, was often chilly. They were alone in the room save for two men who sat in a stall at a smaller private fire on the opposite side of the room.

Charles was listening with keen interest to the marvels that his companion described, when he was distracted by the sound of a voice at the outer door that sent him bounding to his feet and rushing across the room.

"*Mon Dieu!*" the voice said, jovially. "Call you this

cold, you English? Pouf! This is summer! This is a day for the gardens. You should have seen the day that La Salle and I crossed that prairie, as wide as the sea, beneath the feet of a lake of ice. *Voila*, but that was cold!"

It was Dautray. He had scarce ceased before Charles was upon him with an embrace in which he found relief from all the unhappiness, disappointment, anxiety, and loneliness of the days since he reached New York.

"*Sacre*, but you are worse than a bear," cried Dautray, thrusting him back when he had endured all he could. "But see whom we have with us, my fine young friend. Have you embraces to go around?"

He turned to the others who had entered with the Frenchman. They were Beatrice and her father, and the bride of the *voyageur*. On the impulse, Charles reached out his arms to Beatrice, and she permitted him to embrace and kiss her as his sister might have done. There was confusion for a space, each wondering how the other came there, and each endeavoring to explain in a word. Beatrice restored order, and her father led them to the table occupied by the two men, who had left when the travelers came.

Charles told them no more of his tale than to say that he expected to meet his brother there, and was waiting for him. He was not one who talked of his sweetheart. The others were on their way from the northern frontier to the southern. They were going to leave Schenectady and Albany forever. They were all going to the Carolinas, where Dautray's mother and sisters lived, and where there was not so great danger from the Indians.

"You English must to look out for that Frenchman up there, that Count Frontenac," explained Dautray to Charles. "Some day he will be upon your necks, and then,—pouf! He is the devil, that Frontenac. I know what he plans, yet I must not tell. Only"— he shrugged his shoulders to

his ears and looked wise,— "it is better that we should be here. And because I love these people, this Englishman and his daughter, I have told them that it was better, and they have come with me. As for me, I have taken a wife, and am henceforth no better than an Englishman."

New Year's cheer ran high before the night was out, leaving Charles in better spirits than he had known in many days. In the morning the travelers made effort to find means of getting to Charleston, being in haste to complete their journey. They searched the shipping for a vessel, and let it be known that they would pay handsomely for a voyage. They advertised the matter about the inn, and did what they could to spread notice.

In a few days, they were rewarded. A man came who said that he had a vessel which he would risk for a sum, naming the figure. He was a surly, lowering, dark-faced villain. He placed an absurd price upon the trip; but they haggled until he undertook it for £60, which figure they accepted, on condition the vessel was satisfactory.

It was even more villainous than its master; long, low, narrow, with black, rotten cordage and loose rigging. Beatrice was reluctant about going with such a vessel and crew, for the sailors had a piratical look; but Dautray assured her they were harmless, whatever their evil intentions might be, being only Englishmen, and she withdrew her objections.

In two days they set sail. Charles, urged to go with them, declined, still hoping for word from his party. It was with a heavy heart and many misgivings that he turned back from the dock after he had lost sight of their sail in the wintry fog that blew in through the Narrows.

CHAPTER XXV

A NEW YEAR'S SURPRISE

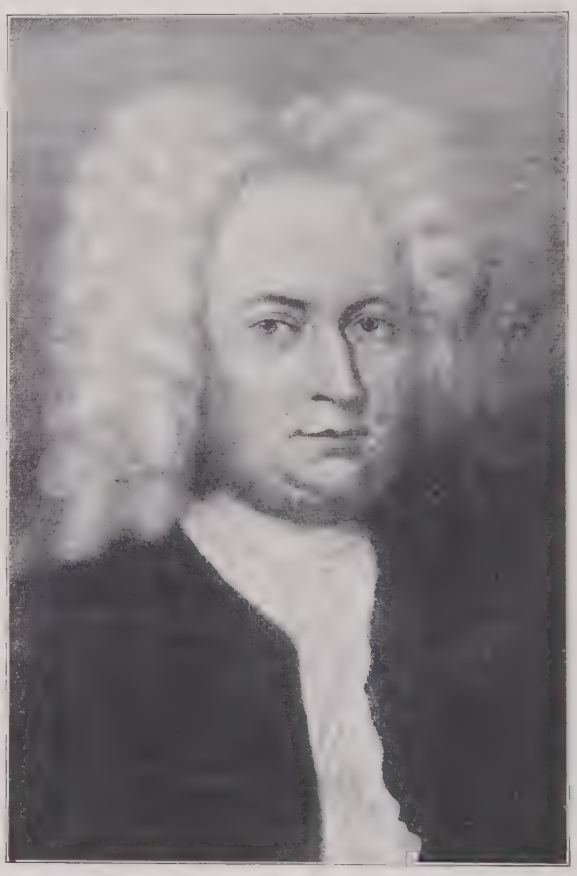
LUCIUS THORNE of Virginia was not happy. He had exhausted the sensations of the province. He was weary of it all. His companion, Saint-Croix, who had always been able to put some degree of sparkle into their joint adventures, was dead. He had been killed two years before in a fox-hunt, having unwisely reversed the usual order of such affairs by becoming intoxicated before the chase. The new rector was a man of virtue and breeding, zealous for God, who preached to the planter, and exhorted him to mend his ways. This was amusing enough in itself for a time, but it began to pall before a twelvemonth had passed.

He was even denied the solace of friendship with the high men of the colonial government. Lord Howard of Effingham had returned to England in 1688, more than four years before, and Francis Nicholson had come out to govern. He was the same who was deposed in New York by Leisler. King William sent him back to the first open post, working out a policy to make as few changes as possible in the non-essentials of his predecessor's arrangements.

Nicholson was not available to Thorne. He was a man of integrity and earnest purpose, whatever may have been his defects as a statesman. He came once to visit the merry planter who had held such influence in the previous régime; but the course which the ensuing debauch took offended his taste. Being a man of a cantankerous soul ready to give offense with his tongue, he had fallen into a quarrel with his host which was never forgotten by either of

them. In this manner was the high society of the government denied Thorne; and he was not happy.

He had found diversion for a time in assisting Doctor James Blair, a Scotch clergyman, in his fight to found a college in Virginia. He allied himself with the dogged Scot in the struggle for educational advantages for several whimsical reasons. In the first place, Doctor Blair was struggling against an array of opponents, including most of the enemies of Thorne, who were many. The planter was further influenced by the fancy that his support of the movement would puzzle and confound his gossiping neighbors, who had never thought him a friend to culture and progress. It pleased him to think that he would give them much to talk about which would lead them nowhere. Also, in indentifying himself with Blair, he felt that he was calling attention to the fact that he himself was a man of education,



Doctor James Blair

being a graduate of Oxford, which would remind his neighbors of his superiority over them; a thing which nothing else had ever brought them to realize.

Blair's contest for the establishment was long and stubborn. Education was then believed to promote a froward and seditious spirit. But Blair raised £2700 and went to England. He was supported by Tillotson, archbishop of Canterbury, and Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. When he pleaded the cause before Sir Edward Seymour, treasury commissioner, urging that there were souls to be saved in Virginia, that affable official replied, "Damn your souls! Grow tobacco!" Being a Scot, Blair persisted in spite of similar opposition from many sources, and obtained a charter for a college, which was to be called William and Mary. It was the second in America. The fight was over now, and that diversion gone. Blair was on his way home, and the college would be founded in the following year.

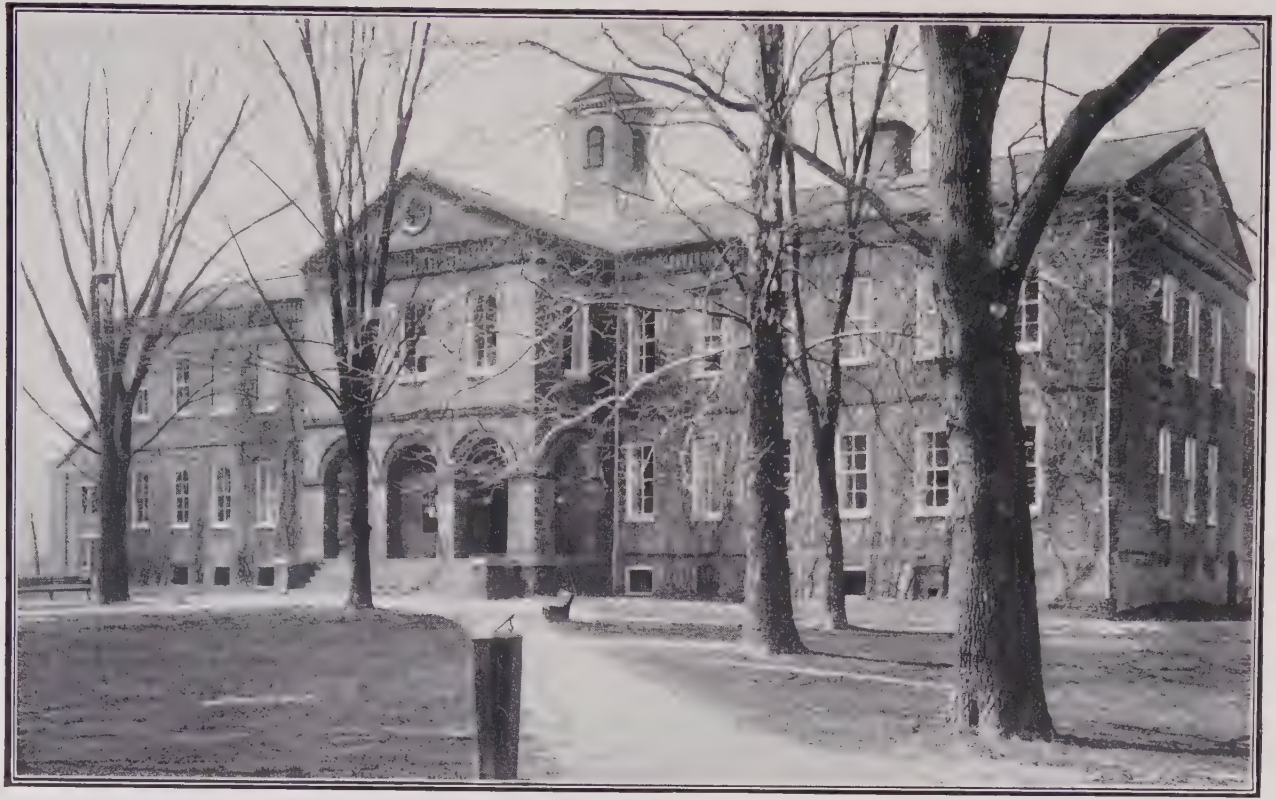
For a time his ennui was relieved by the liveliness of affairs in Maryland. The province was proprietary, being owned by Lord Baltimore. It was filled with manor estates granted to settlers who exercised feudal rights over their tenants. Baltimore, an eminently just and gentle man, departed the province in 1684, to return to England. His son, Benedict Calvert, a boy, was left in charge of affairs. George Talbot, an Irish kinsman, holder of a manor, set up a regency. Talbot, hot-headed and belligerent, became involved in a quarrel with one of the royal collectors of customs. The customs were the property of the King. In the sequel of the quarrel, Talbot stabbed the man on board an English ship-of-war lying at Saint Mary's.

He was delivered to the Virginia authorities for trial, but was rescued by his wife from jail in a romantic adventure, in which she sailed the length of Chesapeake Bay in the winter, and made a midnight descent upon his prison. Tal-

bot was permitted by the authorities of Maryland to hide himself away from them. He surrendered after a space, but before he was brought to trial Baltimore obtained a pardon for him from James II, then on the throne. This was the beginning of a sentiment that Maryland was not actively loyal to the King, her council having taken sides against the King's customs officers.

It was the growth from this sentiment that made the province ripe for the anti-Catholic panic which followed immediately after the abdication of James II. The colony was Catholic, — proprietor, council, feudal lords, and all. It was founded as a refuge for Catholics. Already suspected of lukewarm loyalty, the council was closely watched to see whether they would proclaim William and Mary. They failed to do so. Other provinces were falling into line with proclamations, while the council was silent. Rumors spread that the Catholics and the Indians were conspiring to massacre all the Protestants. Catholicism was on a rising flood. The Huguenots had just been driven from France. The Thirty Years' War had left the Protestants of Germany weak and shattered. There was ready credit given the rumors, and great fear among the Protestants of Maryland.

The council still forbore to proclaim the Protestant rulers of England. Baltimore sent a messenger telling them to do so, but he died on the way. Before another could reach the province, the frightened Protestants had taken things in hand. They were numerically stronger. The threatened danger drove them together. John Coode came forth as a leader. At the head of 700 men he marched to Saint Mary's. The council fled, surrendering in a few days. Coode prepared documents which he sent to William, telling him what had taken place, putting it in the light of a rising against the old Monarch for the new, and a struggle for religious existence. The King replied by revoking Baltimore's



William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia

charter, in 1691, and sending Sir Lionel Copley out to govern.

But that had been the year before, and Lucius Thorne was tired. It was late November. He sat to his empty board looking down his bulbous nose, drinking grog with no companions but the ghosts out of his past. His thoughts ran over many things. He mourned Saint-Croix, softly cursing the pious monk who had been sent to succeed him. He fumed when he thought of the fair woman who had eluded him on that eventful night five years before. His eyes blazed, and he muttered to himself, considering how he had held his ancient enemy a slave for years, without knowing it. He raged when he remembered how the friend of his youth, Dick Dorset, had aided the girl and her father to escape. He groaned at the recollection of what followed; how he had found Dorset wounded unto death; how he had nursed him back to health, not knowing the truth; how he had learned it too late; how he had tried to compensate at least for the loss of a slave by placing Dorset in his place; how Daredevil Dick had escaped in a night, and had never been seen since. With a mighty oath, he swore vengeance on them all, and tossed off a glass of grog for each of his projected victims.

He had not set down the glass for the last time, when there was a knock at the door. He bellowed out, bidding the one without to enter. A servant came to whisper a name in his ear. Thorne rolled his eyes and revived an interest in life.

"Bring the scoundrel here!" he roared. "God's blood, what brings that wryface here?"

There was a shuffling step behind his chair, a slinking figure, cap in hand, crept to the edge of the table on the side opposite to the planter, with hanging head and drooping shoulders, making many obeisances.

"Well, thing, what is it now?" growled Thorne.

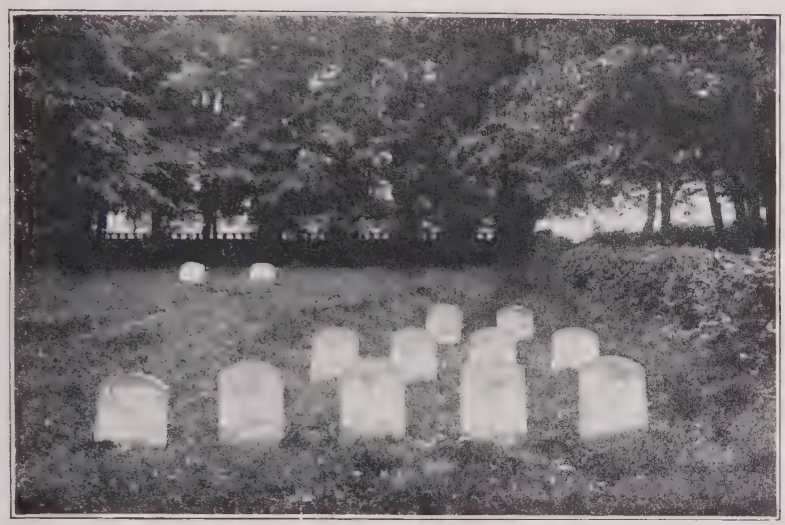
"What brings you, dripping out of the winter rain for all the world like a drowned rat? A lovely creature you are, to come to a man's house! Is it money you want? I have given you money enough!"

The man, raising his face, revealed the distorted features, the malignant, misset eyes, the sinister leer of Roger Slurk.

"I crave a thousand pardons, noble sir," whined the man. "I did n't know but what you might like to know. I made so bold as to come here, thinking you might be glad of the information. I don't want money. I do this because I fair worships you, noble sir, for setting me free the way you did. I thought if I could help you I would like to do it."

"Well well, magpie! What is it you have to tell me?"

THE GRAVE OF GEORGE FOX



THE GRAVES OF THE PENN FAMILY IN THE BURYING GROUND OF JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE, CHALFONT SAINT GILES, ENGLAND

"Why, sir, if you care to know it, sir, I have seen them again."

"Seen? Seen whom, rogue?"

"Why sir, those that we know as Mallory Stevens and his daughter Barbara; but who, for some reason that they have, prefer to call themselves by the name of Melville."

Thorne pushed his chair from the table, and sat with hands on the arms of it, ready to spring into action. His eyes were thrust out. His bulging lips stood apart with excitement.

"Where? When? How?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Why, up in Albany, where I went with a ship last summer. I just now got off the ship, and came at once to tell you, thinking you might be glad to hear from them again. I went on the ship —"

"Never mind the ship! Did they see you?"

"No, they did n't see me this time, they did n't see me."

Thorne pulled the bell-cord and summoned a servant.

"Give the fellow a glass and grog," he commanded.

Pacing the room in his excitement, Thorne learned all that the fellow had to tell him, and more. He made up his mind at once that he would not let another night come upon him before he was on the way to Albany, with proper papers with which to claim his slave. Slurk he hired to accompany him. In the morning, in spite of the wintry season, they set out, taking a sloop to the head of the bay, and thence by land to Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia they were storm-bound for several days. Slurk spent much time loitering about the house of Anthony Melville, whence the fugitives had escaped them years before, on the chance that they might have journeyed thither since he saw them in Albany in the previous summer. But he found no sign of them, and learned from a servant in the house, with whom he struck up an acquaintance, that the brother was not there.

Philadelphia and all of Pennsylvania was disconsolate that winter. Their beloved William Penn had been deprived of his rights in the province during the year, and was suffering much at the hands of the present court, for real or fancied sympathy with the cause of James II, now an exile in France. Penn was always a favorite with the Stuart Kings. It was Charles II who had given him the charter. His interests had been allied with those of James in the matter of religious toleration, and they had been brought together in that manner.

When James fell, Penn, who had not been in America since 1684, was immediately involved in difficulties with William and Mary. He was thrown into prison a number of times on charges growing out of his alleged sympathy with the abdicating Monarch. He always managed to extricate himself from these difficulties, and to free himself of the charges made against him, at least to the satisfaction of the trial courts. But in 1692, William III, pursuant to

JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE, CHALFONT SAINT GILES, ENGLAND

his policy of bringing the colonies as nearly as he might under one central government, seized upon a pretext to withdraw the grant from Penn, and placed the colony under Fletcher, governor of New York.

But the idea of union was no new thing to the colonists; it was the first and greatest of the lessons taught by the struggle with France. Yet the credit for its first working out into action must be given to Jacob Leisler, the patriotic governor of New York. In 1690 he called the first Continental Congress in New York City, an event that remains as one of the greatest interest and importance.

William III sought to attain the same end by investing the governor of New York with arbitrary control over the neighboring colonies. It was a freer and therefore more rational idea that stood behind the plan submitted by William Penn to the lords of trade in 1697. His was the foreshadowing of that great piece of constructive statesmanship which was carried a step further in the next generation by Benjamin Franklin's suggestions, brought to the actual business of government in the articles of confederation, and to final fruition in the constitution by which Americans have been governed since 1789.

Pennsylvania had prospered during the rule of Floyd, who was left by Penn upon the return of the proprietor to England in 1684. Unmolested by the Indians, beyond the reach of danger from Canada, free of religious controversies, fertile, abundant, it attracted emigrants from all countries of Europe, and settled rapidly. Since 1685 Philadelphia was larger than New York. There were no disturbances of any kind excepting the secession of the three lower counties of the Delaware, in 1691. The separation was effected without strife or bloodshed. The counties were those that Penn had received from Lord Baltimore.

It was a bitter distance from Philadelphia to New York. The cold was intense; the roads well-nigh impassable. Scarcely another traveler was met on the way. They rode over rough, frozen ground filled with little sheets of ice where the water had gathered in the ruts. The uneven surface twisted the horses' feet. The ice puddles sent them sliding. More than once the animals fell to their knees. More than once they came limping to the end of the day's journey, and had to be replaced in the morning. Other days the rain drove in their faces, and left the road a quagmire, through which the poor beasts floundered desperately. When night came the exhausted travelers were ready for bed, swearing they would go no farther on the morrow. But Thorne awoke with new resolve each day, and pushed on toward New York at the greatest speed they could make in such circumstances.

It was New Year's Eve when they reached New York. They put up at a modest little tavern near the Battery, it being the first they reached when they were put ashore by the ferryman who brought them through the blizzard from the Jersey shore. It was a wild night; the wind howling down the island, filled with stinging snow and biting cold, the waves running high in the river, drifts

BURYING GROUND AT THE JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE

piling behind walls, street lights blowing out, signs creaking, shutters flopping, the snow squealing beneath the steps of such wayfarers as had to be abroad.

They entered the tap-room, half frozen, and seated themselves at a small private fire. Thorne kept Slurk with him always, fearing that the fellow would desert to escape the rigors of the undertaking. He ordered toddy, a brisk fire, and something to eat. The only other occupants of the tap-room were two men by the large fireplace, who talked of China.

Thorne and his retainer had finished their food and were sitting with their pipes before the fire, when there was a bustle at the door, the sound of voices, and the younger of the two men sitting by the fireplace arose swiftly and ran to the door, with a cry of welcome for the new arrivals.

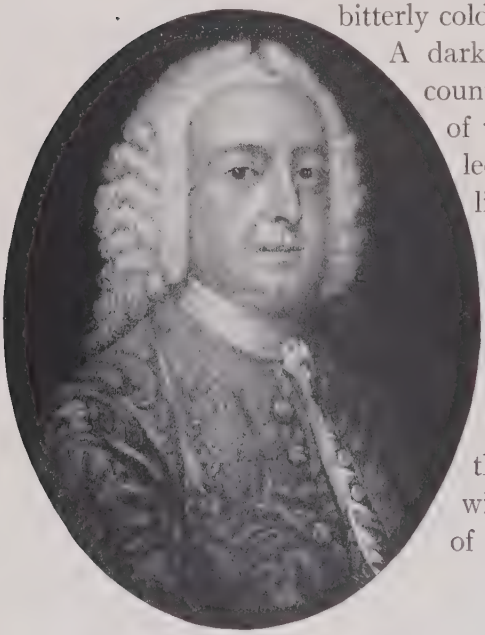
Slurk, listening from force of habit, held his finger to his lips and signaled the other. Thorne turned his ear toward the door. The party was greatly animated, talking confusedly. An expression of astonishment came over the face of the Virginia planter, followed by one of malignant pleasure. For in the medley of voices he recognized those of Barbara and her father.

The two by the private fire rose softly and crept out of the room.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SLAVE SHIP

A LONG, low, narrow black craft, under close reef, heeling before the northeast blast that boomed on her port quarter, seethed through the choppy seas, groaning as she rolled in the swell that ran counter the wind. The night was black. Thick clouds overhead excluded the light of the night sky. At long intervals the wind tore them apart for a moment, giving a glimpse of the gibbous moon that mounted the heavens, and showing how fast they scudded before the fury of the air. The short, sharp seas snapped petulantly at the black sides of the craft as she slid through the water. The spray, breaking from their fringes, rattled down on deck in drops of ice; for the wind that howled out of the northeast was a winter wind, bitterly cold and threatening.



THOMAS PENN, LAST PROPRIETARY GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA

A dark-visaged man with a lowering countenance paced the quarter-deck of the vessel, straining his eyes to leeward when the rifts admitted light, casting his gaze over the tumbling waters and into the sky, watchful, wary, alert. The wind freshened. The sharp seas rose higher. The hissing of great combers, breaking somewhere out in the whirl of the waters, came through the night with a sibilance terrible to the soul of all those who follow the wintry

sea in small craft such as this. The vessel sobbed and moaned as the huge billows tossed her, gnashing their angry teeth along her rails, threatening horribly. The man, muttering a curse, let her go off a couple of points, taking the gale more on his quarter. Relieved somewhat of the pressure of the wind, which had been abeam, the vessel stood more stiffly, riding the waves with a long, twisting swing, complaining less. The man on the quarter-deck, taking another look about, gave the course to the man at the wheel and went below.

The lamp in the cabin burned feebly, spreading an oily, jaundiced spot about it, and conjuring weird shadows out of the corners to dance to the rolling of the craft. The skipper, carefully closing the companionway against the green seas that were occasionally coming aboard, made devious way across the floor of the tiny saloon to his cabin. Bracing himself against the wall, he produced a heavy key, unlocked the door, and entered.

A man lay asleep on the bunk, fully clothed. The skipper tapped him on the leg with a knuckle. The man roused and grumbled, half awake.

"I thought as how ye might like a bit of air, Mr. Thorne," said the skipper, speaking low. "Ye 've been shut up here for a good spell now. The coast is all clear. They 'll not be coming on deck a night like this, and if they do, you 'll be but the mate, and they 'll be none the wiser. It 's a cursed cruel night on the water, Mr. Thorne, with all hell blowing outside. If it was not a great love I bore ye, all your money never would have tempted me on this cruise."

The man on the bunk, addressed as Mr. Thorne, rose to a sitting posture and rubbed his eyes. A vicious lurch of the vessel threw him out of balance. He would have made a savage fall to the floor had not the skipper grasped him.

"Come, now; where are your sea-legs, man!" ejaculated the skipper, thrusting the other back upon the bunk again. "Would you like to be on deck for a spell? That 's what I am asking ye?"

"God's blood, no!" growled Thorne. "'T is cold enough here to content me."

"Is it cold ye are? Have a drop of this, then." The skipper handed him a black, square bottle, from which he drank heavily.

"Are they all aboard?" he asked, wiping his chin with the back of his hand. "Mother of Christ! What stuff is that?" he added, as the liquor began to spread along his vitals.

"'T is from the bogs of old Ireland, me hearty," responded the captain, with a low laugh, taking a turn at the bottle. "How d' ye like it?"

"'T is hot enough, I grant you. But tell me, are all aboard?"

"Ay, that they are, the Frenchman and his femme, your friend the scar-head, and his beautiful daughter, all stowed away where they can be found or no, as suits best."

"Where are they? Here, let me have the bottle again. My blood is fair water in these God-forsaken latitudes."

"Where are they? Well, the Gaul and his femme are in the waist, where we carry our best merchandise when we are in our trade; and what he will say when he wakes some morning and finds the door barred against him will not be like to be understood by any of us, he being French! And as for your own true love, why, if that bulkhead was not there, you could reach over and lay your hand on her, and no doubt you would. As for the man, scar-head, whom I like not because of his proud and haughty ways; why, as for him, your friend Slurk has him under his eye; and I make no

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On the Delaware River

Philadelphia Skyscrapers

manner of doubt he will find more joy in it than your friend scar-head."

"Is she next here? Will she not hear us?"

"Hear? She would not hear the devil through that wall, unless — " the man made his way to the partition, raised the pillow of the bunk and lifted a small flap of wood, letting it fall again without a sound. " 'T is where we carry our passengers," he explained, "and sometimes 't is convenient to hear what they may have to say to each other about themselves."

"And will you keep them so till we arrive at Jamestown? Will they not suspect something?"

"Suspect? They 'll know! They 'll have nothing to do with suspicions when they 're locked up as they are. But what can they do? I 've got them like that." He twirled his thumb in the palm of his hand to show how he had them. " 'T is much better so; you 'll see for yourself if you give it some thought. Be sure of them while we may, and then let them roar as they will. 'T will disturb no one. My lads are used enough to such music. But come now, I must go on deck. Will ye come, or will you stay, wasting your strength in vain efforts to squeeze your great bulk through that hole?"

Thorne, staggering with the reeling ship and the weight of Irish whiskey which he carried, followed up the companionway and out upon the deck.

"Holy saints!" he gasped, as the wind struck him in the face.

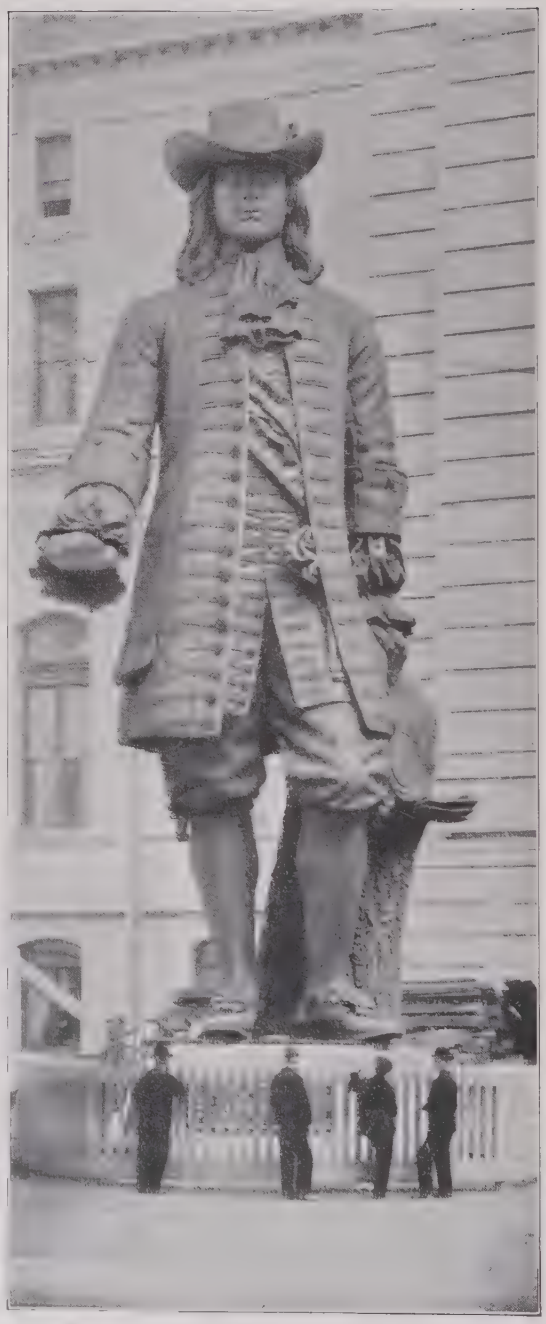
"Since when have ye been of my religious profession, that ye swear by all the saints so glib?"

"Since I was of any church, Boyne. Why did you bring me out here to be blown in two?"

"Ha, this is no blow. This is a May morning," returned the skipper, peering eagerly into the black pall that surround-

ed them. Looking at the compass, he cuffed the man at the wheel for being a half-point off the course. He held a consultation for a moment with the mate, who was walking the deck by the mainmast to shelter himself before the break of the poop, beating his hands against his breast and stamping his feet to keep warmth in his blood. Thorne, clinging to the main-brace, which was taut as any harp-string, watched him make his way over the twisting deck with an admiring wonder.

The man, returning, struck Thorne on the back with the



THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF WILLIAM PENN AT PHILADELPHIA

flat of his hand, laughing at him for his lack of seamanship.

"And ye must not mind if I seem a bit freer with ye than you might expect from one who was your slave on a time," he added, without the least apology in his tone. "Ye see, I have gone up in the world, and no man is my master now. 'T is a way I have of treating no man as my better, and 't is wholesome for the discipline of the ship that it should be known who commands here."

The man said it all in a light and off-hand way; but Thorne read into it a deep hint that was nothing less than a contingent threat. The planter, unused to such handling, and a little overpowered by it from one with whom the advantage lay so heavily, observed that he was glad to see his former slave so well advanced toward success, and ventured mild inquiries how he had done it.

"How did I do it? Why, 't was easy enough. There 's a many things to be done at a profit along these coasts by any one whose family ties are not too binding to permit of his doing them. There 's much trade to be picked up out of the regular run of vessels, that does no harm more serious than running counter to the infamous laws of navigation, imposed on the suffering colonies by enlightened England, curse the bones of her dead! 'T was only necessary for me to get somewhat of a craft to begin with; and that was put in my way. I found one lying by. 'T was no harm to take the sloop from the likes of him, for he never did any good with it.

"And with the sloop to commence — why, any seafaring man would know what followed from that to this craft; and a landlubber such as you, askin' your pardon, could never be made to know till the crack of doom. There 's tobacco from Virginia, as you well know; there 's furs from Albany; there 's much to be brought back; there 's big ships that lie

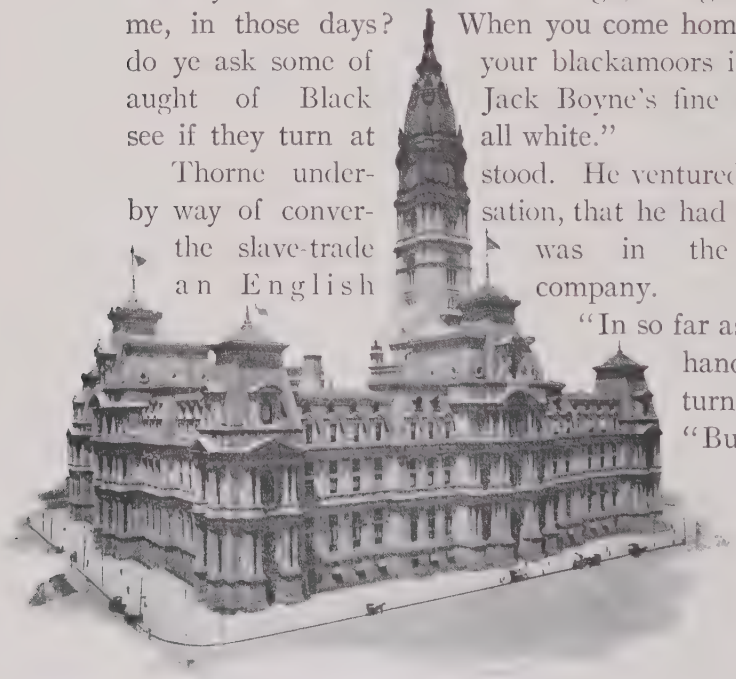
along outside waiting for us to come out to trade with them, which we do unless they are weaker than we, in which case they trade with us; there 's lumber and staves and what-not; with now and then a pleasure cruise among the Spanish islands, perhaps, or a winter's journey to Africa; and once I was in China, which I never will be again, God willing, for the stench is somethin' terrible, and the danger of being eaten is great."

"Do you mean that you, — you —?" In the recollection of the veiled threat of a few moments since, Thorne did not feel like continuing the sentence to a point that committed him to anything.

"I mean nothing at all!" rejoined the skipper. "Excepting only what I have said. Did ye mind the fine parlors I have rigged up 'tween decks in the waist, then? did ye catch a faint smell that made ye homesick for those shacks behind your house, where I used to live with the blacks, and where you used to come often enough, though never to see me, in those days? When you come home, if ye ever do ye ask some of your blackamoors if they know aught of Black Jack Boyne's fine parlors, and see if they turn at all white."

Thorne understood. He ventured to suggest, by way of conversation, that he had thought that the slave-trade was in the hands of an English company.

"In so far as it is in their hands, it is," returned Boyne. "But there is much to be done by young lads whose fam-



New City Hall, Philadelphia

ily ties are not too strong, nevertheless. And let me tell you, too, Mr. Thorne, that 't is not only the bold, bad lads that do the work who get the gold for it. I could go to many a fine house in New York, or along the Green Lane in Boston, and pull the door-bell, and show you a man who had been share and share alike with me in many a dark trick, God bless their white souls for it! 'T is not the likes of us that are the sinners, I take it; for we do it to live, while they sit fattening their white livers with wine among their bags of gold and precious stones, wondering where they are going to put the extra bags that we are bringing them the while."

The talk ran on in a circle, mostly by virtue of the loquacity of Black Jack Boyne. Completing the circle, it ran back to the cargo that they carried.

"Had you trouble in getting them aboard, Boyne?"

"Ay, that I had; for this dark beauty of yours — I wish ye much joy of her — was the very devil's wife about coming with me at all. She looked at me too stiff between the eyes. I like her not, I tell ye. She found fault with the craft, when at the time I knew 't was me she was set against. 'T was well worked, though, by the mass; for even she never thought that I came to them with your money about me. How came you to do it?"

"This fellow Slurk is an infinite knave. He learned of their plans. When he saw you, he came to me with the whole scheme. I know not what to make of such a wise rascal with such a wry face!"

"Make a corpse of him at the first chance, man, is my advice. A villain was ever a two-edged sword."

The two stumbled down the companionway, and the black craft wallowed through the dark and gloomy waves, with as dark and gloomy a tragedy between her stem and stern as ever a slave ship bore across the sea.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE MISSING SHIP MAKES PORT

WHEN Hubert Stevens learned that his brother was not on board the craft in which he was bearing away the fugitives from Salem, he was bent on returning at once. Only the wise counsel of the man who had been the leader in the rescue deterred him. The stranger showed him that if Charles were still free, he would make his way at once to New York, where it was agreed they should rendezvous in the event of a separation, and that if he were not still free, their return would be of no value to him, but, on the other hand, would undo all that had been accomplished. Yielding at last, Hubert made for the open sea.

Jane's mysterious friend broke the news concerning Charles with infinite judgment. Returning to the cabin below, where were the mother and child, he mentioned in an off-hand manner that the young man was not aboard, as though his failure to get aboard was incidental, of no consequence worth mentioning. He seemed to have so little concern over the miscarriage, and was so far from looking upon it in the light of tragedy, that Jane, who depended upon him as she would upon her father, looked upon it with the complacency that he assumed.

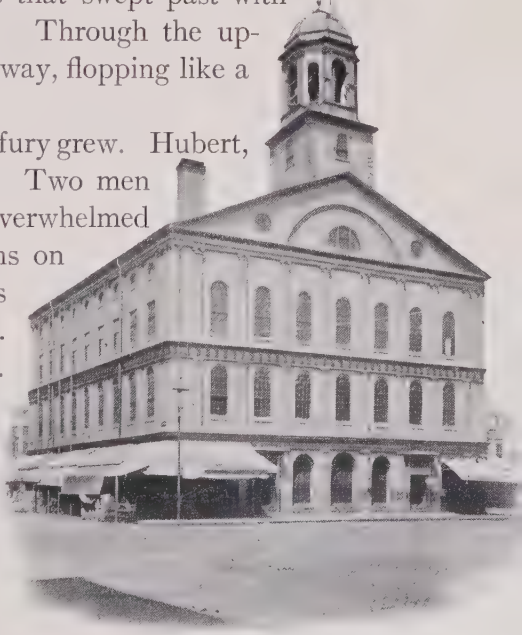
The wind, which blew from shore on their departure, freshened as they passed farther out to sea. Before morning Hubert was obliged to shorten sail. By noon it was blowing a gale. Before the sun went down they were running before a storm that roared out of the northwest with terrific fury.

For three days it blew with such violence that they were forced to continue before it. As it blew, it hauled slowly to

the north, and the northeast. Had Hubert not stood so far out to sea, he could have made the lee of Cape Cod before the wind strengthened to its present force. Now he found himself driving down the coast, a hundred miles off shore, somewhere between Cape Charles and Cape Hatteras. So long as the wind did not increase more there was no danger from the storm. If it should moderate, he would be able to heave her to, and ride it out without losing more distance.

But it did not moderate. Instead, it rose. Hubert put his brig under a close-reefed fore-topsail. It carried away, and she scudded under bare poles. Mountains of water swarmed after them. The craft swung down into black abysses with a swiftness that made them dizzy, mounted to the tops of the following wave, hung poised, and shot down into the next cavern. Each mountain was snow-capped with foam as it rushed upon them. The spindrift cut their necks as they bowed before the wind. A mighty roar of troubled waters rose from the deep. The cordage shrieked back to the storm-birds that swept past with their wings drawn to thin lines. Through the upturned sea the vessel made weary way, flopping like a wounded thing.

Throughout the next night the fury grew. Hubert, helpless, did not leave the deck. Two men stood at the wheel constantly, overwhelmed by the green seas that fell in tons on her deck. With tugging muscles they kept her before the wind. Each hour the watch was changed. Those who left the wheel staggered to the forecastle and fell exhausted in their bunks. Below, the two women prayed and wept, resigning themselves to



Faneuil Hall, Boston

their fate. The man who had been so much to them vainly sought to encourage by words and behavior. Jane sobbed for Charles in the extremity of her grief, wishing for nothing but to see him once again.

Early in the morning, a sound, appalling, ominous, crashed through the tumultuous roar of the raging storm. The vessel shivered through every timber. The stranger rushed on deck. Both masts had gone by the board. The vessel rolled, a dismasted hulk, in the midst of a tumbling sea. The masts, dragging in the water overside, were twisting her into the trough. Sailors with axes hacked frantically at the shrouds and rigging that held the vessel to the tangled mass in the water. The man took an ax from one who had fallen exhausted on the deck, and struck manfully to free her.

In time she rolled clear. In the very moment that she did so, it seemed the wind faded from the sky. Within an hour there was only the thread of a breeze. For a time the waves rose higher, relieved of the flattening effect of the wind, which had pressed their crests down. The dismasted vessel rolled pitiably in the trough of the sea, taking water over both rails. She was leaking badly. The pumps could scarcely keep up with the water that rose in her hold. Hubert, with the assistance of Benjamin and the second mate, rigged a jury-mast to the stump of the foremast and bent a trysail, hoping at least to give her steerage-way. But the wind had so far gone that the force of the waves prevailed. She still continued to roll in the trough.

The sea ran down during the day. By night there was scarcely a whitecap. The heavy swell swinging beneath did no mischief. The immediate danger removed, Hubert had time to consider their plight in all its bearings. He reckoned that they were about a hundred miles off Cape Hatteras.

With a week's work, if the weather permitted, they could make Jamestown under jury-rig. They had provisions for

Old Huguenot Church, Charleston, South Carolina

several months. There was no danger from that source. It was summer, and the outlook for fair weather was good. They were in little danger of being discovered by any prowlers, as they were too far out for coastwise pirates, and too near shore for deep-water buccaneers. All in all, their prospects were not such as would alarm one with experience at sea. Hubert's spirits rose to such a pitch that they infected Jane, who became merry after the strain of the past few days. Even the worn mother smiled at some of the jests that passed over the cabin table at supper-time.

Their mirth was of short duration, however. They had not finished the meal when the second mate, with nautical directness, announced to the master that the vessel had developed a leak that gained heavily on the pumps, and that she seemed to be opening up all along the keel. Hubert, rushing on deck, found the planking heaving and twisting, as though the vessel had broken all her bones and become soft. She had settled until her main deck was not two feet above the water. The lazy swells lapped aboard through her scuppers. She no longer rose with buoyancy upon them. She was waterlogged.

Those who go down to the sea in ships learn to find some comfort in whatever situation may develop; else they would not continue to go down to the sea. Hubert, discovering all this concerning his vessel, and completely aware of the danger, found it in his seafaring heart to be glad that matters were no worse, and to compute the various chances of escape. They were inside the Gulf Stream, and would not be borne to sea. The vessel would last a month, perhaps a year, if the weather did not grow too boisterous. There was a possibility that they would be picked up by a slaver on the way to Virginia. At least, they were still alive.

His optimism was rewarded, as it usually is. They floated for a week on a sea that grew more and more like glass. The

sun was fiercely hot, and sickness broke out among the crew. Then the wind came smiling over the water. Toward evening Benjamin made out a sail peeping above the horizon. They made haste to set out a flare. All night they watched closely, so that the other would not pass. At midnight the lookout was able to make her out, a grey blur against the grey, a shadow on the shadowy midnight sea.

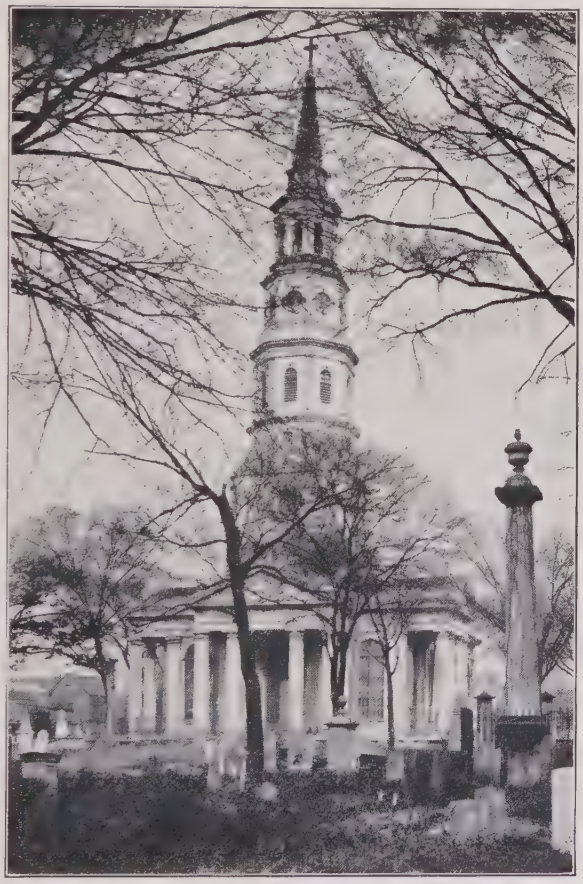
She answered their flare with a rocket, and bore slowly

CHRIST CHURCH, BUILT IN 1695 (*From a drawing after an old engraving*)

down upon them. In an hour she was standing by with sails aback. In another hour they were all aboard her, with such articles as they could bring with them from the waterlogged hulk. As the mercy ship veered away and went on her course, with the wind full in her sails again, Hubert stood on the poop-deck and watched the dismal derelict with tears in his eyes, until the moving ship put her hull down below the horizon.

The rescuer was a Dutchman, bound from Holland down to Charleston, with a party of French Huguenots on

board. Most of those coming to America went to South Carolina, but they distributed themselves well through the country, everywhere making themselves the most valuable of citizens and patriots. It was at this time that the ancestors of many noteworthy men became true Americans. To their descendants we owe Bowdoin College in Maine and that cradle of American liberty, Faneuil Hall in Boston; among them are signers of the Declaration of Independence, many gallant soldiers and sailors during the Revolution, and such representative men as John Jay, the first chief justice of these United States.



Saint Philip's Episcopal Church at Charleston, its Steeple Containing a Government Lighthouse

Arriving in good time, Jane and her mother were taken into the family of a French Huguenot, through the influence of one on board the vessel. The family had been in Charleston four years. It consisted of a mother and

three daughters. The father was dead. There was a brother in Canada who would shortly come to them. The name of the family was Dautray.

Hubert determined upon going at once to New York to get word to Charles, and thence to Boston for a new vessel. His success had been such in the old one he had a sum sufficient to procure another. But before he could make arrangements to start, he fell ill as a consequence of infection from a cut he had received on his vessel, superinduced by the low state of mind into which the loss of the brig had thrown him. He was further detained by a broil into which Benjamin had been dragged by some of the sailors, resulting in arrest and commitment. It was late in the fall before Benjamin was cleared of the trouble. There was no prospect of a vessel to New York that year. The stranger, who was to accompany them, desired to travel overland in quest of some one whom he thought might be in North Carolina or Pennsylvania.

They set out at last on foot, traveling slowly over the abominable roads, made paste by the fall and winter rains. It was well into the month of January before they got as far as Jamestown, Virginia, where their companion desired to remain for a day or two on private business. They were glad enough of the rest, and settled themselves comfortably at an inn near the water, to await the pleasure of their friend, and to watch for an opportunity of making their way farther by sea.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ATONEMENT

HUBERT and his brother sat by the fireside on the first day of their arrival, relating tales of the sea over their grog. Their companion had left them early in the day upon some private errand of his own. It was no great walk that took the graceful and powerful man to the Middle Plantation, where he conferred with some of his old friends. The night was closing in, cold and blustering, when the man returned, silent upon his personal affairs, yet willing to discuss what he had seen.

"The town is outrivaling Jamestown," as he joined the two brothers. "Middle Plantation had enterprise enough to become incorporated, and a movement is already on foot there to gain for it the seat of the colonial government."

"Jamestown is full of talk about such presumption," returned Hubert, who had found time to talk with frequenters of the inn.

"They do little but talk," added Benjamin.

"There is a sail in the river below," announced the landlord, who had followed their companion into the room expectantly.

"Fortune favors us!" said he, when their host had brought them a steaming drink. "I have learned that him I seek is abroad, and we can leave

THE OLD DEBTOR'S PRISON, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

at once if the ship's captain can be persuaded to take us."

The two brothers, already alert at news of the sail, passed with their comrade into the road to have a sight of her. She was discernible through the gathering dusk, two miles below.

"By that low, black hull and those raking masts I make her out to be the craft of that arch-villain, Black Jack Boyne," cried Hubert, studying her long. "What deviltry may bring him hither I know not, unless it be that he has aboard a belated cargo of blackamoors. But whatever it is, I make no doubt that our good friend Thorne has some manner of evil hand in it."

They watched the craft make slow progress up channel, until the curtain of darkness shut her out of sight. As time passed, Hubert became possessed of a desire to learn Black Jack's errand, if he might, and proposed that they go near the water for the purpose. Wrapping themselves against the cold, they went forth.

She lay in the stream at no great distance, floating on the tide with sails slackened. They could see something going forward on her decks, as though a party made ready to land.

Old Powder Horn, Williamsburg

"Whatever it is that brings him here, it is not going to detain him long," observed Hubert. "See, she does not even cast anchor."

A boat was lowered. Several persons swung

A Scene at the Colonial Capital of Williamsburg

aboard her by the light of a lantern, followed by the one who held the light.

"'Fore God, that is a woman among them!" muttered Hubert, making out the figures with practiced eye. "Now may God stand her in good stead!"

"Ha! What say you? A woman?" cried their companion.

"Ay, that it is," Benjamin vouchsafed. "And by his bulk, I should say that the one who follows her is Thorne himself. Seems it so to you, brother?"

"That I swear it does. There is mischief in it, I ween. Hark! If she cries out, we will succor her. Or mayhap she is gagged against her crying out."

The place where they landed was not above a hundred yards from where the three stood, concealed behind a clump of bushes skirting the road. By the light of the lantern, they could see that the man of bulk was Thorne indeed. He was followed by a woman and a man, whose hands were bound. A fourth, a small man with stooping frame, came last.

"Brother, mark you who the woman is, then?" whispered Benjamin, trembling with new excitement. "'T is no other than that one whom we rescued once before from the self-same villain."

"Nay, say not so!" the elder brother returned. "What, Beatrice Melville? God's blood, you are right! 'T is she! 'T is she!" he added, piercing the gloom with keen eyes.

At mention of the name, the man who was with them gasped. They paid no heed, absorbed in watching the landing party. The boat pushed off, and made its way back to the vessel. The four put ashore, turning into the road, slowly approaching, Thorne in the lead, and the smaller man bringing up the rear.

"Come, we must take them farther up," whispered the

stranger. "They are too close to their friends here. And let it be done with the sword, lest we raise a hue and cry with firing."

Keeping an eye on the advancing group, the three stealthily retreated through the bushes along the road, taking care to make little noise. They had not gone far, when the party behind turned into a path that struck up from the road in the direction of Thorne's manor. They were now beyond view of the craft in the river, which had already swung into the wind, and was proceeding downstream. The three in ambush crossed over to intercept the path, coming out where it was wide and free from bushes for a space.

As they listened, they heard the others coming. Thorne was talking, apparently to the one who slunk behind.

"A pretty trick that black-faced rascal played me, fellow Slurk," he grumbled, "putting us off here, with five miles to walk through this jungle. He shall roar for it when I lay my hand on him again!"

The lantern, borne by Thorne, scattered little patches of light through the bushes. They saw it winking in among the naked branches. Drawing their swords, they stood aside, concealed by a tree. The four drew closer. There was no sound save the crunching of their feet on the ground. They came into the opening. They were abreast the tree. The one in the rear bore a musket. The three in hiding sprang forth, silent as fate itself.

Benjamin, making for the one in the rear, saw him take to his heels, dropping the gun and screaming with utter fright. Thorne, holding the lantern high above his head, roared an oath and drew his weapon. Bully that he was, he was no coward.

"Villains! Cutthroats! Thieves!" he bellowed. "On your lives stand back!"

All three made at him, but the stranger pressed the

others aside. "Let me have at him," he said, under his breath. "I have an old score to wipe out!"

Making shift to set the lantern down on the ground for freer movement, Thorne passed into guard and engaged his assailant. Hubert snatched up the light that they might see the better in their struggle. The prisoners, except for a first, startled cry from the woman, made no sound.

Bulky though he was, Thorne was no bungler with his blade. He lunged fiercely at his opponent, but with calculating skill. The other, cool, alert, sinuous, parried his best thrusts with flashing accuracy, calmly awaiting an opening. There was a whirl of blades in the red circle of the lantern's light, a grating sound of steel running on steel, and Thorne's weapon flew high in air, to fall into the dark without the illu-

President's House, William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia

mination. With a curse, he reached for his pistol, carried in a holster at his belt. The blade of the other sprang through the air, pierced his arm, and held it fixed to his side through the cloth of sleeve and coat. Thorne, uttering a sharp cry of pain, looked at him in impotent rage.

" 'T is you, then, Dick Dorset?" he exclaimed. "Since when have you turned highwayman?"

"Ay, 't is I," returned the other, quietly, holding his weapon where it stuck. "Come, bind the rogue," he added to Benjamin, not taking his eyes from his vanquished foe.

Benjamin, with sailor skill, undid the fastenings that held the led prisoners. The man, freed, leapt to Dorset's side and rested his hand on his shoulder.

"God be glorified; I thought I had killed you!" he murmured, gaping with astonishment.

"Yes, yes, 't is he, 't is he!" cried the woman, clinging to the man, trembling with agitation.

Dorset, still with his eyes on Thorne, made no response, save that a look of serene joy came over his countenance.

"What marvel is this that you have delivered us again!" cried the man, supporting the girl in his embrace.

"What mean you, coming upon me in the night to take my slave from me?" demanded Thorne, almost bursting with wrath while Hubert and his brother held him helpless.

"We shall shortly see how much your slave he is, unutterable wretch!" retorted Dorset.

"He is mine, by all the laws," cried the planter.

"He is free, by pardon of the King, which I have in my pocket, rogue," Dorset made answer.

Melville, overcome with emotion, could barely find speech. "And I would have killed you," he faltered, tears springing to his eyes. "I struck you with my heel as you lay at my feet! And now you have done this!"

Beatrice, leaving her father's side, stood before Dorset,

her hands on his. The light of the lantern sparkled in the joy and gratitude of her eyes. She tried to speak, but could only smile her thanks through her tears. He smiled upon her in turn, and placed her hands on her father's arm.

"Come," he said. "Lead on to the tavern, Hubert."

They walked in silence through the woods, too wrought upon by the events of the hour, and the years, to speak. Before the fire there, Beatrice would have spoken some of that which was in her heart, but he would not let her.

"I beseech you, Mistress Melville," he said, softly, with a deprecating gesture, understanding what she sought to say. "You have endured much. You are tired. Come, there is a morrow. To-night you must compose yourself for rest. Here, take this wine to revive you."

"Ay, there is a morrow," she murmured in a voice sunk almost to a whisper. "How many, many morrows will it not take for me to tell you what is in my heart to-night!"

Seated by the fire, Melville related the adventures they had been through since the night when they had made

THE SHORE OF THE JAMES RIVER

their escape from those very parts, and pressed Dorset to know what had befallen him since he had left him for dead beneath the beech tree in the opening. Dorset, as briefly as he might, told them that he had been found there that night by Tobey, and taken to the manor; that Thorne, fretting under the loss of his slave and the escape of Beatrice, had held him prisoner and a slave until he made his escape. At the accession of William and Mary, he said, he went to England, seeking at court for a pardon for Melville, which he had obtained only after efforts consuming a year's time. The pardons, he told them, absolved him from taint for his complicity in Bacon's Rebellion as well as for his connection with the ill-fated Monmouth. He had gone forth seeking to give him pardon, and restore him to his possessions, which, forfeited to the Crown in Bacon's time, were now returned to him. He told of having wandered far in vain, of having come to Salem, where he was held by the need of a poor widow, and of the circumstances that brought him hither.

Throughout both narrations Beatrice said no word. When Dorset chanced to look her way, her eyes fell before his, her heart beat faster, and a crimson, born of more than the heat of the blazing fire, came into her cheeks. Melville, with many eloquent periods, strove to unburden his heart of the weight of gratitude he felt, to all which Dorset replied with modest deprecation, seeking to avoid his thanks. It was late when they sought rest at last, with many hopes for the morrow.

Dorset, beside himself with grateful happiness for the fortune that had brought Beatrice to him again, slept but little. It was scarcely morning when he arose, and, dressing himself, went into the room where they had been the night before. As he entered, a figure arose hastily from the fireplace. It was Barbara — Beatrice.

For a moment she seemed uncertain what to do. He would in delicacy have withdrawn, thinking he had surprised her, when she came toward him, hands outstretched, radiant, beautiful.

"I know you would not have me speak of it," she said, grasping his hands, her voice tense with feeling. "I know, too, that to your great, generous, noble soul, what you have done for us seems slight. I know that it only comports with your goodness so to succor the needy. Yet my heart must cry out to you, lest it burst. Oh, how can we ever by word or deed begin to make you know what gratitude is ours! How can the short span of our two lives express even the least of what we feel! We, who have injured you, who have reviled you, who have sought your very life, owe all that we are, all that we have, all that we hope to be, to your magnanimity. In the first hour of our meeting I despised you, poor fool that I was, and you returned good for evil! And my father, with horrible accusations, sought your life in blind wrath. And you, you, for no other

Sunset on the James River

reason than that your heart was great and true beyond the hearts of all men, would have laid it down before him, fearing that else it would not be well with us. But God could not let so noble a soul pass away from earth! Through all my days I shall raise thanks to Him, and prayers to Him for your happiness!"

Her eyes did not now fall before the gaze which they met in his. He made no effort now to stop her, speaking no word as she poured out her gratitude.

"Oh, what angel of virtue is it that dwells in your heart, to make your soul so good!"

Tears, blessed tears, shone in her eyes.

"Shall I tell you what angel it is? May I tell you, Beatrice, what angel has made whatever of good there may be in my heart since the moment when — the angel came into my heart?"

His voice was soft and tender. Her glance fell from his eyes, for she saw there his utter soul. She lowered her head, trembling. He clasped her in his arms, holding her close in his embrace. She raised her face, suffused with rapture. He kissed her on the lips.

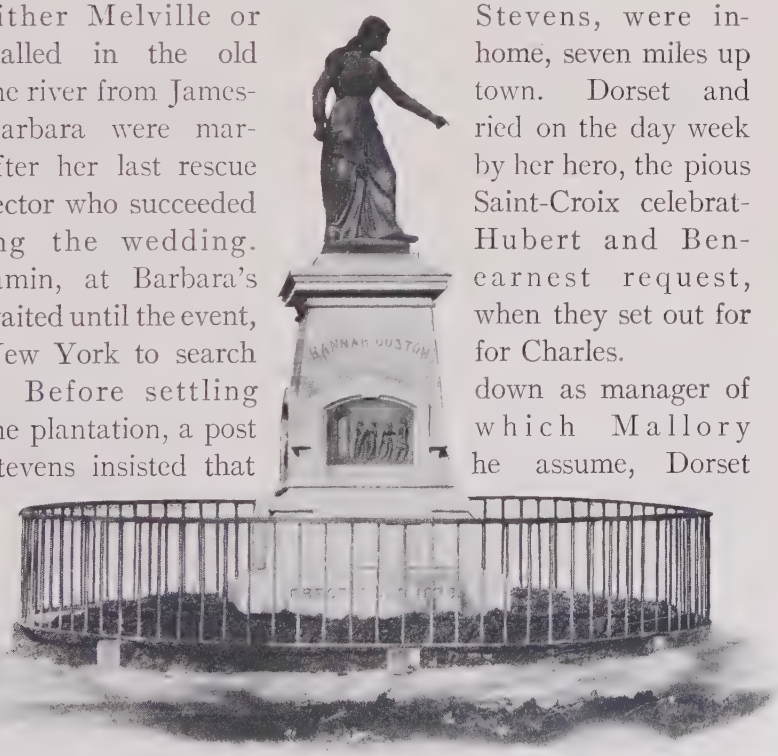
"Thou art the angel!" he whispered.

CHAPTER XXIX

REUNITED

LUCIUS THORNE, detected in carrying out his nefarious plot against Beatrice and her father, was glad enough to escape punishment by opposing no obstacle to Melville's freedom. It was shortly accomplished in due form. Dorset was provided with money, which he maintained had been furnished by the Crown to reimburse the present owner of Mallory Stevens's confiscated plantation. That one, an old neighbor, was willing to relinquish his right, even without the order from the Crown with which Dorset had provided himself. Within a month, Mallory Stevens, Melville no longer, and Barbara Dorset, no longer either Melville or Stevens, were installed in the old home, seven miles up the river from James-town. Dorset and Barbara were married on the day after her last rescue by her hero, the pious rector who succeeded Saint-Croix celebrating the wedding. Hubert and Benjamin, at Barbara's earnest request, waited until the event, when they set out for New York to search for Charles.

Before settling down as manager of the plantation, a post which Mallory Stevens insisted that he assume, Dorset



THE HANNAH DUSTON MONUMENT

set out on a mysterious journey, to the great consternation of his wife, who dreaded another separation. He returned in six weeks, arriving one evening in March as the family was concluding the evening meal.

Barbara, who had spent most of the intervening time where she could command a view of the road through the windows of the manor, saw a chaise draw up before the house, and ran out to greet her husband-lover. Leaping from the steps, he met her at the bottom of the porch, and led her into the house, the chaise remaining in the road where it had stopped.

She had not asked him why he went, and she did not now, so great was her faith in him. Gently caressing her, he led her to a seat by the fireside.

"Has my love wondered why her husband journeyed from her side?" he asked, tenderly.

For reply, she smiled and kissed him on the lips.

"If I should tell you of a sweet and gentle woman and her beautiful daughter, who had been fished up out of the sea from a wreck, who lived through many trials, disguised and in concealment, to come through dire dangers at last to the husband and daughter, the father and sister, from whom fate had separated them for many years, would my loved one believe?" he asked. She sat staring stiffly at him, transfixed with astonishment, incredulous, not daring to hope.

"My mother, my sainted mother?" she whispered. "And my sister?"

"And if he should have gone to bring them back to her, could my beloved forgive her husband for leaving her in the honeymoon?"

"No, no, you cannot surely mean that they are alive?" she faltered, tears of joy brimming in her eyes.

He left her with a kiss. She sat quivering by the fire,

her eyes fixed on the door through which he disappeared. Her father entered. She beckoned him to come to her side. Discerning something of import, he went to her, wondering, questioning with his eyes. There was the sound of steps in the gravel before the house, across the steps, through the hall, without the door! It opened. Jane and Goody Lawrence entered! With sobs and stifled cries of joy the four rushed into each other's arms, weeping.

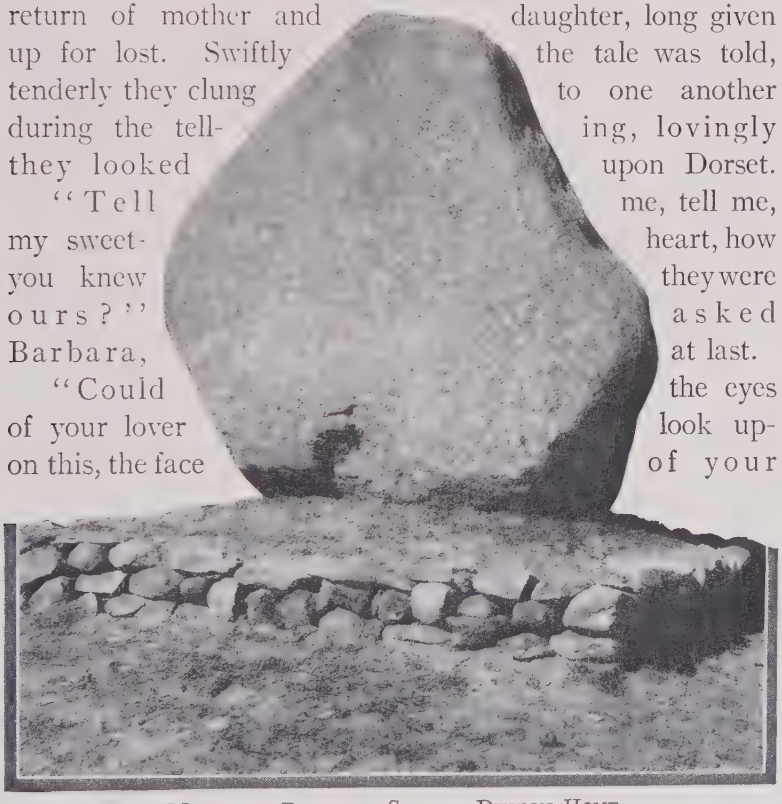
Barbara came to where Dorset stood apart from them.

"Thou art the very Angel Raphael himself," she cried, throwing her arms about his neck.

Great was the joy throughout the household over the return of mother and daughter, long given up for lost. Swiftly the tale was told, tenderly they clung to one another during the telling, lovingly they looked upon Dorset.

"Tell me, tell me, my sweetheart, how you knew they were ours?" asked Barbara, at last.

"Could the eyes of your lover look upon this, the face of your



Memorial Boulder, Site of Duston Home

mother, and this, the face of your sister, and not see that they were of your blood, my darling?" he replied. "It was your face in their features which held me at Salem, detaining me from the search for you."

As they came to understand it all, their love and gratitude found such expression that tears came into his eyes. He raised a prayer of thanks as his memory ran back to the days when he was Daredevil Dick, the worst of the roistering crew of Kirke's Lambs.

Reunited thus, the family settled down to the even tenor of life on the plantation, with no sorrow save that Charles Stevens was not among them. But he would surely come soon, they thought, and lived happy in that hope. Robert Stevens, a remote cousin who had suffered exile through Bacon's Rebellion, returned to his plantation adjoining theirs. Hugo Melville, the Quaker brother, chose to remain among the people of his choice. He was now a man of consequence in Pennsylvania. Although Penn's rights had been taken away because of suspicions against his loyalty to William and Mary, and the province was nominally under Fletcher of New York, William Markham, Penn's deputy, was installed as acting governor, and affairs progressed much as they had before the change. Fletcher re-joined the lower counties of the Delaware to the parent colony. Penn, cleared of the charges against him, was restored to his rights. In 1699 he returned to his "American Desert," as he called it, after fifteen years in England, to find it a thriving province with 20,000 inhabitants.

He returned to his native England two years later, having appointed a fellow named Ford his agent. Ford proved himself an unscrupulous trickster, and his villainies ruined his master. Dying after fabricating charges against Penn's property which led to Penn's imprisonment in the Fleet,

In the Environs of Haverhill: Whittier's Birthplace

where he was detained until broken in health and spirit. Ford was truly the cause of his master's death at Ruscombe in 1718. His body lies near the Jordans meeting-house, its only mark a modest stone. Such was this great man's simplicity in death, as throughout his memorable life. His true monument rises on the hither side of the Atlantic, where a mighty commonwealth holds him in lasting and grateful memory.

Fletcher, governor of New York, carried out the English colonial policy of oppression and extortion according to his abilities. In 1696 Frontenac led an expedition of 2000 French, Canadians, and Indians against the Iroquois in New York, destroying some of their villages, and driving the Indians before him, but retiring in confusion. The blow did not fall severely on the English, who left their allies to work out their own salvation.

Fletcher was succeeded in 1698 by the earl of Bellomont, an Irish noble of excellent character and popular sympathies, under whom the province enjoyed the happiest years of its history to that time. One of his measures, born of high purpose, came to a disastrous issue, and brought him into ill-repute for a time. For centuries piracy had been the terror of the seas. He desired to stop it. He obtained from the Crown a clause in his commission permitting him to arm vessels to clear the sea of its scourge. A company was organized, a vessel fitted out, and placed under command of Captain William Kidd, who sailed from England before Bellomont left for his new post.

Hubert and Benjamin, arriving in New York early in 1693, could find no trace of Charles, further than that he had been seen frequenting the water-front until some time in January, when he disappeared. They found the unsettled state of affairs caused by Leisler's execution partially placated by the nomination to be mayor of New York of Abra-

ham de Peyster, who later became chief justice of the province and president of the King's council, and acting governor on Bellomont's death in 1701.

Thinking Charles had returned to Boston in search of them, the brothers made their way thither, and thence to Salem. He was not there, and had not been seen since his acquittal. Leaving word for him with their father and their cousin Richard, the two brothers obtained another vessel and took up their seafaring life again, despairing to find him, and not having leisure to prosecute the search indefinitely.

ABRAHAM DE PEYSTER

When in Salem, they learned that Waitstill Sparhawke, fleeing from the indignation of his sometime admirers, had taken refuge at Oyster River, and that Parris, wrecked by the fall of the witchcraft tissue, had disappeared, some saying he had killed himself, and others that he had fallen into a low and obscure existence. The frenzy had already died out, and the community was making what reparation it could to the families of its victims.

The war still continued in desultory fashion, the Indians inflicting damage along the frontier. In 1694 Oyster River was taken. Waitstill Sparhawke was made captive, and disappeared from the sight of his beloved Christianity. Two years later, the Indians and French, under the outraged Castin, captured Pemaquid for the second time, destroying it. In March, 1697, the town of Haverhill on the Merrimac

was the scene of a massacre, famous in history because of the bravery of Mrs. Hannah Duston.

Mrs. Duston had an infant one week old, which the Indians killed, dashing out its brains against a tree. Her husband with the other children escaped, she insisting that he leave her to the mercy of the savages to save the rest of the family. Mrs. Neff, the woman who was nursing her, remained at her side, and was also taken by the Indians. The women were led captives, and given into charge of a family of ten, women and children among them. With the family was also a white boy, Leonardson, who had been captive a year. The lad had learned how Indians struck a blow with the tomahawk to kill instantly.

In the night, when they were encamped a short distance above Concord, Mrs. Duston arose, took a tomahawk from a sleeping savage, and gave one to each of the other prisoners. The Indians kept no watch, having no fear of the white squaws. At a signal, the three hatchets descended, slaying three Indians. Once more they fell, and once again, and until all were killed save one who awoke in time to flee. The prisoners took a canoe, scuttled one that remained, and started down the river. Fearing lest their story would not be believed, and desiring to obtain the reward for Indian scalps, Mrs. Duston put back when they had gone a little way, scalped the ten victims of her courage, and returned with the trophies to civilization, where she obtained reward of £50, and the plaudits of her neighbors.

But the war had already come to a close. Early in 1697 commissioners from the belligerent powers met at Ryswick, Holland, to negotiate peace. The war waged against the aggrandizement of Louis XIV had come to no issue. William's Catholic allies were won away from him by the Pope, the English treasury was depleted, and Louis was anxious to close the struggle on the best terms he could make. The

treaty left the boundaries in America as they were. It made no attempt to solve the problem which was dragging the two over-sea empires into a bloody, bitter struggle for supremacy on the western continent. At best, it was a temporary truce, holding only until the belligerents recuperated.

New England, at the close of the war, found herself burdened by debt incurred in the Phips expeditions, and increased by subsequent levies in the prosecution of hostilities. She was glad to have the Indian terror removed from her doors. The war had brought her nothing but trouble.

Phips, the self-made man, died just in time to avoid unmaking himself. In 1694 he was called to England to explain to the council why he was not a better governor. Before he had time to explain, he was seized with an illness which proved fatal on February 18, 1695. He was succeeded by Stoughton, until the appointment in 1697 of the Earl of Bellomont, who held a commission giving him jurisdiction over Massachusetts as well as over New York, New Hampshire, and New Jersey.

Dudley sought the appointment in return for his loyal services to his King, but his transactions in Massachusetts met with some of the disfavor in England that they aroused in his own home. He was compensated by appointment as lieutenant-governor to the Isle of Wight, whence he was subsequently sent to Parliament. Bellomont left affairs in Massachusetts in the hands of Stoughton for a year after his arrival at New York. When he finally appeared, he was received cordially, maintaining his popularity to the last.

The Stevens family in Virginia continued to prosper, with no shade of unhappiness, save the continued absence of Charles, of whom nothing had been heard since the time he disappeared from New York. Jane, disconsolate at first, grew to accept her sorrow, finding solace in the happiness of her sister, and the contentment of her father and

mother. Many suitors came for her hand, but her heart was twined in the memories of the whistling youth of Salem.

Andros, appointed to succeed Effingham, came to Virginia in 1696 to take charge of affairs, Nicholson, the deputy, being engaged in Maryland. His purposes in life were to enforce the Navigation Act, and to bother Doctor Blair, of William and Mary College. He disapproved of education, as dangerous to the constituted authorities. He devised, through his partisans, so many tortures for the educator that at last he was recalled, and sent to govern the little channel island of Jersey. George Hamilton Douglas was appointed in his stead, but never crossed the ocean, leaving the direction of affairs to his deputy, Nicholson.

Jamestown, rebuilt partially by Culpeper after having been burned in Bacon's Rebellion, was destroyed again by accidental fire, and Nicholson removed the capital to Middle Plantation, between the James and York Rivers. He called the place Williamsburg. His political management was satisfactory, but his blustering manners brought him ruin. He fell in love with a daughter of Major Lewis Burwell, who would have none of him. In his rage, he made such threats against his rival, the minister of Hampton parish, that he incurred the displeasure of all sober-minded folk. When at last he jostled the divine in the streets, knocking his hat off, Doctor Blair sent a memorial to Queen Anne, then sovereign of England, and the bellicose swain was removed in 1705.

Six years had come and gone since the reunion of Mallory Stevens's family. Another Dick Dorset — no "daredevil," but a brave lad — ranged the fields and woods of the plantation, the especial care and delight of the faithful Tobey. Another Barbara, giving promise to outdo her mother in beauty, if that were possible, brightened the hours of the household, relieving the grief of her aunt, and rendering her

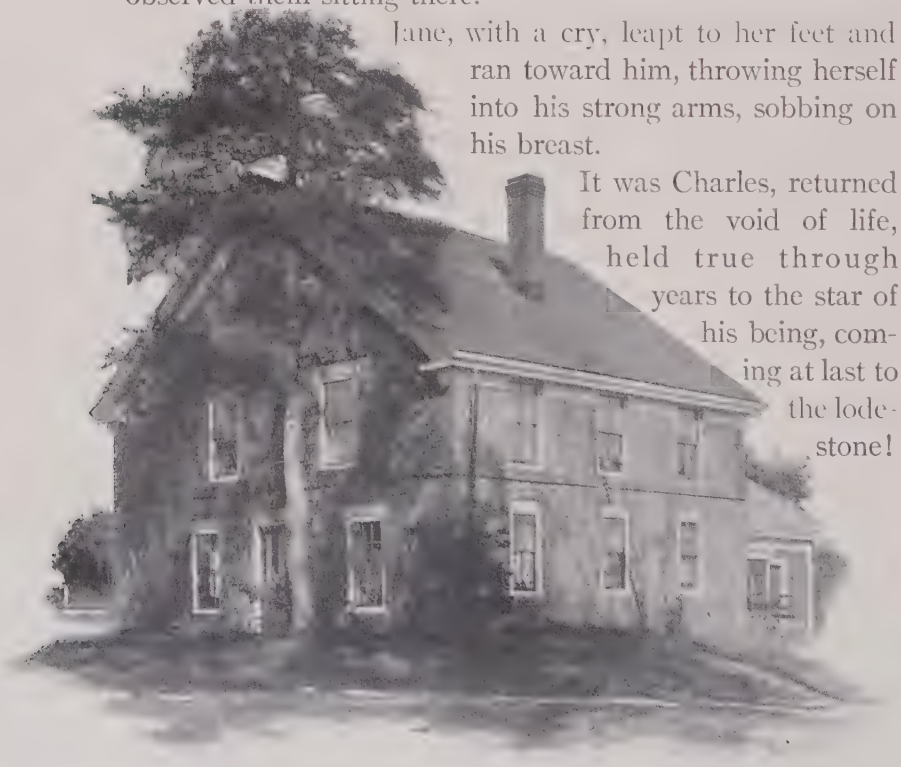
grandfather monotonous to his old friends, by reason of his boastings.

It was a bright summer evening in 1699. The family sat on the lawn before the manor-house, blissful in domesticity. They fell to talking of their strange adventures, as they often did now that they were softened by time. Now they could smile at the dangers and tribulations through which they had been brought by the fair-haired man who was their staff and strength.

As they sat talking in low tones beneath the summer sky, a man appeared in the drive that wound among the tall trees to the door of the house. He came toward them with eager step, his bronzed face beaming with gladness, whistling a sailor's tune to himself unconsciously as he approached. The group watched him curiously as he drew near to them, leaving the drive to cross the grass when he observed them sitting there.

Jane, with a cry, leapt to her feet and ran toward him, throwing herself into his strong arms, sobbing on his breast.

It was Charles, returned from the void of life, held true through years to the star of his being, coming at last to the lodestone!



The Old Garrison House, Haverhill, Massachusetts

CHAPTER XXX

THE PORT OF PERFECT PEACE

THE story that he told them was as whimsical, as romantic, as fanciful as his own young soul. Watching the vessel which bore Dautray and the others from his sight, he had returned to the inn, to fall in with a rollicking companion who led him into much mirth that night. Plunging into the diversion, he had abandoned himself to merriment for the first and last time in his life, thinking to forget his worries. In the morning he awoke at sea, on board a vessel which turned out to be a pirate.

They laid their course to the West Indies. He was beaten and subdued into reluctant obedience to the commands of the master, who, taking a fancy to him because of his spirit, made him his personal servant. In their passage, they encountered a derelict drifting in the Gulf Stream, which proved to be his brother Hubert's vessel. Thereat he gave up all hope of ever seeing Jane again, making sure that she was drowned. He adjusted himself to his conditions, so far as he could without abandoning his principles, determined to take the first opportunity to escape.

It offered itself in India, where he deserted and shipped with an East Indiaman. He made many voyages in her, and in other merchantmen, not caring to return to America, believing Jane to be dead. He traveled to China and Africa. He coasted up the golden shores of southern California, visiting the missions there, and spending a year in search for gold among the wild mountains of the interior. He was in the ship, bound from Madagascar to London, that brought the cultivation of rice to the Carolinas while anchored off

Sullivan's Island in 1695. Returning at last to England he fell in with Captain Kidd, then outfitting under commission from the King, to scourge the sea of pirates.

With Captain Kidd he crossed to New York, where he sent a message to his family — which never reached them. They cruised thence to the West Indies, taking small pirates by the way. One they took was none other than Black Jack Boyne, who died fighting to the last. Later they fell in with the vessel on which Charles had been shanghaied. There he fought with a will, having old scores to pay, and was wounded. The vessel was sunk and many of the crew drowned. Those who were rescued from the sea were hanged from the yardarms.

"'T is a horrid sight to see live men quivering in the breeze," he said, "but one there was among them in whose death I found a joy which I can never explain. He was a small, slouching man, hideously deformed in features, for one of his eyes was higher in his face than the other, and his expression was that of a fiend. I shall never forget how he squealed, and shall never lose satisfaction in the memory, though God knows I am not a cruel wretch."

They recognized the victim as Slurk.

When Captain Kidd turned pirate, Charles was forced to see his atrocities, though he succeeded in coming through them with nothing on his conscience. Many were the bloody tales he told of barbarous cruelties of a man lost to remorse and hope of Heaven; of inroads upon peaceful villages; of tortures; of sudden death and wanton destruction. Returning to the West Indies with the arch-pirate, he came with him thence in a sloop which landed at Governor's Island to conceal treasure. There he made his escape, and returned to Salem.

Kidd's name has become a by-word, his bloody acts of outlawry have been told in song and story by succeeding

Residence of Captain Kidd, New York

THE ARREST OF CAPTAIN KIDD

generations, fascinated by the romance, the horror and the picturesque daring of his adventures. Bellomont and the others in the company which had outfitted him were suspected of complicity in his new enterprise. They succeeded in clearing themselves, however. Kidd won tremendous treasure, some of which he buried on Governor's Island, New York. In 1699 he appeared in Boston, was arrested, sent to England, convicted of piracy there, and duly hanged in chains, at Execution Dock, London, May 24, 1701.

Hearing that Jane was rescued, and living in Virginia with her father, mother, and sister, Charles made all haste to come to her. And here he was!

How can the joy of his return be told? How can the happiness that came upon them all, to remain unbroken for many years, be described? They were married, and he

took her with him to Salem, where his father, growing old, desired him to succeed him as landlord and selectman. The parting was hard, as partings are; but love had its way with them all, softening the sorrow, and turning the cloud with a lining of purest gold.

Charles, permitted now to whistle in his old home, grew to great favor among the good people of the Puritan town, and brought up his sons to whistle, and his daughters to sing and play the spinnet. Joyous by nature, he brought joy with him, and found much joy in Jane.

His father, growing old, died and left him far on the way toward eminence among his fellows. Hubert, waxing old at sea, spent his winters in the tavern tap-room, never at a loss for a tale to tell, and never without some one to listen. And when the final winter of life sealed him from further goings down to the sea, his store of tales grew till they passed all marvel. Benjamin became a proper and prosperous merchant in Boston. Dautray, before he died, made a visit of state to Salem, still joyful, still filled with a good-natured contempt for the English, from which he exempted all of the kin of Charles, and such others as Charles chose to designate.

Thorne, growing fat and rubicund on his plantation, seemed to have been improved in moral health by the blood-letting which Dorset had administered to him. He still clung to his wine and his hounds, but permitted his appetites to run no longer to villainies. On great occasions, Dare-de-il Dick of the second generation made hue-and-cry with him after the foxes from the thickets near the plantations.

And Mallory Stevens and his lived to see the third generation rise up to call them blessed.

THE END

INDEX

INDEX

A

ABENAKIS
war upon English, 278–283
description of, 367
massacre in Maine and New Hampshire, 367–368
devastate York, 368
fort at Pemaquid battles, 371
cease activities, 368

ACADIA, *see* ANNAPOLIS

ALBANY, NEW YORK
French fur trade in, 95
Iroquois treaty made in, 236
picture of, (*from an old engraving*), 245
revolts against Leisler, 255
Schuyler, first mayor of, 255
French expedition against, 266
Indian trail to Schenectady, picture of, 275
Sloughter meets Iroquois chiefs at, 325

ALBEMARLE, GEORGE MONCK, DUKE OF
interested in treasure-seeking by Phips, 288
gives Phips a second ship for expedition, 288

ALLEN, SAMUEL
buys disputed rights of Gorges in New Hampshire, 371
appoints son-in-law, Usher, deputy-governor of New Hampshire, 371

AMERICAN COLONIES
history of, story of crimes of Europe, 65
Jeffreys sends indented servants to, 65
Quakers seek refuge in, 75
French policy toward, 115
rise against Stuarts, 240

ANDROS, SIR EDMUND
arrives in Boston, 139
hatred of Massachusetts and Connecticut, 139
character of, 139, 239
prerogatives as governor of New England, 139–140
portrait of, 141
sets out for Hartford, 148, 151, 233–234
governor of Maine, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, 151, 236–239
refuses to recognize Carteret's warrants, 214
New England colonies united under, 151, 236–239
reasons for disliking Connecticut, 151
met at Hartford by train-bands, 151
seeks to conciliate legislature, 151
Connecticut charter denied him, 151–154
writes "Finis" on Connecticut assembly's journal, 154
arrests Fenwick, 213
demands Marlow's credentials, 214
governor of New York, 233, 239
character as governor of New York, 233

ANDROS, SIR EDMOND — *continued*
advises York to grant legislature to New York, 233
forbids expedition against Abenakis, 246
seeks to placate revolting Indians, 246
misgovernment of New England, 246
expedition against Indians, 246–247
arrests Carteret, 247
punishes Sudbury men, 247
purposes holding New England for James II, 247
punishes Winslow, 247–248
his guilt proclaimed, 251
surrenders fort in Boston, 251–252
deposed and imprisoned, 240, 248–253
attempts escape, 253
deposed by William and Mary, 253
governor of Virginia, 433
enforces navigation act, 433
troubles Blair, 433

ANNAPOLIS, NOVA SCOTIA
French cruisers find harbor in, 283
Massachusetts plans attack upon, 283
Phips commander of expedition against, 291
garrison makes no resistance, 291
inhabitants plundered, 291
expedition returns victorious, 284
French and Indians occupy, 368

ARGYLE, EARL OF
revolts and is defeated, 21

ARKANSAS RIVER
Marquette and Joliet reach mouth of, 108

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION
foreshadowed by Leisler, Penn, and Franklin, 389

ASHLEY RIVER
Charleston built on, 160

ASSEMBLY, GENERAL, *see* LEGISLATURE

ASSIZES, BLOODY
Jeffreys presides over, 61

AUSTRIA
follows England in war with France, 265

B

BAREFOOTE, WILLIAM
acting governor of New Hampshire, 148

BALTIMORE, CECIL CALVERT, LORD
discusses boundaries with Pennsylvania, 223
returns to England, 379
character of, 379
orders Maryland council to proclaim William and Mary, 380
his charter to Maryland revoked by William III, 380–383

BARRE, DE LA
governor of New France, 264
BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR, *see* SEDGEMOOR
BEAUJEU
in command of La Salle's ships, 315
becomes insubordinate, 315
loses ships, 316
mutiny against, 316
BELLOMONT, RICHARD COOTE, EARL OF
succeeds Fletcher as provincial governor, 429
character of, 429
seeks to put down piracy, 429
commissions Kidd, 429
governor of New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and New Jersey, 432
leaves Massachusetts in Stoughton's hands, 432
cordially received by Massachusetts, 432
suspected of complicity with Kidd, 439
BERKELEY, LORD JOHN
sells interest in New Jersey, 213
BEVERAGES
in New England, 96
BEVERLEY, ROBERT
secretary of Virginia House of Burgesses, 102, 165
reinstated by Culpeper, 162
imprisoned by Culpeper, 165
disfranchised and imprisoned by Howard, 165
BIENVILLE, JEAN BAPTISTE LEMOINE, SIEUR DE
portrait of, 256
in expedition against Albany, 266
BLACK HORSE TAVERN
principal inn at Salem, 87
picture of, 89
BLAIR, JAMES
portrait of, 378
seeks to establish college in Virginia, 378–370
raises funds in England, 379
supported by Tillotson and Stillingfleet, 379
Andros recalled because of trouble with, 433
secures removal of Nicholson, 433
BLAKE, JOSEPH
brother of great admiral, 159
character of, 159
leads settlers to South Carolina, 159
BLOODY ASSIZES
Jeffreys presides at, 61
BLUE ANCHOR INN, BOSTON
Monck landlord of, 148
BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN, PHILADELPHIA
first house built in Philadelphia, 221
original picture of, 211
present site of, picture, 212
BOLEYN, QUEEN ANNE
buried in Saint Peter's Church, 45
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
James II proclaimed King in, 94
Old South Church, picture of, 134
Church of England, worship in, 139–140
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS — *continued*
legal affairs in colony must be transacted in, 140
Blue Anchor Inn, 148
Andros deposed and imprisoned in, 240, 248–253
magistrates proceed against Indians, 246
William III's proclamation brought to, 247
effect of William III's landing upon, 248
Mather's tomb in, picture of, 342
Mather–Eliot house in, picture of, 349
a bit of old, picture of, 355
Cotton Mather brings witchcraft charge in, 357
first King's Chapel, picture of, 357
present King's Chapel, picture of, 359
Old North Church, picture of, 362
Cotton Mather's house in, picture of, 364
Faneuil Hall, picture of, 403
Kidd's arrest in, 439
BRADFORD, WILLIAM
sets up printing press in Philadelphia, 223
BRADSTREET, SIMON
portrait of, 94
his Salem house, picture of, 95
refuses seat in council, 136
acts against Andros, 251
acting president of Massachusetts, 253
BRIDGEWATER, ENGLAND
Battle of Sedgemoor near, 19, 23
picture of, 23
BURGESSES, HOUSE OF, *see* LEGISLATURE
BULLIVANT,
imprisoned, 251
BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY
settlement of, 214
BURROUGHS, GEORGE
candidate against Parris for pulpit of Salem Church, 327
jailed on charge of witchcraft, 327
BURWELL, LEWIS
Nicholson falls in love with daughter of, 433
BYLLINGE, EDWARD
New Jersey interest ceded to, 213
in controversy with Fenwick, 213
Penn decides in favor of, 213
becomes insolvent, 213
trustees appointed for property, 213

C

CALVERT, BENEDICT
youthful son of Lord Baltimore, 379
governor of Maryland 379
CARTERET, SIR GEORGE
disputes title to New Jersey with York, 213
Andros denies warrants of, 214
CARTERET, PHILIP
deputy-governor of New Jersey, 234
arrested by Andros, 234
CASCO BAY, MAINE
Indians defeated at, 281

CASTIN, *see* SAINT-CASTIN

CATHOLICS IN AMERICA
Maryland founded as refuge for, 380
all Maryland's officials, 380
protest against uprising in Maryland, 383

CAVELIER, ABBÉ JEAN
brother to La Salle, 307
interferes with plans of La Salle, 307

CAYUGAS
one of Five Nations, 100

CHALFONT SAINT GILES, ENGLAND
graves of Penn family in, picture of, 385
Jordans meeting-house in, picture of, 387
burying ground, picture of, 390

CHAMPLAIN, LAKE, *see* LAKE CHAMPLAIN

CHARLES I OF ENGLAND
Lady Lisle's concern in death of, 62

CHARLES II OF ENGLAND
Monmouth's father, 20
grants Pennsylvania to Penn, 75
Penn refuses to doff hat in presence of, 75
proposes sending Kirke to Massachusetts, 86
revokes Massachusetts charter, 87–88
sends Randolph to Boston, 88
character of, 89
appoints Howard governor of Virginia, 155
sends Huguenot craftsmen to South Carolina, 160
general lack of interest in America, 160
denies legislature to Virginia, 165
blesses New Jersey settlers, 213
gives Pennsylvania its name, 215–216
grants New York to York, 233
treasonably intimate with Louis XIV, 236
policy of absolutism, 239
death of, 20
succeeded by James II, 20, 89

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA
battery front, picture of, 158
settlement of, 160–161
first called Oyster Point, 160
origin of name, 160
called New Charlestown, 160
The Oaks, old farm near, picture of, 160
Goosecreek Church, picture of, 161
typical residence in, 166
early picture of, 169
old Huguenot Church in, picture of, 405
Saint Philip's Church in, picture of, 409

CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS
aids revolt against Andros, 25
picture of, 1743, 252

CHARTER
of Connecticut
imperiled, 151–153
retained by trick, 153–154
of Maryland
William III revokes Lord Baltimore's, 380–383
of Massachusetts
revoked by Charles II, 87–88
Randolph brings new, 135
Phips brings provisional, 337

CHARTER — *continued*
of Massachusetts
found oppressive, 366
of New Hampshire
under Mason, 146
of New York
adopted, 235
of Pennsylvania
granted by Charles II, 75
Penn's rights under, 215
revoked by William III, 386

CHARTER OAK, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
picture of, 144
spot where it stood, picture of, 152
charter of Connecticut concealed in, 154

CHARTER OF LIBERTIES
granted Pennsylvania by William Penn, 78

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA
Penn lands at, 76
spot where Penn landed, picture of, 77
Penn's house in, pictures of, 78, 209
Penn changes name from Upland, 220

CHICAGO
Marquette and Joliet at site of, 108
La Salle and Tonty at site of, 315

CHICAGO RIVER
Marquette and Joliet on, 108

CHURCH OF ENGLAND
worship in Boston, 139
encouraged in Massachusetts, 140
services of, in Old South Church, 140
Fletcher seeks to establish, in New York, 372

CLARK, THADDEUS
ambushed and killed by Indians, 282

CLOYSE, SARAH
jailed as a witch, 327

COLBERT, JEAN BAPTISTE
befriends La Salle, 114–115
portrait of, 302

COLLETON, JAMES
deposed from governorship of South Carolina, 161

COLONIES, AMERICAN, *see* AMERICAN COLONIES

CONFEDERATION, ARTICLES OF, *see* ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

CONGRESS
New England and New York meet in, 283
Leisler calls, 389

CONNECTICUT, COLONY OF
Andros governor of, 139
his dislike for, 139
reasons for Andros's dislike, 151
meets Andros with train-bands, 151
Andros seeks to annul charter of, 153
Assembly treats with Andros, 153
spirits charter away, 153
Treat governor of, 153
merged in province of New England, 236–239, 371
Fletcher demands command of militia of, 372
more powerful than New York, 372

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES
Leisler, Penn, and Franklin foreshadow, 389
CONSTITUTION OF NEW YORK
adopted, 234–235
CONSTITUTION OF SOUTH CAROLINA
given by John Locke and earl of Shaftesbury, 160
CONVERS
commands militia at Wells, 308
repels French and Indian attack, 368
COODE, JOHN
leads Protestants of Maryland, 380
marches to Saint Mary's, 380
council surrenders to, 380
sends account of action to William III, 380
COOPER RIVER
Charleston, South Carolina, built on, 160
COPLEY, SIR LIONEL
governor of Maryland, 383
COREY, MARTHA
jailed as a witch, 327
CRANFIELD, EDWARD
governor of New Hampshire, 146
Mason's tool, 146
character of, 146
dissolves General Court, 147
demands that new land titles be taken out, 147
levies unlawful taxes, 147
debases value of silver coin, 147
Gove revolts against, and is executed by, 147
withdraws from New Hampshire to West Indies, 147–148
appoints Barefoote acting governor, 148
CROMWELL, OLIVER
friend to Lady Lisle, 62
CULPEPER, LORD THOMAS
portrait of, 155
governor of Virginia, 162–165
expels Burgesses from their chamber, 162
changes monetary standard, 162
taxes tobacco, 162
imprisons Beverly, 165
hangs revolting tobacco planters, 165
Charles II recalls, 165
Howard of Effingham succeeds, 155

D

D'AILLEBOUT DE MONTET
heads expedition against Albany, 266
DANFORTH, THOMAS
acts as councilor, 251
DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS
common in, picture of, 126
Israel Putnam's birthplace in, picture of, 348
DAVIS, SYLVANUS
attacked by Indians, 282
surrenders Fort Loyal, 282
DELAWARE, COLONY OF
Quakers settle in, 75
DELAWARE RIVER
Penn's first voyage up, 76
Swedes settle on, 211
Fenwick sails for, 213
DELAWARE RIVER — *continued*
counties along, sold by New Jersey to Penn, 234
counties along, secede, 389
picture of, 395
opposite Philadelphia, picture of, 174
DENONVILLE, MARQUIS OF
governor of New France, 278
inspires Abenaki uprising, 278
DE PEYSTER, ABRAHAM
mayor of New York City, 429–430
portrait of, 430
chief justice of New York, 430
president of King's Council, 430
acting governor of New York, 430
DES MOINES RIVER
Marquette and Joliet at mouth of, 104
picture of, 107
DES PLAINES RIVER
Marquette and Joliet on, 108
DONGAN, THOMAS
portrait of, 227
house, picture of, 231
governor of New York, 234–236
convokes legislature, 234–235
character of, 235
policy towards Iroquois, 236, 264–265
recalled, and succeeded by Andros, 239
awaits action regarding William III, 240
DOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Indian attack upon, 278–281
DORCHESTER, ENGLAND
Jeffreys holds court at, 62
DOUGLAS, GEORGE HAMILTON
appointed governor of Virginia, 433
deputes his authority to Nicholson, 433
DUDLEY, JOSEPH
portrait of, 86
Massachusetts agent in London, 88
betrays interest of colony, 88
rejected by constituents, 130
character of, 136
president of Massachusetts, 136–137
superseded by Andros, 137
imprisoned in Roxbury, 253
condemns Leisler and Milborne to death, 325
denied appointment as provincial governor, 432
lieutenant-governor of Isle of Wight, 432
member of parliament, 432
DUKE OF YORK, *see* JAMES, DUKE OF YORK
DUSTON, HANNAH
monument to, picture of, 423
memorial boulder on site of home of, picture, 425
captured by Indians, 431
Indians kill her baby, 431
kills ten Indians, 431
scalps Indians and escapes, 431
obtains reward, 431
DUTCH IN AMERICA
address by Penn at Newcastle to, 76
taken from New York to South Carolina, 160
Penn's letter to, 216–219
favor Leisler, 256

E

EDICT OF NANTES
privileges of Huguenots under, 158
revoked by Louis XIV, 158
status of Huguenots after revocation of, 158–159
ENGLAND
rural scene in, picture of, 27
inn, picture of, 32
typical cottage, picture of, 37
village lane, picture of, 41
cottage doorway, picture of, 44
village street, picture of, 49
EXPLORATIONS
La Salle in Middle West, 113–115
Marquette and Joliet in Middle West, 104–109

F

FENWICK, JOHN
buys Berkeley's interest in New Jersey, 213
character of, 213
Penn decides against, 213
assigns portion of interest in New Jersey, 213
sails for Delaware River, 213
founds Salem, 213
arrested by Andros, 213
FALLS OF SAINT ANTHONY
Mississippi River near, picture of, 311
discovered by Hennepin, 314
FEVERSHAM, LOUIS, EARL OF
defeats Monmouth at Sedgemoor, 21
portrait of, 30
FIVE NATIONS, *see* IROQUOIS
FIVE TRIBES, *see* IROQUOIS
FLEET PRISON
Penn imprisoned in, 426
FLETCHER, BENJAMIN
governor of New York, 372
reading his proclamation, picture of, 351
character of, 372
seeks to unite New York and New England, 372
goes to Hartford, 372
governor of Pennsylvania, 386–389
FLOYD
deputy governor of Pennsylvania, 389
FORD
Penn appoints, his agent, 426
character of, 426
fabricates charges against Penn, 426
dies, 426
causes Penn's death, 427
FORT CRÈVECŒUR
built by La Salle, 311
burned by deserters, 312
FORT FRONTENAC
picture of, 303
built by Frontenac for La Salle, 307
Indians enslaved at, 264
La Salle hears bad news at, 312
survivors of La Salle's party reach, 316
FORT LOYAL
attacked and captured 282–283
FORT OSWEGO, *see* OSWEGO
picture of site of, 297
FORT PEMAQUID, MAINE, *see* PEMAQUID
FORT ROYAL
French expedition against, 266
FOXCROFT
imprisoned, 251
FOX, GEORGE
portrait of, 66
residence at Strathmore Hall, picture of, 68
birth and birthplace, 71
early occupation, 71
founds Quaker denomination, 71
character of, 71.
religious conceptions of, 71
preaching of, 72
his grave, picture of, 384
FOX RIVER, WISCONSIN
Marquette and Joliet on, 104
picture of, 119
FRANCE
policy toward English colonies, 115
dreams of western empire, 235–236
reasons for conflict with England, 7–8, 261–263
FRANCE, NEW, *see* NEW FRANCE
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN
constructive statesmanship of, 389
FREDERICK II OF PRUSSIA
opinion regarding Pennsylvania, 224
FRENCH IN AMERICA
Canada, reasons for settlement, 261
FRENCH VOYAGEURS
at Albany, 95
FRIENDS, SOCIETY OF, *see* QUAKERS
FRONTENAC, COUNT LOUIS DE BAUDE DE
portrait of, 104
governor of New France, 110, 263–266
character of, 110, 263–264
deals with Iroquois, 110
friend to La Salle, 110
recalled to France, 110
statue of, picture of, 265
organizes expedition against England, 265–266
commands Quebec during English assault, 292
prevents landing on Canadian soil, 292
gathers forces and strengthens Quebec, 292
refuses to surrender to Phips, 293
tricks Phips's messenger, 293
exchanges prisoners, 297
leads expedition against Iroquois, 429
retires in confusion from New York, 429

G

GAUNT, MRS. ELIZABETH
executed by Jeffreys, 62
GENERAL ASSEMBLY, *see* LEGISLATURE

General Court, *see* Legislature
Georgian Bay,
La Salle crosses, 314
Germany
follows William III in war with France, 265
Glen, John S.
Schuyler's partisan, 256
magistrate of Schenectady, 256
warns soldiers at Schenectady, 267
Good, Sarah
jailed as witch, 327
scene at her trial, 330
Gorges, Sir Fernando
sells interest in New Hampshire to Mason, 146
buys Maine from Massachusetts, 148
sells disputed rights in New Hampshire to Allen, 371
Gove, Edward
revolts in New Hampshire, 147
executed by Cranfield, 147
Governor's Island
Kidd buries treasure on, 439
Green Bay, Wisconsin
Marquette and Joliet in, 104
Grey, Lady Jane
buried in Saint Peter's Church, 45
Gulf of Mexico
La Salle and Tonty reach, 114, 315
La Salle organizes new expedition to, 115, 315–316
La Salle shipwrecked on, 316

H

Hale, Mrs
wife of minister at Beverley, 356
accused of witchcraft, 356
Hampton, New Hampshire
rebellion in, 147
Hartford, Connecticut
Charter Oak, picture of, 144
view of, from dome of state house, 149
Andros met with train bands at, 151
spot where Charter Oak stood, picture of, 152
Connecticut charter spirited away in, 153
Fletcher visits without result, 372
picture of (*from old print*), 147
Haverhill, Massachusetts
Hannah Duston monument, picture of, 423
memorial boulder on site of Duston home, picture of, 423
Whittier's birthplace in environs of, picture of, 427
massacre at, 430–431
old garrison house, in, picture of, 434
Hennepin, Louis
companion of La Salle, 310
discovers Falls of Saint Anthony, 314
falls into hands of Sioux, 314
Holland
Duke of Monmouth leads wars in, 20
allied with England in war against France, 265
House of Burgesses, *see* Legislature
Howard, Queen Catherine
buried in Saint Peter's Church, 45
Howard of Effingham, Lord
succeeds Culpeper as governor of Virginia, 155
portrait of, 156
character of, 162
misrules Virginia, 165
imprisons and disfranchises Beverley, 165
weakens House of Burgesses, 165
treats with the Iroquois, 236
returns to England, 377
Hudson River
English and French trade on, 115
Huguenots
privileges under the Edict of Nantes, 158
statue after revocation of Edict, 158–159
conduct of Louis XIV toward, 158–159
emigration forbidden, but emigrate in numbers, 159
Huguenots in America
craftsmen sent to South Carolina, 160
denied rights of freemen in South Carolina, 160
old church in Charleston, South Carolina, picture of, 405
Humber River
La Salle on, 314
Hurons
Jesuits among, 103
vanquished by Iroquois, 103

I

Ignatius Loyola, Saint
founder of Jesuits, 101
Illinois
chief greets Marquette and Joliet, 104–107
chief greeting Marquette and Joliet, picture of, 105
town sacked by Iroquois, 114, 313
chief, picture of, 116
La Salle visits, 310
Illinois River
Marquette and Joliet on, 108
La Salle on, 114, 309
Starved Rock on, picture of, 314
Indented White Servants in America
character of, from Monmouth's Rebellion, 65
Indians
Abenakis, 278–283, 367, 368, 371
Cayugas, 99–100
Hurons, 103
Illinois, 104–107, 114, 313
Iroquois, 99–100, 103, 110, 114, 236, 264–265, 266, 313, 314, 325, 429
Lenni-Lenapes, 221
Mohawks, 99–100
Oneidas, 99–100
Onandagas, 99–100
Senecas, 99–100, 264
Shawnees, 108
Sioux, 314

INGOLDSBY, RICHARD
lieutenant to Sloughter, 322
arrests Leisler and Milbourne, 322
his attack on fort, picture of, 327
IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS
meeting-house, picture of, 137
refuses to pay unlawful taxes, 140
IRISH IN AMERICA
come to South Carolina, 160
IROQUOIS
characteristics of 99–100
component members of nations, 99–100
territory occupied by, 99–100
called Long House, 100
vanquishes Hurons, 103
Frontenac's dealings with, 110
sack town of the Illinois, 114, 313
allies of English colonies, 236
Dongan's policy toward, 236, 264–265
La Chine attacked by, 264
French burn town of, 264
French capture squaws, 266
devastated by smallpox, 325
New York renews treaty with, 325
Frontenac attacks, plunders, and retires, 429
ISLE OF ORLEANS
New England expedition passes, 292

J

JACOBS, GEORGE
arrested, tried, condemned, and hanged on charge of witchcraft, 327
house of, picture, 333
trial of, for witchcraft, picture of, 336
JAMES DUKE OF YORK, *see also* JAMES II OF ENGLAND
brother to Charles II, 20
character of, 20
disputes title to New Jersey with Cartaret, 213
releases title to New Jersey, 214
granted New York by Charles II, 233
Penn and Andros ask, for legislature in New York, 233
grants legislature to New York, 234
succeeds Charles II, 20, 236
JAMES II OF ENGLAND, *see also* JAMES, DUKE OF YORK
character of, 20
portrait of, 35
Monmouth begs clemency of, 61
orders Monmouth executed, 61
reasons for friendship with Penn, 70–71
proclaimed King in Boston, 94
appoints Dudley president and Stoughton vice-president of Massachusetts, 136
befriends Kirke, 139
appoints Andros governor of Massachusetts, 139
appoints Andros governor of New York, 233
receiving news of William III's landing, picture of, 235
his policy toward colonies changes, 236
dissolves New York legislature, 236
pardons Talbot, 380
consolidates New England colonies, 235–239
JAMES II OF ENGLAND — *continued*
policy of absolutism, 239
abdicates English throne, 240
Louis XIV declares him rightful king of England, 265
Penn imprisoned for sympathy with, 386
portrait of, in National Gallery, 97
JAMES RIVER
shore of, picture of, 419
sunset on, picture of, 421
JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA
burned in Bacon's rebellion, 433
partially destroyed by fire, 433
capital removed from, to Williamsburg, 433
JEFFREYS, GEORGE LORD
portrait of, 51
London house, picture of, 57
James II's favorite, 61
wreaks vengeance on Monmouth's followers, 61
sends indented servants to America, 61
character of, 61–62
presides at Bloody Assizes, 61
ferocious conduct, 62
executes Mrs. Gaunt and Lady Alice Lisle, 62
portrait of, in National Gallery, 63
holds court at Taunton, 70
JESUITS
characteristics of American missionary, 101–109
founder of order, 101
settle in Quebec, 102
hardships and privations of, 102–103
among the Hurons, 103
JESUS, SOCIETY OF, *see* JESUITS
JOLIET, LOUIS
accompanies Marquette, 104–108
on Lake Michigan, 104
in Green Bay, 104
crosses Wisconsin, 104
on Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, 104
departure from Saint Ignace, picture of, 105
greeted by chief of Illinois, picture of, 105
Illinois chief's greeting to, 104–107
passes mouth of Mississippi River, 107
on Mississippi, 104, 107, 108
passes mouth of Ohio, 108
reaches mouth of Arkansas, 108
on Illinois, Des Plaines, and Chicago Rivers, 108
winters on site of Chicago, 108
wife and mother-in-law captured by Phips, 292
portrait of, 312

K

KANKAKEE RIVER
La Salle on, 309
KIDD, WILLIAM
commissioned by Bellomont, 429
turns pirate, 436
name becomes by-word, 436
residence of, picture of, 437
arrest of, picture of, 437
arrested in Boston, Massachusetts, 439
secures enormous treasure, 439

KIDD, WILLIAM — *continued*
sent to England and convicted of piracy, 439
hanged in chains, 439
KING PHILIP'S WAR
Abenaki uprising, effect from, 278
KING WILLIAM'S WAR
reasons for, 263
declared, 265
attack on Schenectady, 266–268, 273
attack on Dover, 278–281
Fort Pemaquid surrenders, 281
Indians defeated at Casco Bay, 28
Salmon Falls destroyed, 281–282
Fort Loyal surrenders, 281
Congress for defense meets in New York, 283
French cruisers at Port Royal, 283
Massachusetts attacks Port Royal, 283–284, 291
expedition against Quebec, 286, 289, 291–294, 298
Winthrop expedition fails, 325
Schuyler raids La Prairie, 325
languishes, 367
second expedition against Quebec miscarries, 367
French and Indians ravage Maine and New Hampshire, 367
Oyster Bay taken by French and Indians, 430
Castin takes and destroys Pemaquid, 430
ended by treaty of Ryswick, 431
KIRKE, COLONEL PERCY
commands Kirke's "Lambs," 23
reign of terror in Tangiers, 23
character of, 23–24
has drums beaten as dance music at hanging of rebels, 29
to be sent to Massachusetts by Charles II, 86, 89
kept by James II in England, 139

L

LA CHINE, QUEBEC
Iroquois attack, 264
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
French expedition down, 266
Winthrop expedition reaches, 325
LAKE ERIE
La Salle builds ship on, 308
La Salle builds canoe on and sails to Niagara, 312
LAKE HURON
La Salle on, 314
LAKE MICHIGAN
Marquette and Joliet on, 104
Marquette winters at foot of, 108
Marquette dies on shores of, 109
La Salle on, 113, 308, 309, 313, 315
La Salle loses ship on, 253, 309
LAKE ONTARIO
Frontenac builds fort for La Salle on, 307
LAKE SAINT SACRAMENT
early name of Lake Champlain, 266
"LAMBS"
Kirke's, 23–24
LA PRAIRIE, QUEBEC
raided by Schuyler, 325
LA SALLE, ROBERT CAVALIER SIEUR DE
arrives in New France, 110
befriended by Frontenac, 110, 307, 308
portrait of, 111
begins exploration of Middle West, 113
on Lake Michigan, 113, 308
loses his ship, 113, 308
on Illinois River, 114
reaches Gulf of Mexico, 114–315
returns to Montreal, 114
dreams of empire, 114, 313–314
goes back to France, 115, 315
organizes new expedition to Gulf of Mexico, 115, 315
journeys from Great Lakes to Gulf, 236
character of, 304–305
his house on the lower La Chine road, picture of, 305
Frontenac builds house for, 307
his plans in the Mississippi Valley, 307
attempt to poison, 307
visits France and returns with supplies, 307
beloved by Tonty, 307
his personal beauty, 308
builds ship on Lake Erie, 308
storm arises, 308
loads ship with furs and sends it back, 308
visits the Illinois, 310
deserted by companions, 310
leaves Tonty, 311
his fort and magazines plundered and destroyed, 312
plot to kill, 313
at Montreal again, 314
commander of squadron insubordinate, 315–316
shipwrecked at Matagorda, 316
death of, 303
is murdered, 316
LAURIE, GEWAINE
trustee for creditors, 213
LEGISLATURE
Connecticut
treats with Andros, 153
preserves charter, 153
is adjourned *sine die*, 153
Massachusetts
adjourned *sine die*, 136
New Hampshire
component members of, 146
powers and disabilities of, 146
dissolved by Cranfield, 147
New York
Andros advises York to grant, 233
Penn advises York to grant, 234
Dongan convokes, 234
first session of, 234–235
adopts charter, 235
dissolved by James II, 236
resolves against arbitrary taxation and in favor of representative government, 325
passes bill of toleration, 372
Pennsylvania
Penn institutes, 78

LEGISLATURE — *continued*
Virginia
Driven out by Culpeper, 162
Weakened by Howard, 165
LEISLER, JACOB
house in New York, picture of, 232
acting governor of New York, 240
calls Congress in New York, 389
takes possession of garrison, 240
William III sends address to, 240
train-bands signing declaration of, picture of, 249
failure as leader, 254
Albany revolts against, 254
Albany repulses Milborne's expedition for, 255
Dutch in Schenectady favor, 256
Sloughter signing death warrant of, picture of, 320
arrested by Ingoldsby, 322
condemned to death by Dudley, 325
hanged, 325
reburial of, picture of, 323
LE MOYNE DE BIENVILLE,
in expedition against Albany, 266
portrait of, 256
LE MOYNE D'IBERVILLE
in expedition against Albany, 266
LE MOYNE DE SAINTE-HÉLÈNE
in expedition against Albany, 266, 268
LENNI-LENAPES
make peace with Penn, 221
LEONARDSON,
companion of Mrs. Duston, 431
knows how to strike a blow to kill, 431
kills Indians and escapes, 431
LISLE, LADY ALICE
concerned in the death of Charles I, 62
Cromwell a friend to, 62
execution of, 62
LOCKE, JOHN
draws constitution for South Carolina, 160
LONDON TOWER, *see* TOWER OF LONDON
LONG HOUSE, *see* IROQUOIS
name of Iroquois, 100
LORDS OF TRADE
Penn submits plan to, 389
LOUIS XIV OF FRANCE, *see also* FRANCE
appoints Frontenac governor of New France, 110, 263
assists La Salle, 114, 115
revokes edict of Nantes, 158
treatment of Huguenots, 158, 159
portrait of, 159
Charles II's intimacy with, 236
declares James II rightful King of England, 265
anxious to conclude war, 431
makes peace of Ryswick, 431
LOYOLA, SAINT IGNATIUS
founder of Jesuits, 101
LUCAS, NICHOLAS
trustee for directors, 213
LUDWELL, PHILIP
deposed from governorship of South Carolina, 161

M

MACKINAC, *see* MICHILIMACKINAC
MAGNA CHARTA
rights under, denied Massachusetts, 139
MAINE
Gorges buys, from Massachusetts, 148
under rule of Andros, 148
Fort William Henry, Pemaquid, picture of 246
French and Indians massacre in, 367
MANHATTAN, *see* NEW YORK
MARKHAM, WILLIAM
deputy-governor of Pennsylvania, 216
selects site for Philadelphia, 220
acting governor of Pennsylvania, 426
re-joins separated counties to Pennsylvania, 426
MARLOW, GREGORY
sails for England, 213
settles Burlington, New Jersey, 214
Andros demands credentials from, 214
MARQUETTE, JAMES
statue of, picture of, 102
accompanied by Joliet, 104, 108
journeys of, 104-107
on Lake Michigan, 104
in Green Bay, 104
crosses Wisconsin, 104
on Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, 104
at the mouth of Des Moines River, 104
departure from Saint Ignace, picture of, 105
greeted by chief of Illinois, picture of, 105
on Mississippi, 104, 107, 108
Illinois chief's greeting to, 104, 107
passes mouth of Ohio, 108
reaches mouth of Arkansas River, 108
on Illinois, Des Plaines, and Chicago Rivers, 108
winters on the site of Chicago, 108
falls ill, 108
death of, 109
death bed, picture of, 109
burial at Saint Ignace, picture of, 109
MARYLAND, COLONY OF
boundary disputed with Pennsylvania, 223
Lord Baltimore returns to England, 379
Calvert left in charge of, 379
Talbot tries to establish a regency, 379
believed disloyal to William III, 380
reasons for disloyalty, 380
anti-Catholic panic, 380
founded as refuge for Catholics, 380
does not proclaim William and Mary, 380
Baltimore orders council to proclaim William and Mary, 380
Coode leads Protestant uprising in, 380
Council surrenders to Coode, 380
William III revokes Baltimore's charter, 380, 583

MARYLAND, COLONY OF — *continued*
Copley governor of, 383
Nicholson deputy-governor of, 433

MARY, QUEEN, *see also* WILLIAM AND MARY
daughter of James II and wife of William III, 240
becomes sovereign of England with William III, 241

MASON, ROBERT
refuses to serve on council, 130
buys Gorges's interest in New Hampshire, 146
goes to England, 146
obtains new charter for New Hampshire, 146
New Hampshire legislature blocks, 146
calls out cavalry to suppress mob, 148

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, COLONY OF
Charles II revokes charter of, 87–88
independent sovereignty, 88
sends Dudley and Richards to London, 88
navigation laws evaded in, 93
Randolph brings new government to, 135
Dudley's presidency of, 135–136
Stoughton deputy-president of, 136
General Court forced to adjourn, 136
governor's powers in, 138
Andros governor of, 139–248
denied rights under Magna Charta, 139
principles of government in, 139, 140
new patents for land demanded, 140
legal matters must be transacted in Boston, 140
refuses to pay arbitrary taxes, 140
sells Maine to Gorges, 148
Maine and New Hampshire merged with, 148
receives William III's proclamation, 247
clergy preach non-resistance in, 248
revolts against Andros, 248–253
Bradstreet acting president of, 254
Winthrop commands militia of, 284
attacks and captures Port Royal, 283, 284
plans attack on Quebec, 284
Phips finds favor for, from William III, 288–291
expedition against Quebec, 286, 289–295, 298
Phips brings new charter to, 337
Phips governor of, 337, 360
terms of charter oppressive, 360
cordially receives Bellomont as governor, 432

MATAGORDA
La Salle shipwrecked at, 316

MATHER, COTTON
portrait of, 130
character of, 331–332
tomb in Boston, picture of, 342
brings witchcraft case in Boston, 357
house in Boston, picture of, 340

MATHER, INCREASE
goes to England to plead cause of Massachusetts with William III, 291
London agent for Massachusetts, 338
tomb in Boston, picture of, 342
house in Boston, picture of, 340

MENEVAL
said to have been robbed by Phips, 291

MEXICO, GULF OF, *see* GULF OF MEXICO

MICHILIMACKINAC
anger against La Salle, 308
La Salle's furs at, plundered, 312
La Salle returns to, 314
Tonty joins La Salle at, 314
old block house at, picture of, 308

MIDDLE PLANTATION, VIRGINIA, *see also* WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA
incorporated, 411
spoken of as seat of government, 411

MIDDLE WEST
Marquette and Joliet in, 104–109
La Salle's explorations in, 113–115, 307–315

MILBORNE, JACOB
Leisler's son-in-law and lieutenant, 240
heads expedition against Albany, 250
Schuyler compels his retreat, 257
arrested by Ingoldsby, 322
condemned to death by Dudley, 325
hanged, 325

MISSISSIPPI RIVER
Marquette and Joliet on, 104, 107, 108
Marquette's second expedition down, 108, 315
La Salle's journey down, 113–115
bluffs along, picture of, 113
near Saint Anthony's Falls, picture of, 311
La Salle seeks, 316
picture of, 319

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
France in, 235–236
La Salle's plans in, 307

MISSOURI RIVER
Marquette and Joliet pass mouth of, 107

MOHAWK RIVER
home of Iroquois by, 100
picture of, 272

MOHAWK VALLEY
oldest house in, picture of, 276

MOHAWKS
one of Five Nations, 99

MONCK, GEORGE
landlord of the Blue Anchor Inn at Boston, 148

MONMOUTH, JAMES DUKE OF
son of Charles II and Lucy Waters, 20
pretender to British throne, 19
seeks to establish legitimacy, 20
leader of wars in Scotland and Holland, 20
leader of Protestant cause, 20
character of, 20, 61
banished from court, 20
reception of, at Taunton, 20, 70
declared King of England at Taunton, 70
given banner and Bible by Taunton ladies, 70
defeated by Feversham at Sedgemoor, 21
portrait of, 21
captured and sent to London, 61
begs clemency of uncle, James II, 61
attempts to escape in disguise, 61
executed at London, 61
buried in Saint Peter's Church, 45
followers condemned to slavery, 61
followers exiled to America, 65

MONTMORENCI, QUEBEC
Walley lands soldiers at, 294
MONTMORENCI, FALLS OF
New England expedition views, 292
MONTREAL, QUEBEC
picture of (*from drawing*), 295
La Salle at, 312, 314

N

NARRAGANSETT BAY
New England fleet sails from, against Quebec, 286
NAVIGATION ACT
Massachusetts trades in violation of, 93
lowers price of tobacco in Virginia, 162
Andros enforces, in Virginia, 133
NEFF, MRS
companion of Mrs. Duston, 431
captured by Indians, 431
escapes, 431
NEWCASTLE, DELAWARE
Penn arrives in, after calamitous voyage, 76
Penn addresses colonists in, 76
Penn greeted by inhabitants, 219–220
NEW CHARLESTOWN
early name of Charleston, South Carolina, 160
NEW ENGLAND, COLONIAL
tavern and tavern-keepers in, 89–90
beverages in, 96
Sabbath observances, 118
schools in, 124–126
James II makes single province of, 236–239
Andros governor of, 151, 236–239
Andros's misgovernment of, 246
sends delegates to Congress at New York, 283
expedition against Quebec, 284, 286, 289–295, 298
old mill in, picture of, 345
old chaise, picture of, 354
interior of old house, picture of, 365
Fletcher governor of, 372
William III seeks to unite New York with, 372
burdened by war debt, 432
fear of Indians removed by peace, 432
NEW FRANCE
Jesuit missionaries in, 101-109
Marquette's and Joliet's explorations, 104-109
La Salle's explorations, 113-115
Frontenac governor of, 110, 263-266
De Barre governor of, 264
Denonville governor of, 264
description of, 263
NEWGATE PRISON
William Penn confined in, 75
Penn before his accusers in, picture of, 79
picture of, 84
NEW HAMPSHIRE, COLONY OF
Mason buys Gorges's interest in, 146
Cranfield governor of, 146-148
Mason secures new charter for, 146
governor's powers in, 146
powers and disabilities of General Court, 146
legislature dissolved by Cranfield, 147
NEW HAMPSHIRE, COLONY OF —*cont.*
Cranfield levies unlawful taxes in, 147
land-owners compelled to take out new titles, 147
refuses to buy property unlawfully seized, 148
militia refuses to put down tax mob, 148
drives out Cranfield, 147-148
Barefoote acting governor, 148
government merged in the New England province, 148
number of settlments in, 148, 271
French and Indian massacre in, 367
Allen buys disputed rights of Gorges, 371
Usher deputy-governor of, 371
desires union with Massachusetts, 371
in conflict with Usher, 371
Bellomont governor of, 432
NEW JERSEY, COLONY OF
Quakers settle in, 75
Cartaret and Berkeley proprietors of, 213
dispute between Byllinge and Fenwick, 213
Penn's interest in, 213
Salem settled, 213
Burlington settled, 213–214
Andros denies Carteret's warrants in, 214
Philip Carteret deputy-governor of, 234
East Jersey settled by Scotch Presbyterians, 234
West Jersey settled by Swedes, 234
Bellomont governor of, 432
NEW YORK CITY
Philadelphia exceeds in size in 1684, 78
ferry house in, picture of, 254
Leisler's house in, picture of, 232
Leisler seizes garrison of, 240
New York and New England delegates hold Congress in, 283
De Peyster mayor of, 429-431
Kidd's residence in, picture of, 439
NEW YORK, COLONY OF
Dutch lovers of liberty taken to South Carolina, 160
given to York by Charles II, 233
Lovelace governor of, 233
Nicholls governor of, 233, 239
Andros governor of, 233, 239
York grants legislature to, 234
Dongan governor of, 234–236
convokes first legislature, 234
legislature adopts charter of, 235
signs treaty with Iroquois, 236
Nicholson deputy-governor of, 259
threatened revolt in, 239
Leisler acting governor of, 240
William and Mary recognized by, 241
Schuyler revolts against Leisler, 255
Milborne defeated at Albany, 257
New York and New England delegates in Congress, 283
Sloughter governor of, 322
renews treaty with Iroquois, 325
Leisler and Milborne tried and executed, 325
Sloughter dies, 372
Fletcher governor of, 372
William III seeks to unite New England with, 372
Fletcher tries to establish Church of England in, 372

NEW YORK, COLONY OF — *continued*
legislature passes bill of toleration, 372
Frontenac invades, to attack Iroquois, 429
Frontenac plunders Iroquois and retires in confusion, 429
Bellomont governor of, 429
De Peyster, chief justice of, president of King's council, and acting governor of, 430

NIAGARA
La Salle at, 312
La Salle's magazines at, plundered, 312

NICHOLLS, RICHARD
governor of New York, 233
New York's opinion of, 233
succeeded by Lovelace, 233

NICHOLSON, SIR FRANCIS
deputy-governor of New York, 239
policy of, 239
character of, 239
conduct in New York's revolution, 240
governor of Virginia, 377
deputy-governor of Maryland, 433
falls in love with Burwell's daughter, 433
Blair secured removal of, as governor, 433

NURSE, REBECCA
jailed as a witch, 327
tried by Stoughton, who sends jury back, 337
excommunicated by Parris, 337
hanged, 337

O

OAKLEY, VIOLET, PICTURES
Admiral Penn Driving his Son from Home, 73
Arrest of William Penn, 76
Penn before His Accusers at Newgate, 79
Penn Writing in Prison, 82
Penn Seeking Freedom for Imprisoned Friends, 177
Penn's Vision, 202
Penn's Voyage up the Delaware, 206
Fulfilment of Penn's desire, 241

OHIO RIVER
Marquette and Joliet pass the mouth of, 108
formerly called the Wabash, 107
La Salle journeys down, 307

OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON
picture of, 134
seized by Andros for Church of England, 140

ONEIDAS
one of Five Nations, 99

ONONDAGAS
one of Five Nations, 100

OSBURNE, SARAH
charged with witchcraft, 330
house, picture of, 329

OSWEGO, NEW YORK
site of old fort, picture of, 279

OYSTER POINT
early name of Charleston, South Carolina, 160

OYSTER RIVER
taken by French and Indians, 430

P

PARRIS, SAMUEL
clergyman at Salem, 327.
witchcraft delusion begins in his house, 325
preaches against witches, 327
excommunicates Rebecca Nurse, 337
disappears, 430

PEMAQUID, MAINE
Fort William Henry, picture of, 246
Andros strengthens garrison at, 247, 278
part of garrison withdrawn, 278
captured by Indians, 281
Pemaquid Harbor and settlement, picture of, 279
stone fort built by Phips, 368-371
taken and destroyed by Saint Castin, 430

PENN, ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM
portrait of, 72
father of William Penn, 72
a man of note, friend to Charles II, 72
driving his son from home, picture of, 73
driving his son from home, account of, 75
sends son to Paris, 78
leaves claim against Charles II to son, 75
Pennsylvania named in honor of, 75, 215–216
death of, 75

PENN, THOMAS
last proprietary governor of Pennsylvania, 392
portrait of, 392

PENN, WILLIAM
treaty of peace and friendship with the Indians, Benjamin West's picture of, 4
portrait of, 19
confused with George Penne, 70
portrait of, at 22, 71
reasons for friendship with James II, 70–71, 386
uses influence with James II on behalf of Quakers, 71
son to Admiral Sir William Penn, 72
of Welsh descent, 215
meaning and origin of name, 215
becomes a Quaker, 72
in religious riot, 72
expelled from Oxford, 72
sent to Paris by father, to be lured from Quakerism, 72
driven from home, picture of, 73
being driven from home, account of, 75
in prison, 75
refuses to doff hat in King's presence, 75
inherits debt against Charles II, 75
obtains grant to Pennsylvania, 75, 215
his arrest, picture of, 76
first voyage to America, 75-76
how he became interested in America, 212–214
lands at Newcastle, Delaware, from first voyage, 76
received by Dutch, Swedes, and English, 76
makes treaty of peace with the Indians, 76–77, 221-223
landing at Chester, picture of, 77
buys site of Philadelphis from Swedes, 77 220
gives Pennsylvania first republican government in New World, 77
grants Charter of Liberties to Pennsylvania, 78

PENN, WILLIAM — *continued*
returns to England from first visit, 78, 223
English home of, at Stoke Pogis, picture of, 78
before his accusers, at Newgate, picture of, 79
writing in prison, picture of, 82
seeking freedom for imprisoned Friends, picture of, 177
meeting-house in Philadelphia, picture of, 188
meeting-house in Philadelphia, interior of, picture of, 201
Penn's vision, picture, 202
voyage up the Delaware, picture of, 209
house in Chester, picture of, 209
character of, 212
decides dispute regarding ownership of New Jersey, 213
trustee for owners, 213
persuades York to release New Jersey, 214
Letitia House, picture of, 215
slate-roof house, picture of, 223
letter to Swedes and Dutch in Pennsylvania, 216–219
treaty monument in Philadelphia, picture of, 217
lays out Philadelphia, 221
visits New York and Maryland, 221
speech to the Indians, 222
endears himself to Indians by conduct, 222
Voltaire characterizes Indian treaty of, 77
advises York to grant legislature to New York, 234
graves of family, picture of, 385
deprived of rights in Pennsylvania, 386, 426
involved in difficulties with William and Mary, 386
arrested for sympathy with James II, 386
exonerates himself, 386
submits plan of government to Lords of Trade, 398
colossal statue of, in Philadelphia, picture of, 398
restored to rights in Pennsylvania, 426
returns to Pennsylvania, 426
goes back to England, 426
places Ford in charge of affairs, 426
Ford fabricates charges against, 426
imprisoned in Fleet Prison, 426
dies at Ruscombe, 429
buried near Jordans' meeting-house, 429
Pennsylvania his true monument, 429
fulfilment of desire, picture of, 241

PENNE, GEORGE
confused with William Penn, the Quaker, 70
character of, 70
agent to collect heavy fine from Taunton ladies, 70

PENNSYLVANIA, COLONY OF, *see also* PHILADELPHIA
William Penn founds, 75
origin and meaning of name, 75, 216
Charles II gives charter for, to Penn, 75
Penn gives, first republican government in New World, 77
charter of, under Penn, 215
Markham deputy-governor of, 216
great law of, 220
disputes boundary wtih Maryland, 223

PENNSYLVANIA, COLONY OF — *continued*
wages in early, 223
first printing press in, 223
Frederick's the Great's opinions of, 224
buys three counties from New Jersey, 234. 389
Penn deprived of rights in, 386, 426
charter recalled by William III, 386
Fletcher made governor of, 386–389, 426
prosperous under Floyd, 389
reasons for prosperity, 389
loses three lower counties, 389
Thomas Penn, last proprietary governor of portrait, 392
Penn's right in, restored, 426
Markham acting governor of, 426
Markham re-joins three lower counties to, 426
Penn revisits, 426
population of, 426
Penn calls it his "American Desert," 426
Penn appoints Ford his agent in, 426
Penn's true monument in, 429

PETER I OF RUSSIA
in opinion of Quakers, 224

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Penn lands on site of, 76
meaning of name, 77
site bought by Penn from Swedes, 77, 220
Penn plans streets for, 77, 221
more prosperous than New York, 78, 389
original Plank Church, picture of, 173
Schuylkill River in Fairmount Park, picture of, 180
doorway of colonial mansion in, picture of, 183
Penn meeting-house, picture of, 188
Quakers' first meeting-house in, picture of, 190
Carpenter's Hall, in, picture of, 192
Carpenter's Hall, interior, picture of, 195
Penn meeting-house, interior, picture of, 201
Treaty Elm, picture of, 204
Swedes settle in, 211–212
old Swedish house in, picture of, 204
Penn's Letitia house, picture of, 215
Penn's treaty monument, picture of, 217
old Treaty Elm, picture of (*from early engraving*), 220
Markham selects site of, 220
reasons for selection of site, 221
description of early, 220
Blue Anchor tavern, 221
Blue Anchor tavern, picture of, 211
Blue Anchor tavern, present site of, picture, 212
growth and population of early, 221
Indian treaty signed at Shackamaxon, 221
old state house, picture of, 229
skyscrapers in, picture of, 398
colossal statue of Penn in, picture of, 398
new city hall, picture of, 408
Friend's almshouse in, 186
Penn's slate-roof house in, 223

PHIPS, SIR WILLIAM
arrives in Boston, 253
commands attack on Port Royal, 283–284
chosen commander against Quebec, 284

PHIPS, SIR WILLIAM — *continued*
portrait of, 287
sails from Narragansett, 286–287
birth and birthplace, 287
learns ship-building trade, 287
goes to Boston and marries advantageously, 287–288
promises bride a fine residence, 288
meets reverses, 288
seeks treasure in West Indies, 288
goes to England, 288
quells two mutinies, 288
returns to England without treasure, 288
interests Albemarle, 288
makes second expedition and is successful, 288
has a fortune and is knighted, 288
obtains royal favor for Massachusetts rebellion, 288, 291
assists Increase Mather, 291
character of, 291, 366
said to have robbed Meneval, 291
plunders Port Royal, 291
carries off French commander and priests, 291
shows his limitations, 291
birthplace, picture of site, 292
captures wife and mother-in-law of Joliet, 292
demands surrender of Quebec from Frontenac, 293
loses self-confidence and hesitates to attack Quebec, 293
bombards Quebec prematurely, 294
fails to reinforce Walley, 294
exchanges prisoners and returns to Boston, 298
his lady involved in witchcraft delusion, 329
appoints Stoughton judge in witchcraft cases, 337
goes to England after Quebec failure, 338
arrives in New England, 337
brings provisional charter for Massachusetts, 337
tool of the Mathers, 338
conduct as governor, 366
knocks Stout down, 366
beats an officer at court, 366
builds stone fort at Pemaquid, 368–371
in controversy with Usher, 371
called to England, 432
dies, 432

PHIP'S NECK
picture of, 262

PISCATAQUA RIVER
French expedition to, 266

PONTNEUF
expedition under, leaves Quebec, 266

PORTLAND, MAINE
Fort Loyal attacked and captured, 282–283
old tide mill in, picture of, 353

PORT ROYAL, *see* ANNAPOLIS, NOVA SCOTIA

PORT ROYAL, SOUTH CAROLINA
built by Scotch Presbyterians, 160

PRINTING PRESS
first in Pennsylvania, 223

PUTNAM, ANNE
brings charges of witchcraft, 327–328
conduct during witchcraft delusion, 330
house, picture of, 330

PUTNAM, ISRAEL
birthplace in Danvers, picture of, 348

Q

QUAKERS
denomination founded by Fox, 71
persecuted in England, 71–72
Penn joins, 72
why so called, 72
seeks refuge in America, 75
thirty-three shiploads of sail, to America, 76
first meeting-house in America, picture of, 190
Peter the Great's opinion of, 224

QUEBEC, CITY OF,
Jesuits settle in, 102
expedition under Pontneuf leaves, 266
Massachusetts plans attack on, 289
Lower Town, picture of (*from old print*), 289
Massachusetts forces sail for, 286
has news of enemy's approach, 291
description of environs of, 292–293
Frontenac refuses to surrender, 293
fight at Montmorenci, 294
bombarded by Phips, 294
suffers from hunger, 298–299
builds church of Our Lady of Victory, 299
Church of Our Lady of Victory, picture of, 300
second expedition against, miscarries, 367

R

RANDOLPH, EDWARD
sent by Charles II as agent in Massachusetts, 88
brings new government to Massachusetts, 135
councilor of Massachusetts, 136
deserted by Dudley, 136
thrown in jail, 251

RATCLIFFE
holds Church of England services in Boston town hall, 139

RHODE ISLAND, COLONY OF
Andros governor of, 151
betrayed by schism to Andros, 151
merged in province of New England, 371

RICE
how brought to South Carolina, 435-436

RICHARDS, JOHN
agent of Massachusetts in London, 88

Rose, ENGLISH FRIGATE
captain arrested, 248
defends Andros in Boston revolution, 252
strikes her topmasts, 252

ROUVILLE, FRANÇOIS HERTEL DE
heads expedition against English, 266
descends upon Salmon Falls, Maine, 281–282
defeats English, 282
joins third expedition, 282
attacks Portland, Maine, 282-283

RUSCOMBE, ENGLAND
Penn dies at, 429
RYSWICK, HOLLAND
European powers conclude treaty at, 431
RYSWICK, TREATY OF, *see* TREATY OF RYSWICK

S

SABBATH, NEW ENGLAND
observance of, 118
SAINT-CASTIN, JEAN VINCENT DE L'ABADIE, BARON DE
marches upon Wells, Maine, 368
retreats without victory, 368
reasons for vindictiveness, 368
takes and destroys fort at Pemaquid, 430
SAINT ESPRIT
Jesuits at, 103
SAINTE-HELÈNE, *see* LE MOYNE DE
SAINT IGNACE, MICHIGAN
Marquette and Joliet depart from, picture of, 105
Marquette buried at, 109
Marquette's burial at, picture of, 109
SAINT JOHN RIVER
French built fort at, 368
SAINT JOSEPH RIVER, MICHIGAN
La Salle and Tonty on, 309
La Salle's fort on, burned, 312
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS
Black Horse Tavern in, 87
Black Horse Tavern, picture of, 91
last town pump, picture of, 91
old bake-shop in, 98
picture of (*from old print*), 99
custom-house, picture of, 122
Charter Street burying ground, picture of, 123
old witch jail, picture of, 125
witchcraft delusion in, 327–338, 256–357
Sarah Osborne house, picture of, 329
Anne Putnam house, picture of, 330
George Jacobs house, picture of, 333
trial of George Jacobs at, picture of, 336
nineteen persons hanged at, 336
conduct of accusers at trial, 336–337
old witch house in, picture of, 338
Gallows Hill in, picture of, 339
witchcraft idea grows revolting, 356
judges throw witchcraft indictments out of court, 356
condemned witches pardoned, 356–357
SALEM, NEW JERSEY
settlement of, 213
SALMON FALLS, MAINE
captured and destroyed by French and Indians, 281–282
SALTONSTALL, RICHARD
refuses to serve in Massachusetts council, 136
SAYLE, WILLIAM
leads first settlers to South Carolina, 159
SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK
Glen magistrate of, 256,
Dutch inhabitants favor Leisler, 256
Glen-Sanders house, picture of, 259
pivotal point in fur trade, 261
Glen gives warning to soldiers at, 267
soldiers erect snow men for sentinels at gates of, 267
French and Indians attack, 266–268
attack, picture, of 271
Indian monument, picture of, 271
Indian trail from Albany, picture of, 275
Mabie house, picture of, 276
historic house in, picture of, 283
SCHOOLS
in early New England, 124-125
SCHUYLER, PETER
portrait of, 242
mayor of Albany, 255
leads revolt against Leisler, 255
defeats Milborne, 257
and the scouts, picture of, 257
raids La Prairie, 325
SCHUYLKILL RIVER
picture of (*from an old print*), 176
in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, picture of 180
SCOTCH IN AMERICA
Presbyterians found Port Royal, South Carolina, 160
Presbyterians settle New Jersey, 234
SCOTLAND.
Monmouth leads wars in, 20
SEDGEMOOR
battle of, 19, 21
Monmouth defeated by Feversham at, 21
battlefield of, pictures of, 21, 27
last battle fought on English soil, 21
SENECAS
one of Five Nations, 99
French burn town of, 264
SEYMOUR, SIR EDWARD
opposes college in Virginia, 37
SHACKAMAXON, PHILADELPHIA
Indian treaty signed at, 221
SHAFTESBURY, EARL OF
imposes constitution on South Carolina, 160
SHAWNEES
territory of, 108
SIOUX
capture Hennepin, 314
SLOUGHTER, HENRY
governor of New York, 322
signing Leisler's death warrant, picture of, 320
signs warrant while drunk, 325
dies in New York, 372
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, *see* QUAKERS
SOCIETY OF JESUS, *see* JESUITS
SOMERSETSHIRE
sends settlers to South Carolina, 159

SOUTH CAROLINA
West and Sayle lead first settlers to, 159
Blake leads settlers, 159
early life in, 159–160
origin of name, 160
character of early settlers, 160
bring Dutch from Massachusetts, 160
Charles II sends Huguenots to, 160
Locke and Shaftesbury make constitution for, 160
Huguenots denied rights in, 160
Irish immigrants come to, 160
Scotch Presbyterians build Port Royal in, 160
drives out Governor Colleton and Ludwell, 161
rice brought to, 435-436

STARVED ROCK, ILLINOIS
picture of, 314

STILLINGFLEET, EDWARD
bishop of Worcester, 379
supports college in Virginia, 379

STOVER, JOSEPH
repels attack upon Wells, 308

STOUGHTON, WILLIAM
portrait of, 153
deputy-president of Massachusetts, 136
appointed judge by Phips, 337
presides at witchcraft trials, 337
character of, 337
sends jury back in Nurse's case, 337
furious at pardon of witches, 357
governor of New England, 432

STRATHMORE HALL
residence of George Fox, 68
picture of, 68

SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS
Andros punishes men of, 247

SULLIVAN ISLAND
ship anchors off, that brought rice to South Carolina, 435–436

SWEDES IN AMERICA
Penn addressed at Newcastle, 76
Penn buys site of Philadelphia from, 77, 220
settle along Delaware River, 211
plant suburb of Philadelphia, 211–212
Penn's letter to, 216–217
settle West Jersey, 234

T

TALBOT, GEORGE
kinsman of Lord Baltimore, 379
owner of Maryland manor, 379
seeks to establish a regency in Maryland, 379
quarrels with and kills a customs officer, 379
is delivered to Virginia for trial, 379
rescued from jail by wife, 379
crime winked at by Maryland, 380
pardoned by James II, 380

TANGIERS, AFRICA
Colonel Kirke's reign of terror in, 23

TAUNTON, ENGLAND
gives reception to Monmouth, 20
market and parade, picture of, 53
Taunton castle, picture of, 54
River Tone, picture of, 59

TAUNTON, ENGLAND — *continued*
ladies of, heavily fined for giving banner and Bible to Monmouth, 70
Monmouth proclaimed king at, 70
Jeffreys holds court at, 70

TAVERNS AND TAVERN-KEEPERS IN NEW ENGLAND
characteristics of, 89-90

THREE RIVERS, QUEBEC
French expedition leaves, 266

TILLOTSON, JOHN
archbishop of Canterbury, 379
supports college in Virginia, 379

TITUBA
servant to Parris, 327
confesses to witchcraft, 327, 330
begins witchcraft craze, 335

TOBACCO
price of, falls, 162
taxed by Culpeper, 162
value of, destroyed, 162–165
growers of, denied favorable legislation, 165
growers of, in Virginia revolt, 165
growers of, executed, 165

TONE, RIVER
picture of, 59

TONTY, HENRI DE
origin and character of, 113
with La Salle, 113–115
portrait of, 114
reaches Gulf of Mexico, 114
driven from Italy to Paris, 307
his hand of iron, 307
Indians, estimation of, 307
his heart for La Salle, 307
goes to seek stolen furs, 309
left by La Salle, 311
escapes from Indians and rejoins La Salle, 314

TOWER OF LONDON
Saint Peter's Church, picture of interior, 45
Penn imprisoned in, 75

TREAT, ROBERT
governor of Connecticut, 153
seeks to persuade Andros not to confiscate charter, 153

TREATY
West's picture of Penn's treaty, 4
Penn with Indians, 76-77, 221–223
New York and Virginia with Iroquois, 236
of Ryswick, effect of, 431–432

TREATY OF RYSWICK
ends King William's War, 431
leaves boundaries in America unchanged, 432
only a temporary truce, 432
effect on New England, 432

U

UPLAND, *see* CHESTER
Penn changes name to Chester, 220
Penn's house at, picture of, 78

USHER, JOHN
son-in-law of Allen, 371
deputy-governor of New Hampshire, 371
antagonistic to Phips, 371

V

VILLABON, CHEVALIER
commands French and Indians against New England, 367-368
occupies Port Royal, 368

VIRGINIA, COLONY OF
Howard of Effingham succeeds Culpeper, 155, 105
Culpeper's powers as governor of, 162-165
Culpeper's governorship of, 162-165
tobacco in, has value destroyed, 162-165
Charles II denies legislation to tobacco growers of, 165
revolting tobacco growers hanged in, 165
makes treaty with Iroquois, 236
Andros succeeds Howard as governor, 433
Andros enforces navigation act in, 433
Andros recalled for trouble caused Blair, 433
Douglas appointed governor, 433
Douglas deputes his authority over, to Nicholson, 433
Nicholson removes capital of, to Williamsburg, 433

VOLTAIRE
characterizes Penn's treaty with Indians, 77

VOYAGEURS, FRENCH
at Albany, 95

W

WABASH RIVER
former name of Ohio River, 108

WADSWORTH, JOSEPH
assembles Connecticut train-bands, 153
takes and conceals Connecticut charter, 154
conduct toward Fletcher, 372

WALDRON, RICHARD
president of New Hampshire council, 147
expelled therefrom, 147
killed by Indians, 278-281

WALLEY, JOHN
second in command against Quebec, 294
chosen to lead attack, 294
lands at Montmorenci, 294
charges the enemy, 294
reinforcements fail him, 295

WATERS, LUCY
mother of Monmouth by Charles II, 20
portrait of, 25

WELLS, MAINE
attacked by French and Indians, 368
refugees and militia repel invaders, 368

WEST, BENJAMIN
picture of Penn's treaty and friendship with the Indians, 4

WEST, JOSEPH
leads first settlers to South Carolina, 159

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF
birthplace in environs of Haverhill, Massachusetts, picture of, 427

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE
Blair seeks to establish, 378-379
Blair raises funds for, in England, 379
Tillotson and Stillingfleet support, 379
Blair obtains charter for, 379
Seymour's opposition to, 379
picture of, 381
president's house, picture of, 417

WILLIAM AND MARY, KING AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND
throne of England offered, 240
achieve the throne, 241
proclaimed in New York, 240
proclaimed in Boston, 253
not proclaimed in Maryland, 380
Maryland thought disloyal to, 380
Penn in difficulties with, 386

WILLIAM III of ENGLAND, *see also* WILLIAM AND MARY
James II receiving news of his landing in England, picture of, 235
portrait of, from painting in Kensington palace, 237
husband to Mary, daughter of James II, 240
lands in England, 240
Boston receives proclamation of, 247
temper favorable to New England, 253
equestrian portrait of, 262
heads coalition in war against Louis XIV, 265
favors Massachusetts rebellion, 288-289
determines to bring New York and New England under one government, 372
Coode sends word of Protestant revolution in Maryland to, 380
revokes Baltimore's charter to Maryland, 380-383
sends Copley to govern Maryland, 383
deprives Penn of rights in Pennsylvania, 386
imprisons Penn, 386
places Pennsylvania under Fletcher, 386-389
restores Penn's rights in Pennsylvania, 426
loses Catholic allies, 431
his treasury depleted, 431

WILLIAMS, ABAGAIL
niece to Parris, 327
charges others with witchcraft, 328
conduct during witchcraft delusion, 320

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA, *see also* MIDDLE PLANTATION, VIRGINIA
Blair establishes William and Mary College in, 378-379
picture of William and Mary College in, 381
old debtor's prison in, picture of, 412
old powder horn in, picture of, 412
colonial capital of, picture of, 413
house of president of William and Mary College in, picture of, 433

WINSLOW, JOHN
brings William III's proclamation to Boston, 247
arrested and imprisoned by Andros, 247

WINTHROP, JOHN
Massachusetts militia, commander of, 253

WINTHROP, FITZ-JOHN
to command attack on Montreal, 283
charged with betrayal of trust, 325
marches to Lake Champlain, 325

WISCONSIN
Marquette and Joliet cross, 104
WISCONSIN RIVER
Marquette and Joliet on, 104
WISE, JOHN
clergyman at Ipswich, Massachusetts, 140
fined and imprisoned for opposing arbitrary taxation, 140
WISSAHICKON CREEK
picture of, 197
WOOLWICH, MAINE
birthplace of Sir William Phips, 287

Y

YORK, JAMES, DUKE OF, *see* JAMES II OF ENGLAND

YORK, DUKE OF, *see* JAMES, DUKE OF YORK

YORK, MAINE
old garrison house in, picture of, 367
Abenakis devastate, 368
picture of, 369
old jail in, picture of, 374

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